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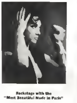

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CREDITS Cover setup by Becker-Horowitz Esky statuette by Beverly Weiner

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EDITORIAL

FIRST SCORE

ESQUIRE appeared, for the first time in October 1933 Conceived at the darkest moment of the depression (in fact our salesmen first went out with dummies of the first issue on March 4 1933 two days before the Bank Holiday began) and born at the dawn of the New Deal we characterized it in our first promotional efforts as a magazine devoted to "the art of living and the new leisure"

We had of course consulted with news-company officials and with outside circulation experts, during the Summer of '33, to determine how many copies of Esquire we might expect to sell on the newsstands They assured us that under existing economic conditions we could not hope to sell more than 25,000 copies of any fifty-cent item.

The first 25 000 copies lasted less than half a day on the newsstands One key newstand in a metropolitan station which had been allotted 100 copies in the advance estimate of newsstand distribution sold 2000 copies the first week

From a quarterly basis on which we had begun with the first issue, we were kicked upstairs into becoming a monthly virtually overnight. The second issue dated January, '34 and bearing the legend "now issued every month," appeared on December 5, 1933 the day of Repeal

It was certainly an unhousebroken pup back there twenty years ago this month when the "awkwardly edited" first issue came out, that curiously inept first issue whose cover might more suitably have graced a sporting-goods catalogue than a magazine, and whose general layout with its odd-sized illustrations and staggered carry-over pages, ran off like Guido Gimlet's horse, "madly in all directions" There were some of those continuation pages in the back of the book on which there appeared portions of as many as five or six different stories or articles And there were stories and articles which were carried over on as many as five or six of those pages It was a regular snipe hunt There was point to the gag employed by a Philadelphia columnist to explain the occasional nonappearance of his column, that he was "out looking for the ending of an Esquire story"

There was no point at all however to a nine-lived rumor that sprang up in the late Thirties to the effect that copies of that first issue of Esquire were worth three thousand dollars Time and again we had to take editorial notice of that one, before we could put a stop to the letters, telegrams and even long-distance calls from people who had just unearthed copies after hearing the exciting news and expected to collect the legendary collectors' price from us As a matter of fact, our morning mail still brings us glad tidings from people who still want to collect the premium

Esquire was called Esky from the first week of its life We never called it that in fact we rather cordially disliked that diminutive, which sounded sissy to our ears as an epithet for a magazine that was self-consciously cultivating the hair on its chest, but the public spontaneously accorded it that nickname and it stuck Newsdealers in reordering the first issue of Esquire commented on the fact that their customers kept calling for it by that odd abbreviation And then, with the second issue when the little pop-eyed man appeared, to begin cutting his capers on the front cover he simply was Esky in person, and so he remains to this day That too despite the fact that we never called him anything at all, in print, until after he had been on the cover for over a year And it wasn't until he had begun to be imitated far and wide that we finally went through the formality of adopting our popeyed runt legally as our trade-mark In other words, the public had recognized him, as our trade-mark, before we did ourselves

You'll note that he's on the cover of this Anniversary Issue And you'll be seeing him, every issue from now on There have been times over the years when our wandering boy was off investigating a harem or out moonshining with the mountain boys, when his place was taken on the cover by a cartoon, or an interesting mosaic of pieces of broken glass discovered one morning by our art director on his son's nursery floor But those days are over, Esky's back home to stay now, and we have a hunch you'll have the welcome mat out for him

More or less the same was true

Continued on page 8

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Editorial: First Score

Continued from page 6

of the secondary meaning acquired by the word "Esquire" after the magazine was born. Before that, the obsolescent word lay in the dictionary, all but forgotten. Except for lawyers' correspondence, the practice of addressing men by mail as John Jones, *Esq.*, as opposed to *Mr.* John Jones had gone out with the quill pen. In America there was never the hairsplitting accuracy that prevailed in England over the use of *Esq.* and *Mr.*, limiting the use of the former designation to a landed gentleman. Over here it was simply considered a more respectful way of saying *Mr.* to address a man as *Esq.* But it had been dying out fast ever since the turn of the Twentieth Century.

Then along came Esquire, The Magazine for Men, and breathed a new life into a moribund word. Suddenly there began a lively burgeoning of Esquire Thises and Thats, all under the banner of this word which had theretofore been barren of all appeal to entrepreneurs.

That this had taken place as an after-the-fact development following upon the launching of Esquire as the first magazine of general appeal to devote a measurably large portion of its contents to masculine fashions was made a matter of record in the New York courts as early as 1935. In a consent decree in that state recognition was accorded the magazine as having endowed the word "Esquire" with the secondary meaning of smartness and distinction as relating to things of especial interest and appeal to men.

We had hoped, of course, that some such acceptance would ultimately accrue to the title of the magazine, but we hadn't foreseen that it would occur so quickly. We had hit upon the name in the course of making up one list of possible titles after another, only to have a patent lawyer in Washington return all our wanted titles with the notation that they had already been used. It was while staring at a blank pad that lay over the lawyer's latest letter telling us the word "Trend" was not available for use as a title, that we noticed the abbreviation "Esq." following our name and peeping out from under the pad.

Esquire went over. Nobody, and nothing, put it over. It proved there was nothing wrong with the magazine business even in 1933. Then and since it had no more complicated formula than "as big a money's worth as possible."

The Alpha and Omega of our editorial practice was to say that the magazine would be "edited with a standing broad grin," that our ideal of editing was that which Jefferson defined for government: "He edits best who edits least."

Analyzing the content of a living magazine is somewhat like that sport in which university professors indulge for the amusement of the press when they analyze the physical make-up of a living person's body. The list of ingredients is simple, but putting them all together in the indicated proportions is not enough to create a new life. A certain spark will still be missing. Nobody knows what it is—nobody can tell how it can be captured. It can only be recognized, not duplicated.

At any rate, something made Esquire catch on with the public as few magazines in publishing history have ever caught on. Maybe it was the number, as well as the luster, of the "big names," of which this issue's table of contents will give you some idea. Or maybe it was the then-startling innovation of cartoons in full color. Maybe it was the sheer size and diversity of the magazine's contents. Whatever it was, it was something more than mere novelty or Esquire would have slipped back quickly after its first rocket-like leap to success.

The prophets of doom were never lacking to predict just such an eventuality. Throughout the first year we had constantly heard "You'll never make it!" Then, after the magazine's circulation had gone up one year after another in almost geometrical progression, that tune merely changed to "You made it too fast—you can't possibly last."

Well, maybe it is possible, theoretically, for a magazine to live forever, but actually magazines do have a way of wearing out. Like people, they are prone to such afflictions as growing old or going stale or just plain getting tired.

The public's mood is changing all the time, but the change is so gradual that it is hardly perceptible from week to week or even from month to month. The human being effects a complete change of skin every seven years but, unlike the lower forms of life, the snake for example, man is not forced to make this change so abruptly as to be aware of it. We don't have to crawl out of our skins, spectacularly, at any one time, at any one given season. The change is so gradual that nobody but a dermatologist is constantly and consciously aware of it. And the public changes its thinking, its tastes and moods, as gradually and imperceptibly as it changes its skin. Only a small class of specialists, editors for instance, need be constantly and consciously aware of it.

Even with magazines that are confined to no missionary function, wedded to no set political or crusading attitude, and restricted to no narrowly specialized vein of subject matter, there is still a very real and constant danger of getting into a groove, falling into a rut, and becoming "typed." We have at least taken cognizance of this natural tendency, in implementing our original formula upon which Esquire was founded. Ours is the sort of variety show that makes a virtue

Continued on page 10

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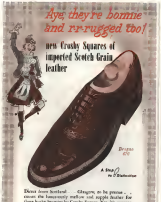

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Editorial: First Score

Continued from page 8

and a feature out of the constant uncovering of new talent and the only consistency about Esquire's editorial pattern is its constancy of gradual change.

We wanted always, to feel that the reader would never feel sure, as he turned from one page to the next and from one issue to the next of what might be coming up.

What we said about the magazine in a greeting to new subscribers back in 1936, could equally apply to the issue you are now holding in your hands:

"It is a magazine for men to which, through circumstances beyond its control, a considerable number of women seem to have become addicted. It has learned most of the accepted rules and practices of publishing only in the course of breaking them. The magazine is, as its name implies, not for children. It is dedicated to the literate if not the literary, and to the intelligent if not the intellectual. Politically it is nonpartisan, as concerns the two major American parties. Otherwise it is something of an anomaly, because it is both antifascist and anticommunist. It will probably puzzle you. It might help to explain that its conception of the true and ideal American way of life lies in every man's right to misspend his life as and if he sees fit. Editorially it is broad-minded in every sense of the term. If you have tender prejudices it will probably step on at least one of them. It isn't, and it never will be, the magazine for everybody."

Twenty years ago, when Esquire's prospects were all still in the future conditional tense, we wrote that "our most important dividends this year and next will be in enjoyment of our job. If we were getting out the *Congressional Record*, conceivably we might not feel that way, but Esquire is the kind of magazine that it's actually fun to work on."

We want it to be fun for you to read, of course. By you, we think affectionately of people in every state of the Union, in Korea, India, Ethiopia, Finland, Zamboanga, and even Texas.

And are there any original subscribers in the house? We're proud of those hardy charter members who have followed us through the years. May we have a show of hands or letters? Time we got to know our minutemen better.

And so, off into our second scoring spree. We feel today just as skittish, just as irreverent, just as curious, and just as pleasantly surprised that you like some of our antics and semantics, as ever. We carry a few scars, of course, but gladly. Esky, our lance, please! there are new windmills to conquer. ###

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THE SOUND AND THE FURY

400—and one

My attention has been directed to the splendid compliment which you paid me by including my name in your list of persons who measured up to the qualifications for membership in your "400" While I am not so presumptuous as to feel that this high honor is wholly merited, still I trust that I am not entirely unworthy of your good opinion and take this opportunity to thank you for your kind and favorable thoughts

When and if you pay a visit to our Capital City a personal call will be considered a pleasure and an honor by

Governor C. J. "Doc" Rogers
Cheyenne Wyoming

* * *

Respectfully and in complete sincerity, may we nominate for the 400th name

Paul Shipman Andrews, Dean Emeritus of the College of Law, Syracuse University, Syracuse, New York

Dean Andrews fulfills all the qualifications and the fact that he so thoroughly fulfills those precedent to humility lends the greater meaning to, and in every way enhances his own unequivocal possession and exercise of that trait

Dean Andrews' record both public and private substantiates the aforerunning paragraph.

We nominate him for this well-deserved honor on behalf of the Syracuse University Alumni Club of Tupper Lake.

Loren H Reynolds
Tupper Lake, N Y

"Louie, you're a goddam jewel!"

Rough diamond

Everlasting love to Esquire for running Howard Baer's "Louie, you're a goddam jewel!" (June Esquire)

It's wonderful, one of the very, very best ever

Bill Kilpatrick
Short Beach, Conn

* * *

I thought I'd seen humorous jokes before but the one of Howard Baer's on page 69 of your June issue tops them all I'm framing it for posterity

Alan G. Marshall
Jacksonville Fla

Wild, wild women

Sure, everything Helen Lawrenson says in *New York Crack-Up City* (July Esquire) about the decline and fall of modern man is true But she hasn't told the Esquire audience anything that it hasn't known for quite some time now

Her article would have borne more weight if she had come right out and, in a barefaced honesty rarely displayed by the feminine mind, admit that the cause of the ulcerous debilitated state of modern man is modern woman—that insatiable animal who keeps her mate panting along his dreary way to keep her in lipstick, liquor powder and paint!

Bill Bennett
Muskegon, Mich

* * *

As an avid Esquire reader I suggest that for the moment we set aside Mr Bernard Dorrity's half-truths about the steaming State of Texas and take issue with Helen Lawrenson

For the past eight years I have been in and out of half-a-dozen hospitals—my time in them averaging two or three months—as a result of a war neurosis which still malingers This condition has dulled neither my insight into the problems of life nor my intellect but has sharpened them, if anything This neurosis had nothing to do with city dwelling or any of the other fantasies I shall submit that if the truth were known, women would have more "crack-ups" than men if they were subjected to similar pressures, which will never happen since the American male is fool enough to protect them from such things Very few females have to fight for their country in wars or for their homes against anything but other females

Nothing in sight will eliminate mental breakdowns entirely but it has been my experience through the close contacts that I have had with them in hospital wards, that in over 90 per cent of the cases a female is the upsetting cause Perhaps nature will not allow the feline female of the human species to change her ways but if they're genuinely sincere about wishing to reduce their male's mental

Continued on page 14

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The Sound and the Fury

Continued from page 12

strains, the above's the best answer. So smarten up girls—the *real* trouble with men is women.

NAME WITHHELD
Orlando, Fla.

• • •

New York: Crack-Up City had much merit, although, frankly, I do not agree with a great part of it. The subject, however, contains much in which I am deeply and personally interested. I, too, had a series of "crack-ups" that actually took seven years out of my life. Your article in Esquire had many true statements, but I cannot see where it offered any solution or remedy.

NAME WITHHELD
Philadelphia, Pa.

• • •

Bravo to Helen Lawrenson for pointing up the sociological distress of the urban male. Realizing this article is really a sham for woman's superiority, I am pleased women have been first to detect and identify the horrible symptoms of this male breakdown. I fear the cure must lie in the hands of the She-Goddess.

For it has been evident for some time the American woman is capable of anything.

ROBERT C. GERHARD
Green River, Utah

Scotch mist

I think you publish quite an entertaining magazine and I enjoy the articles and stories in it.

Reading the April issue I was rather disturbed at the photograph purporting to be Edinburgh Castle on page 98. I think your photographer had perhaps been overdoing the "Scotch mist" phase of his visit. At least he took his picture from the west end of Princess Street instead of the eastern end and missed getting the "Famed Castle" in his lens. He did get an excellent picture of the dome of the Bank of Scotland and Lask House which is a girls boardinghouse or residence.

W. H. SOUTAR
Asbestos, P.Q., Canada

• • •

Awa' wi ye, ye ha' headed blitherin loons. The castle's no even on the picture, it's a wee bit over tae the richt.

TWA FASHED SCOTS
JOCK HOLLIDAY
WALLIE ANDERSON
Kuching, Sarawak

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Aye, and here's the castle, over, as ye say—a bit to the richt.*

Critique

As a consistent reader, and present subscriber of Esquire, I feel I have a legitimate criticism concerning the magazine's literary content.

A short-story writer is a rare breed of man. He must have the vocabulary of a Webster, the knowledge concerning people of a Greeley, and the tenacity of thought of a Schopenhauer.

Many times a writer in your publication has shown the fruit of such talent. To name a few: Paul Gallico, Billy Rose, Erskine Caldwell, Damon Runyon and Norman Mailer. To supplement these compeers of O. Henry what do I find but a myriad of sexual adolescents incapable of writing a bourgeois love note let alone an acceptable short story.

It seems just a short time ago Esquire possessed the solution apparently without realizing it. In those "good old days" the magazine had one book-length novel admirably written, plus three or four creditable one-page stories. The result was the ultimate in man's endeavor for man: a brilliant concoction of news, travel, styles, personalities, and thinly clad girls plus humor and suspense in large dosage. Give me and men like me, Esquire as it once was and you will see lifetime subscribers and dog-eared editions wherever you go.

STANLEY J. BRAHIER
Oceanside, Calif.

Love feast

My hat's off to Edward Shenton's *A Kennel as Big as the Ritz.* It was so descriptive and had enough light comedy to hold your complete interest to the very end.

MRS. SAM CRONER
St. Joseph, Mo.

• • •

Your Health Under Fire in the May issue certainly hit home! In fact, my husband just renewed our subscription in hopes of seeing more of these excellent articles, especially on the subject of relaxation. Esquire and M. H. Soglow have my thanks for helping to "educate" my "business-man."

MRS. R. S. SLOAN
Omaha, Neb.

• • •

Herbert Kubly's *Confusion in Transylvania* in your August issue was delightful, and I thought Joseph Wechsberg did a wonderful job on the Hoffman profile.

MARCIA ALLERTON
Chicago, Ill.

• • •

Thank you, Leonard Goldstein. After reading *Million Dollar Kettle Drummer* in your May issue the future of motion pictures—not to mention my own—appears to be more promising.

I could never begin to count the letters that have passed over my desk telling me that my theatre would soon be removed from the limbo of forgotten things, would again be operating at a profit thanks to some picture produced under a fabulous budget.

Actually the only way I can stay out of the red is to hold to a minimum these ultras that are accompanied by empty seats and crippling charges made by film exchanges.

Again thank you, Leonard Goldstein. If we wish to continue operating we must have a product that our patrons will buy, not one that has been brought to us for the benefit of critics who have passes anyway.

ROBERT D. CHARLES
San Francisco, Calif.

Continued on page 16

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The Sound and the Fury

Continued from page 14

Shore leave

In regard to the article entitled *American Men Bore Me* by Silvana Pampanini (June Esquire) I wish you would ask her a question.

Has she, Silvana, ever had a date with a U. S. Navy sailor?

If the answer is no, tell her to have one with one of us soon cause she is missing something every second that she doesn't. Especially one who has been overseas for a couple years.

We have quite a few "Lovers" about the U.S.S. Granger (AK-184), and she has her pick.

A. E. SALOGGA, BM3, U.S.N.
Pearl Harbor

• • •

I surely agree with Miss Pampanini's idea of Latin people's strong and mature emotions. It has been so since the start of history. Mostly everyone in the States knows or thinks that a Mexican or in general a Latin man or woman are "hot Tamales," that is have warm and passionate temperaments.

JOSE MUÑOZ
La Paz, Mexico

• • •

A note to Miss Silvana Pampanini: You bore us.

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• • •

Silvana Pampanini has some nerve writing such an article.

It doesn't seem that our population has suffered any decline in childbirth due to boring unromantic lovers, which she claims our American men are.

We American women are happy with our American "lovers."

A HAPPY WIFE AND
MOTHER OF TWO
Miami, Fla.

• • •

She expresses her remarks against men with money and then condemns all American males. What about the average man like myself? I am a member of the Armed Forces just returning from Korea and take it from me no one returning from Korea needs wine to approach her or any other female. Tell her for me to drop through Mercersberg, Pennsylvania, sometime and look me up and get a good example of one "American Regiment." I am 6' 1" and weigh 205 lbs and am 26 years old. I'll wager she'll change her opinion of the American male.

CHARLES MASON
Mercersberg, Pa.

• • •

The trouble with Silvana is that she went out with those top hats. Tell her to come down to the lower class where men are men. (I'm from Brooklyn, New York.)

PFC LAWRENCE J. DE PRIMO
APO 970 San Francisco, Calif.

• • •

If any man were fortunate enough to have Miss Pampanini grace his presence for the evening for perhaps dinner, a few drinks and even the theatre and then fails to make a wholehearted pass at the vixen, well he isn't just boring, he's dead!

WILLIAM W. SIMMONS, FPC,
U.S.N.
Galveston, Tex.

• • •

Could it be the crowd she travels with? Seems to me an American with a wallet full of money is not average. I'm average and my wallet isn't bulging. Quite the contrary. Why does she then base her knowledge of American males on the millionaires she's met?

I sort of feel sorry for Miss Pampanini though; she certainly met the lemons, but she obviously chose her company.

WILLIAM A. REASON
U.S.S. Princeton

Dream streets

I find the Esquire's *Avenues of Fashion* paintings by W. David Shaw very interesting, particularly the Chicago spread from the April issue and the Los Angeles painting from the May issue.

THEODORE R. LENT-KNAP
Detroit, Michigan

• • •

Being by California standards, an old Angeleno—I've lived here for almost three years now—I want to congratulate you on Mr. Carroll's fine article on Wilshire Boulevard. It succeeded in conveying the unique spirit of this incredible street.

Too bad that it wasn't quite up-to-date since it failed to mention such things as the proud, multi-million-dollar Statler Hotel, the sparkling gravity-defying Bert Berry's auto showroom, and the fabulous new J. W. Robinson store, in Beverly Hills, across from the Los Angeles Country Club.

You are not to blame however. Wilshire Boulevard is growing so fast that by the time this letter reaches you, there'll be a couple of new buildings adding to the Boulevard's magic.

ESTEBAN J. TOSCANO
Los Angeles, Calif.

• • •

Thanks for the fine piece on Los Angeles, particularly Wilshire Boulevard. Your posters are all over our special district.

A man with the historic name of Carroll should know that Saint Monica was not a nun, though Ralph Hancock made the same mistake. St. Monica (4th century) was the charming and delightful mother of St. "Give-me-chastity-but-not-yet" Augustine, the brilliant doctor of the church. See his *Confessions*.

MARK E. MCLAUGHLIN
Los Angeles, Calif.

Swap shop

If any reader would care to exchange Esquire for British automobile and transport magazines, I would be glad to hear from him.

S. W. E. LYON
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N. Aylesbury,
Bucks,
England

• • •

I am a university student, working my way through by taking part-time jobs and so I cannot afford a subscription to your magazine. Would any of your readers be interested in exchanging Esquire or other U. S. magazines for Australian magazines?

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Continued on page 20

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Life in a Plaster Cast

Dressed in swim trunks, a blue sports shirt, and a plaster cast (on his right leg), George Frazier greeted us in his private room, No. 511 at Lenox Hill Hospital up on Park Avenue—where the nurses, at least the one servicing Mr. Frazier, are dark-haired colleens not at all like the usual battleship type and where the service is so good that there were a dozen cold bottles of beer waiting for us on this, one of the hottest afternoons of all time. Mr. F. was sitting up in his wheel chair and before we could say "Hello," the phone rang bringing him intelligence concerning the performance of the New York Yankees that afternoon. The Yanks were busy losing their ninth in a row and this almost broke up the interview. George recovered nicely, however, opened a beer, and asked us our pleasure.

Naturally we asked him what the hell he was doing *here*.

It seems that the leg had been badly crushed and broken in an accident at the wedding party of a close friend. It was one of the better parties at one of the better homes and George got his leg caught in the elevator. But he says: "Everyone should go to the hospital every so often. Wonderful chance for reflection. Mental and spiritual. Wonderful."

It was a big plaster cast, up over the knee and down to the instep, and we figured it didn't make him feel any better talking about it—so we asked him about "21", New York's most special restaurant, which he dissects in detail in *Portal to Posh*, on page 57.

Mr. Frazier first dined at "21" back in 1942 when he was working on *Life Magazine*. The assignment was to meet, greet, and interview Bogart, so where else? What struck him then, and still leaves an impression, is that somehow the owners were able to give you the atmosphere of a 1920's speak-easy (which "21" used to be) and still not scatter sawdust all over the floor. They keep the place well swept and over the years George has done most of his interviewing of Hollywood personalities and other interesting characters at "21"—goes there three times a week, on the average.

"It never fails," George said, passing the beer, "every time I'm there one of the owners comes up and says 'Hello, Mr. Frazier, how are things in California?' Somehow, they have the idea I'm just in New York for a few days."

Frazier has a new book coming out in the spring that ought to raise more than the average number of eyebrows—a book about *Time Magazine* called *It's About Time*. Frazier slaved over the book for nearly two years and, as he tells it, had all the information except one glaring episode—gather round while we tell it.

George learned that the original money for *Time Magazine* came in a large part from fraternity brothers of the two founders, Henry Luce and Briton Hadden, both of whom were members of Yale's most sacrosanct society: Skull and Bones. Well, now Skull and Bones isn't just any old fraternity—it is a religion with some Yales, and all members are pledged to keep all of their important activities top secret. Being a good and thorough reporter, Frazier felt that no book about *Time* would be complete without the inside on the Skull and Bones. In his attempts to crash the gate he was unsuccessful (as they'd write it at *Time*) but one fact he gathered.

Whenever a Skull and Bones man gets married all of his ushers and the best man are, by fraternity law, also Skull and Bones. After the ceremony, it is their custom to take the wife from the husband, usher her into a private room and brief her on the inner workings of the secret society. Thus are empires crumbled.

Frazier immediately made a list of all the women who had married and subsequently divorced Skull and Bones members. He called on four or five of them in New York, casually asked how So-and-So, the ex-husband, was feeling and was he still a serious S & B. The ex-wife's old anger with her ex-SOB brought forth complete details of Skull and Bones. Many New Yorkers are therefore looking forward to *It's About Time*.

The talk about wives reminded us that ours was waiting to meet us at "21" (we'd been up in George's room for two hours already and, anyway, the beer was all gone); so as a parting shot we asked Mr. Frazier if he had any advice for young writers.

"Oh, Christ!" he said.

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The Sound and the Fury

Continued from page 16

While browsing through a pile of old magazines the other day, I came across a copy of your magazine Esquire which I consider one of the two best of its kind obtainable, the other being our own Australian magazine, *Man* (very similar to your own).

Now, the whole reason for this letter is to see if any of your readers would be interested in exchanging Esquire, when they have finished it, with *Man*.

I have several old copies of *Man* which I will forward to anyone interested and then exchange at monthly intervals.

Eric Gabell

21 Oakley St.,
Adelaide,
South Australia,
Australia

R. K. O. STUDIOS

... but he votes "more" for Jane

20TH CENTURY-FOX

An ardent fan of Marilyn's ...

One way to Worcester, please

Re your article on Marilyn Monroe, *the "altogether" girl,* in the July Esquire: Sorry to disagree with you, but Jane Russell has it all over Marilyn.

I am an ardent fan of both girls, but please don't knock down Jane in place of Marilyn. She is sexy, has a nice build, but don't forget that Jane has more. And we have girls in Worcester that could make Marilyn look sick.

John Takesian

Worcester, Mass.

Live a Little

I would like to commend Mr. Monroe Fry on his very fine article *The Three Last Wide-Open*

Continued on page 22

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The Sound and the Fury

Continued from page 20

Texans in the June issue

Everything he says is true and much more could be added. I am in the service here in Galveston, Texas. My wife and I have been living here for fourteen months so I know about some things that go on.

John M. Anderson
Galveston, Texas

It might interest Mr. Fry to know that his article, which was displayed prominently on newsstands here, seemed to have the desired result for which he was striving. Shortly thereafter the last pitiful remnants of Butte's old crib line were closed down. These consisted of a few tumbledown shacks where a few of the old battle-axes left over from Butte's "wide-open" days eked out a bare living. This should be great consolation to Mr. Fry.

If Mr. Fry wishes to write about some "wide-open" towns, I suggest he visit such places as Ely, Nevada, or Elko and Winnemucca, Nevada.

G. H. Perkins
Butte, Mont.

Crazy as hell

I've just read your article on *Let's Secede From Texas!* by Bernard Dorrity. I would like you to know that you're wrong about a few things.

And you're crazier than hell. I'll tell you one thing, buddy, you were talking about public schools in Texas. Where I go to high school we're the second-best-equipped in activities and scholastic standings in the U. S.

You're a cockeyed liar what you said about a six-foot snake in San Antonio. Listen, man, if you ever set foot in Texas again and I hear anything about it and am anyways close, I myself will look you up, and you say what you got to say then, and one of us is going to get the hell beat out of us.

Bill Wingham
Odessa, Texas

* * *

Being an airman stationed in Big Spring, Texas, I find it almost impossible to cope with both the dust and imbecility of the Texas folkways and mores. The people (in general) are moronic in ideals and lagging in the pursuit for equality of all people. To leave Texas and its "Lying Curtain" and return to the forty-seven

Continued on page 24

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(Top left) **The Norseman.** Jungle cloth Surcoat, hardy cotton gabardine. Lined with Zero-paca, including sleeves. Mouton collar, full belt. Brown, navy, tan. Sizes 36 to 46 (Regulars and Longs). $30

(Lower left) **The Commander.** A "Winter Wonder Coat" of 100% all wool tweed. Lined with Zero-paca with rayon yoke, sleeves quilt lined. Mouton collar, 3-piece detachable belt. Grey or tan tweed. Sizes 36 to 46 (Regulars, longs, shorts). $65

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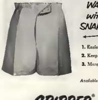

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The Sound and the Fury

Continued from page 22

AMERICAN STATES is quintessence in fortune

Donald Ned
Big Spring, Texas

* * *

Printing such low-life slams on the state of Texas is bad enough, you guys, but when you start putting silly-looking fish on the cover, it's going too far. Where are those good-looking gals who used to grace your magazine?

The mermaid at the bottom should be enlarged three times and the fish relegated to game digests—where they belong.

Believe me, if this sort of thing keeps up, I'm going to have my Mezzanie cancel my subscription.

That's her hiding behind Esquire.

Haven't missed an issue (either of them) since I was born, but this nonsense has got to stop.

Ronald Dale Graham, Esq.
Farwell, Texas

* * *

I didn't have the pleasure of reading the article by Dorrity, but I did read the letters sent in to you by the readers of that article. I guess I could easily curse Dorrity out just as some of the Texans did, but since I was raised by full-blooded Texan parents, they wouldn't approve of it!

I would like to state that these letters from Texans seemed to prove (more or less) the guilt of Texas and the Texans got mad. When someone writes an article (as Dorrity did), and someone else writes a letter, as some of the Texans did, it seems to me that both parties are proving how stupid and ignorant they might be. Both sides of that story are childish.

I have lived in a few different states since I came into the service and it seems to me that every state has its good and bad points. I don't know why people always bring out the bad points of Texas. It seems to me that they are jealous of Texans! Do you think that could be possible? I really think that the bad points of each state help soldiers, sailors and airmen survive in a foreign country as Korea.

If anyone would like to argue what I have just said, I will gladly answer any letters. My address will be at the end of this letter.

As for Mr. Dorrity, I really feel sorry for the poor man! If there happens to be a photo of him laying around I would appreciate having it. That way I could tell the difference between him and any other "Gook" I run across while over here. You see,

Continued on page 100

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Esquire's | OFFSIDES IN SPORTS

by JACK O'BRIEN

BULLETPROOF VANITY

"As far as I'm concerned," Bob Feller once told me, "most umpires are a bunch of rabbit-eared rednecks—and getting more so all the time." That was in 1947. As of 1953 they were still getting more so—more neurotically sharp-eared and arrogant, that is about any word uttered against them. More than ever inclined to let their necks be reddened by inefficient rage or wounded vanity. In general, too almighty big for their britches, and heaven knows many of them were big enough there to begin with.

It is not an easy thing for me to admit all this. I grew up with an uncommon respect for umpires, because my father was one. I still carry impressions of (1) Father taking the visiting third baseman out under the grandstand to persuade him that he'd been out by two feet on that play, and (2) Father taking me out behind the garage where the light helped me to see things more clearly.

But in Father's time an umpire measured his efficiency by his inconspicuousness: the better he was, the less you noticed him. Umpires then regarded a game's total elapsed time as a matter affecting their very honor. Two hours, they believed, was plenty of time for a nine-inning ball game if the teams were any good and the umpire was in control. If a manager or player kept holding up the proceedings with his yawking, the umpire pulled a watch on him and gave him fifteen seconds to get back to his place or catch an early trolley for home.

Back in those days the late Bill Klem, most famous of umpires and pretty nearly the proudest ("Never missed one in my life," he said), always tried to remember that "It's not necessary to throw a player out of a game to prove that you're a good umpire." He urged fellow practitioners to walk away from arguments, or at least to give them the original brushoff by cleaning off home plate (always pointing one's tail toward the pitcher's box, and usually brushing the dirt at the protesting player in the hope that he would just dare to kick it back).

The old-line officials, like today's umpires, had no love for all those dirt kickers, arm wavers, nose duelists, hat-and-glove throwers, jostlers and other pantomimists who make an umpire look bad and incite the crowd against him. Yet he usually was willing to put up with some gaff from a batter if the fellow was in a slump and didn't turn around to do his cursing. The man in blue might even have enough patience, understanding and humility (his social standing then being as low as it was) to overlook a player's fit of temper, provided it was a tense, important game and the fellow didn't push.

Old-liners believed, too, that a sense of humor was mandatory for good umpiring, a high peak in this respect being reached by the extraordinary Red Rorty of the old Eastern League. After much moose-voiced criticism from an insulting customer, Rorty took up a position in front of the man's box seat and began calling balls and strikes from there because, as he told the loudmouth, "If you can call 'em from here so can I!"

Times have certainly changed. Since the tartly resourceful Rorty's day this reporter has observed that an American League umpire, persistently nagged by players in a game at Washington, wasn't capable of any rebuttal better than petulantly firing a baseball at the naggers. Two National League umpires, who obviously had let a game and a crowd get away from them in Cincinnati, couldn't hit upon any solution better than jointly walking over to the stands and lecturing the customers for being spoilsports. (The league president spoiled the umps'

Continued on page 88

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Bulletproof Vanity

Continued from page 86

own fun by fining 'em.)

The two-hour ball game has become a three-hour burlesque partly because umpires instead of walking away from arguments or at least refusing to discuss a decision with a pack of yammering players, now apparently love to yammer back at length. ("Talk to only one man," Klem advised. "The manager or the captain.") It used to be news if umpires removed one offensive player, today they quite often clear off a whole bench just to catch the one rascal who bayed, "Homer!"—which isn't a four-base hit but an umpire with a timid tendency to favor the home team.

They also waste time by making threatening visitations to raucous dugouts (a mistake, according to Klem), and they have become such rabbit-eared rednecks that they fly off the handle over words they can't make out. "What?" an umpire roared into Frankie Frisch's last managerial dugout "what did you just say?" "You been guessing all day," Manager Frisch replied. "Guess what I said."

Nowadays you don't even have to open your mouth to get heaved out. One day this year Billy Martin of the New York Yankees, merely standing at his position and idly squeezing his throat—just to help his thinking undoubtedly—was indignantly chased by an umpire who felt that the fresh young Mr. Martin was accusing him of "choking up," losing courage, that is, in his decisions. (A couple of seasons ago the normally quite friendly Pepper Martin managing a club in the Florida International League was barred for the rest of the year for a bit of throat squeezing but the throat in that instance happened to be the umpire's.)

In another 1953 incident Russ Meyer of the Brooklyn Dodgers, disgustedly standing out there after a pitch of his had been called a ball tossed the rosin bag into the air. It came down on his head and the umpire banished him forthwith. Meyer had much more right to feel persecuted then than he did the day he jostled Frank Dascoli so vigorously the umpire's coat buttons came off.

Umpires once understood that a basic requirement of their work was the ability to keep their mouths shut outside the ball park. Not any more. After the 1952 World Series, Umpire Larry Goetz made the headlines by calling the Yankees' four-time world champions a bunch of crybabies. And Goetz and most of his colleagues seem never to have heard of inconspicuousness as a yardstick for an umpire's performance on the field. They can't render a routine verdict on a force play at second base without more whirls, bounces and gesticulations than a good ballet dancer could handle. For a simple thing like calling a pitch a strike, the individualized variety of their contortions and bellowings convinces you they wouldn't want their television audience to think Jocko Conlan was working behind the plate today when it's really Dusty Boggess.

Television isn't the only thing that has spoiled umpires. Spoiled they certainly are, but baseball fans themselves have been contributing to the spoiling since the 1930's. As recently as 1934 a New Hampshire umpire evidently still had reason to believe his working equipment should include as it did a loaded pistol.

But the spoiling was not far off. In 1935 a group of fans wheeled a shiny automobile into the Polo Grounds and presented it to Dolly Stark, an umpire.

Umpires once were paid $50 for working a World Series game. The six men in this year's Series will each receive a check for $3000. They also get up to $15,000 for their regular season's work (the estimated average is $10,000) plus $2500 for expenses, not to mention a nice trip around our Southland during spring training.

And they can find book publishers and magazine editors willing to waste good paper and ink on umpires' memoirs.

Up and down the land today, in an era of sports scandals and sellouts umpires are regularly eulogized (a) for their unquestionably outstanding record of honesty, though many a burglar at heart would give you no trouble on $15,000 and a six-month work year, (b) for their courage though the days of pugnacious invitations from players and job-canceling threats from influential managers are quite dead and (c) for their sterling judgment though your judgment would look sterling too, if it were backed up by anything so arbitrary as the baseball rule book's command: "No protest shall ever be permitted on judgment decisions by the umpire."

They just aren't that good especially since television came along, but I doubt that there's much point in telling them so. Most umpires have a bulletproof belief in themselves. The others live in a dream world in which they are all the time hearing complimentary voices. Father was the dream-world type. Whenever he brought me home from a game and Mother asked how things had gone there was always some fellow who had come up to him afterward and told him what a fine game he'd worked. Maybe that was while I was trying to save my ice-cream cone, which always got stepped on. #

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VACATION NOW

Voyaging to Bermuda, the happy isles in the Gulf-warmed Atlantic

If *The Bermudas* on page 98 has done its job for you, you should be about ready to settle down to the serious but pleasant business of planning your vacation in Bermuda. First thing to consider is your hotel. This is somewhat more important here than in most places because where you stay will pretty much determine what you do in Bermuda. It's easy enough to get around the islands by cab, cycle, carriage, bus or boat, but you'll find yourself growing lazy as the mood of the islands moves in on you and you won't do much trotting around. So it's best to plan carefully, decide what you want most during your vacation, then lie back when you get to Bermuda and enjoy the rewards of your foresight.

If the most intriguing thought that comes to mind is a round or two of golf every day, then you'll want to consider the Castle Harbour, Belmont Manor and St. George hotels, which have their own links right on the grounds, or a hotel or guesthouse near these courses or the Mid-Ocean or Riddell's Bay links. If beaching is your top interest, then think about the Elbow Beach Surf Club, the only large ocean-front hotel, which has a magnificent beach layout. And if you like to stay closer to the center of things, mull over the Princess and the Bermudiana, which combine luxurious resort living with immediate convenience to everything that's going on.

Before running down the list of some of the leading hotels, though, remember that you have your choice of five categories of places to stay: hotels, guesthouses, cottage colonies, private homes with rooms to rent, and a couple of clubs with accommodations for occasional guests.

They all base their rates on one or more of four "plans." The American plan includes room and three meals; modified American plan, room, breakfast and dinner; Bermuda plan, room and breakfast, and European plan, room only. Of these, the American plan is by far the most convenient for you, since most hotels and guesthouses will pack box lunches for your beach picnic or cycling days. The modified American plan and Bermuda plan give you a chance to dine out at some of the other hotels and the leading restaurants on the islands. The European plan is not recommended for resort living and is offered only by a few of the more or less commercial hotels which are located right in Hamilton.

Largest and one of the most luxurious hotels in Bermuda is the Castle Harbour. Built more than twenty years ago for a millionaire trade which no longer exists, the Castle Harbour was requisitioned for wartime use while still very new. It was out of the hotel business either under requisition or closed for more than a decade before it was completely refurbished and reopened about three years ago. Located on a cliff in Tucker's Town across Castle Harbour from Bermuda's Kindley Field airport, the hotel is a completely self-contained resort, with a private beach, swimming pool, yacht basin, tennis courts, beautifully landscaped gardens, and shops. It has its own nine-hole golf course, and guests may use the famous Mid-Ocean links just a few minutes' drive away. The Castle Harbour has accommodations for four hundred and fifty guests and rates run between $12 and $21 per person per day, on the double-occupancy basis, modified American plan. The single rooms are from $14 to $22 a day, also on the modified American plan.

The next-largest hotel in Bermuda is the Princess, where I stayed while doing this Bermuda coverage. The Princess was recently taken over by Intercontinental Hotels Corporation, Pan American's hotel-building and hotel-operating subsidiary, which installed Frank Swadley, the last manager of New York's famed Ritz-Carlton, as general manager.

The Princess has a beautiful location on the water front of Hamilton Harbour. You're a million miles from nowhere when you laze away on the Princess' completely enclosed grounds, or in the glass solarium at the pool—but it's only a few minutes' leg-stretching to downtown Hamilton, with its shops and its life as bustling as life in Bermuda ever gets to be. In addition, there is a row of fine shops called "Quality Street," right in the hotel lobby. The Princess has two fine tennis courts and a bicycle shop on the hotel grounds, its own beach club newly built along the lovely south shore in Paget, with private bus service between beach and hotel, a launch which takes you sightseeing and boat service to the Riddell's Bay golf course. There are accommodations for four hundred guests in the large main building and in private cottages right on the grounds. Daily rates per person range between $12 and $20 on the American plan, double-occupancy basis. The rate for

Continued on page 32

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Vacation Now

Continued from page 30

suites extend to $25 per day.

You're sure to like the Elbow Beach Surf Club, on the South Shore at Paget, if a lively crowd is an attraction for you. The Elbow Beach is completely self-contained, with the most elaborate beach facilities of any of the larger hotels. There are two tennis courts on the grounds, and guests can play at the eighteen-hole Belmont Manor golf course near by, at Riddell's Bay and Mid-Ocean links. Although the Elbow Beach offers all the away-from-it-all opportunities for relaxation traditional in Bermuda, there's also a busy program of beach parties, picnics, dances and entertainment whipped up by the social staff. Though they call it a Surf Club, Elbow Beach is a hotel in every sense of the word. It accommodates three hundred and fifty guests at daily rates running between $14 and $22.50 per person, double-occupancy basis, on the American plan. The $22.50 rate is for a suite. Single rooms are from $17 to $15 a day.

The Bermudiana Hotel is a large, gracious hillside place overlooking Hamilton Harbor, only a few minutes' walk from Front Street and all the shops, restaurants and bars. After its postwar renovation it was converted into apartments in 1950. Now it has been reconverted into one of the most attractive hotels on the islands, with a bustling social life centered around a theatre right in the building and the Silver Grill. It accommodates two hundred and fifty guests at daily rates ranging between $11 and $17 per person on the double-occupancy basis; single occupancy from $13 to $18.

The Belmont Manor in Warwick, overlooking Hamilton across the Great Sound, is known for its beautiful grounds, excellent food, an eighteen-hole golf course with the first tee and the eighteenth green right at the front door, badminton, tennis, a Grecian swimming pool and outdoor dancing on the Cedar Court. The Belmont Manor accommodates two hundred and fifty guests on the American plan, with single rates running between $12 and $20.

The near-by Inverurie, under the same ownership as the Belmont Manor, was reopened in 1950 after a complete remodeling. There's swimming from the Marine Terrace, which becomes a dining and dancing pavilion by night, and tennis (under floodlights at night) in the Inverurie Gardens. Guests have golf privileges at the Belmont course. The Inverurie has accommodations for one hundred guests in the main building and in cottages on the grounds at American-plan rates from $12 to $20 per person.

The St. George Hotel on a hillside overlooking the oldest and most historic settlement in the islands—the quiet village of St. George—is another self-contained resort, with its own nine-hole golf course, indoor swimming pool, a beach club at St. Catherine's Beach close by, and indoor and terrace dancing. At the St. George you have a choice of the modified American plan or the Bermuda plan. Modified American-plan rates are between $8 and $20 daily, per person; the Bermuda-plan rates are $5 to $8. Accommodations for two hundred.

Harmony Hall in Paget, convenient both to Hamilton and the South Shore beaches, is a popular place which has increased its facilities almost every season until it is now more a hotel than a guest-house. It has accommodations for eighty in semidetached cottages, and its Gombey Room is a favorite dinner and dance spot. Rates are from $12 and $20 per person American plan; from $11 to $18 modified American plan.

The Eagle's Nest Hotel is located atop Mt. Langton in Pembroke Parish, with a fine view of the sea on one side and Hamilton and its harbor on the other. It has its own swimming pool, and there's dancing several times a week. For many years the Eagle's Nest Sunday-night buffet suppers have been a feature of Bermuda social life for visitors. The Eagle's Nest accommodates seventy-five guests at from $8.50 to $16 daily on the American plan, or $7 to $13 on the modified American plan.

The two clubs which accept guests are the Mid-Ocean Club in Tucker's Town and the Coral Beach and Tennis Club on the South Shore in Paget. The latter is a private club and guests must be introduced by members. The Mid-Ocean Club features its famous golf course, tennis courts and a private beach. It has accommodations for eighty, and American-plan rates run from $14 to $19 per day per person on the double-occupancy basis. Rates for single occupancy are from $18 to $24 daily. The Coral Beach Club is built on one of Bermuda's loveliest beaches and has five excellent tennis courts, a restaurant, cocktail bar and bathers' snack bar. It accommodates eighty-five members and guests.

The cottage-colony type of accommodation is becoming increasingly popular with Bermuda visitors for its combination of hotel facilities and the privacy of cottage vacationing. All the colonies are built on pretty much the same pattern: a large main building with dining room, cocktail lounge, dance floor or terrace, and a group of individual or two-family cottages near by. Cambridge Beaches, up on the northern tip of Somerset, one of the loveliest sections in Bermuda, is the oldest and best known of the cottage colonies. Situated on a narrow peninsula, it offers beaches on the windward and leeward sides, which guests choose according to weather. American-plan rates are between $15 and $22.

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Continued on page 38

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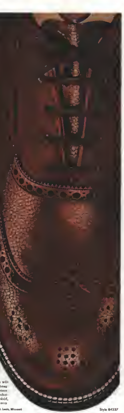

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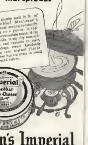

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Vacation Now

Continued from page 32

Bermuda on the South Shore in Smith's Parish near the Mid-Ocean course, is Pink Beach another luxury cottage colony. Pink Beach consists of a main clubhouse with dining rooms bar, terraces and several small suites and bedrooms and fourteen cottages with wood-burning fireplaces. There's a fine private beach with twelve hundred feet of sandy ocean front for surf casting for bonefish and pompano, and two tennis courts. Visitors come from all over the island for Sunday-afternoon dinner in the dining room. Pink Beach has accommodations for forty-seven guests at rates of $16 to $20 per day, on the American plan.

The Reefs is another beautiful cottage colony, in a pleasantly remote location on the South Shore at Southampton. Its small crescent beach at the foot of the cliffs is one of the most beautiful in the islands. It has room for fifty-five guests at rates of $14 to $28 per day, American plan.

Other popular cottage colonies are The Ledgelets, a delightfully intimate place in Sandy's Parish and Mizzentop in Warwick near the Belmont Manor. The Ledgelets accommodates twenty guests on the American plan at $14.50 to $16 per day and Mizzentop has room for twenty-seven at $10 or $11 daily on the modified American plan.

Guesthouses in Bermuda have nothing in common with Mrs Murphy's boardinghouse or the roadside homes in your home town, with "tourists accommodated" signs on their front lawns. Bermuda's very attractive guesthouses are mostly converted private estates and the chief difference between them and the hotels is that they're smaller and more informal and usually have no dance floor.

Among the leading guesthouses are the Fourways Inn and White Sands both new. Waterloo House, Newstead, Horizons, Deepdene Manor and Pomander Gate. Rates at these places range between $10 and $18 daily including all meals, or between $7 and $14 Bermuda plan.

And finally, there are the private homes with one or two rooms for paying guests. They're likely to be considerably cheaper than hotels or guesthouses, and they give you a fine chance to meet Bermudians. Rates run between $3 and $7 per day, with breakfast, and you can get a listing and rate sheet of these homes from the Bermuda Trade Development Board at its New York City office 620 Fifth Avenue or at 372 Bay Street, Toronto, Ontario.

HOW TO GET THERE: Bermuda is fortunate enough to be served by four airlines: Colonial, Pan American, British Overseas and Trans-Canada. I've made this particular flight on the first three lines, and other flights on the fourth, and I can recommend them.

Continued on page 40

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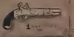

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2 [illegible] 1[illegible]

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Vacation Now

Continued from page 55

all very highly

I flew Colonial's new-type Constellation tourist service on my last trip to Bermuda and it's first class in every respect except the fare, which represents a considerable saving over the regular rate. Colonial runs daily service in each direction between Bermuda and New York using new-type Constellations and DC-4's. The Connies make the hop in about three hours; the DC-4's take about an hour longer.

Pan American runs seven tourist flights and three first-class flights weekly in each direction between New York and Bermuda, using DC-6's and double-deck Stratocruisers. Both make the trip in about three hours.

British Overseas Airways Corporation (BOAC) operates one first-class flight per week in each direction between New York and Bermuda, using Stratocruisers.

Fares between New York and Bermuda are the same on all lines: $53 one way and $95 round trip, tourist, and $64 one way and $115 round trip first class, plus 15-per-cent tax.

Trans-Canada Air Lines runs three flights weekly to Bermuda from Montreal and Toronto in North Star Skyliners, a Canadian plane manufactured under Douglas license and somewhere between a DC-4 and DC-6 in size and operating performance. The trip from Montreal or Toronto to Bermuda takes four hours. Fares are $85 one way and $153 round trip. There is no transportation tax in Canada.

A cruise to Bermuda aboard the Furness Bermuda Line's *Queen of Bermuda* has long been a favorite with honeymooners and other visitors to the islands. The *Queen* sails from New York on Saturday, tying up at the Front Street dock in Hamilton on Monday morning. Returning, she leaves Bermuda Wednesday afternoon and arrives in New York Friday morning. Round-trip rates are $125 to $250, plus 15-per-cent transportation tax. The same line's new *Ocean Monarch* entered cruise service two years ago and calls at Bermuda frequently, especially during the Easter and summer seasons.

Ship and plane combination tours are becoming increasingly popular. All air and steamship lines in the Bermuda service work together on combination fares by which you can go to Bermuda by ship and return by plane, or vice versa, taking advantage of round-trip-fare economies.

—Richard Joseph

(For answers to your questions about travel or help in solving your vacation problems, send stamped, addressed envelope to Travel Editor, Esquire, 488 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.)

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Its contents are the quintessence of all that is great in a great magazine, ranging from the incomparable fiction of F. Scott Fitzgerald and John Steinbeck to the famous Esquire color paintings that pay spirited tribute to the beauty of the American girl. It is published by Simon and Schuster, Inc.

PARTIAL CONTENTS

Fiction: Such memorable stories as John Steinbeck's *Lonesome Vigilante*, Erskine Caldwell's *August Afternoon*, Irwin Shaw's *Eighty Yard Run*, Jesse Stuart's *Not Without Guns*, Aldous Huxley's *Time's Revenge*, and 24 other stories by equally important writers.

Nonfiction: Outstanding articles by Clarence Darrow, Robert C. Ruark, Henry Morton Robinson, H. L. Mencken, Franklin P. Adams, and many more.

"Touchy topics": Like Pietro di Donato's *Christ in Concrete*; the anonymously published *Latins Are Lousy Lovers*, for which eight Cuban newsdealers were thrown into jail; *My Crew At Pearl Harbor*, by J. K. Taussig, a Navy skipper.

Humor: A large collection of timeless cartoons by such favorites as Sam Cobean, Syd Hoff, Abner Dean, Barbara Shermund, and many more, and hilarious pieces by authors like Corey Ford, Ilka Chase and Max Shulman.

Girls: Naturally a collection of Esquire's best would be like debubbled champagne without drawings by Petty and Chiriaka, or photographs by Philippe Halsman, Henry Waxman and Burt Glinn. You will find plenty of them here.

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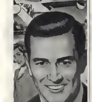
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GOING PLACES WITH *Esquire*

PAINTING THE TOWN

Blair House, 30 West 56th Street. The bleached walls and the soft colors are easy on the eyes, the cuisine is Continental-American, the service near perfection. A soundly manned bar, an amusing crowd. Open for luncheon, dinner and supper. One of the finest items on the dinner menu is Blair House Curried Chicken, wholly delightful and a bargain at $3.50. Here's how.

Breasts of chicken (1 per person) are simmered in lightly salted water until tender (approximately 1 hour); skin and bones are removed and discarded, the stock reserved for use in the curry sauce.

Curry Sauce

½ pound butter
1 small bunch celery, diced
1 cup flour
2 teaspoons salt
½ bunch leeks, diced
1 diced large onion
2 tablespoons curry powder
1 pint heavy sweet cream

Braise leeks, celery and onion in butter until golden brown, stir in flour, cook until golden brown, under stirring. Add curry powder, salt and enough chicken stock to form a thick sauce. Cook slowly for 1 hour, strain. Now stir in cream and pieces of chicken. Heat and serve with a rice pilaff and plenty of authentic chutney.

The Colony Restaurant, 667 Madison, corner of 61st St. The baroque and correct splendor of the Colony, plus the day-by-day service of superlative foods, keeps the Cavallero establishment filled with the elite who sample potables from the bar, wines from an enviable cellar and culinary masterpieces served with impeccable grace. The prices are about as high as prices get, but for the money you receive such delectable oddments as the Cherry Sauce that was served on our gently spiced tongue. We managed to pry the recipe from an obliging member of the Cavallero family.

1 tablespoon red currant jelly
1 tablespoon of chutney
1 tablespoon C&B sauce
dash of cayenne pepper
1 wineglass of port wine
1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce
juice of 3 oranges, 1 lemon
salt to taste

Bring to a boil, reduce volume to one half, add ½ cup pitted cherries, serve with boiled tongue.

Copain, 1st Ave. & 50th St. You open the door to this exquisite bistro and there's your kitchen, small, active and efficient, the aroma drifts toward you. If further whetting is needed there's a small, pleasantly relaxing bar to starboard. In these premises one can eat some of the finest Continental dishes at prices surprisingly low. One of the best is the unique Roast Cold Veal à la mode de Copain.

Roast veal, 4 pounds from the leg, is cooled, sliced and served with this sauce.

1 can tuna or bonito
1 cup mayonnaise
juice of ½ lemon
4 tablespoons capers
¼ cup finely chopped chives
salt and pepper to taste

Purée fish with capers, mix with mayonnaise, add chives and lemon juice. Blend all ingredients, season to taste, pour over thin veal slices. Serves eight.

Raleigh Room, Hotel Warwick, 65 West 54th St. Some of the cinema's loveliest domicile at the Warwick when in town, and may be seen in the Raleigh Room guzzling and politely gobbling. The Dean Cornwell murals depict dramatically and colorfully the life and affairs of Sir Walter Raleigh with the accent on romance. The food is good, the prices within reason, the bar is excellent, the service thoughtful and ingratiating. Dancing for those inclined that way. Call for a reservation.

Regency Rooms, Carlyle Hotel, Madison between 75th and 76th St. The Bemelmans Bar and Lounge and the main room are lushly smart. Luncheon and dinner menus are Continental-American, with delicate and engaging touches added by Chef Joseph Koeppler, the culinary genius who created Carbonade à la Flamande, delicately robust, subtle and memorable. It's made in this manner.

4 medium onions, sliced
2 tablespoons flour
3 small bottles of beer
3 tablespoons butter
strips of prime beef tenderloin

Sauté onions in butter, stir in flour until mixture is smooth. Sauté beef strips in butter until browned, add to the pan of onions, pour on the beer, season to taste, cook covered over medium flame until tender, stirring at intervals. We like this with a green salad, a small bottle of Burgundy at room temperature, toasted English muffins—and a congenial companion.

Theodore's, 4 East 56th Street. Twice daily these cheerful premises are filled with guests who enjoy a good bar, complete dinners from $3.25 to $5.50, fine service, clean linen and genuine hospitality. One of the most popular dishes is the Chicken Romano—sheer perfection with a bottle of cold white wine.

1 2-2½ lb chicken, quartered, floured
2 tablespoons butter
½ minced garlic clove
½ cup olive oil
1 tablespoon rosemary
1½ teaspoons salt
½ cup chicken broth
1 tablespoon wine vinegar

Sauté chicken in oil and butter until lightly browned, add garlic, rosemary and salt and continue sautéing until golden brown. Add wine vinegar and chicken broth (made from giblets or bouillon cubes), place in a casserole and bake in a moderate oven until ready to serve—about 20 minutes. Serves four.

Restaurant Laurent, 111 East 56th St. Beautiful and dignified *décor* and a cocktail lounge which is one of the best in town. The food is Continental, superbly prepared, served with a flourish. Open for luncheon and dinner. The dinner menu is à la carte with a top of $5.50. Don't miss the succulent *Soft Shell Crabs Sauté Bretonne* prepared by Chef Enrico Fulgoni.

First make the sauce, for which you need 4 diced, cooked shrimp, 1 tablespoon capers, 2 large mushroom caps, diced, and 1 lemon, sectioned and diced. Sauté the ingredients in butter until golden and keep the sauce warm while you sauté the 12 crabs in butter that has been browned. Reheat the sauce, add 2 oz. of butter, the juice of ½ lemon, 2 tablespoons of white wine, salt and pepper to taste. Pour over the crabs and serve. Serves four.

VIANDS

Spice—And other oddments. From Twin Trees Gardens, Lynbrook, Long Island, N. Y., growers and processors of almost everything, including Shrimp Spice, Dried Chives, Caraway Seeds, Chervil, Saffron, Omelet Herbs, Wine Vinegars, Dill Salt, Charcoal Seasoning Salt, Creole Bouquet. These small but important items make the difference between a meal and a feast, and an array of them makes a brave and useful showing on your kitchen shelves. Sold at good grocers, a complete catalogue on request.

Canned Delight—Jellied Clam Madrilene Royale, with Champagne, a new and entrancing delicacy, a cunning combination of clam juice and tomato essence and zesty seasonings; chill for two hours in the refrigerator, then serve with pride—plus a trace of chopped parsley or chives and a dash of lemon juice. It's also good served hot. Sold by good grocers, and reasonable, too. Made by Pinebridge Farm.

Continued on page 48

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Going Places with Esquire

Continued from page 46

Inc., Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20. Catalogue on request.

Victor Bergeron (Trader Vic)—Purveyor of exotic foods and drinks, now has a complete line of items calculated to interest the backyard cook—among others Barbecue Glaze, Spicy Barbecue Mix, Javanese Sate Spice and Hot Mustard (Chinese Style). If they're not at your grocer, write directly to Trader Vic, 20 Cosmo Place, San Francisco 9, California, and ask for a catalogue. You might ask for information on the new Trader Vic's Old South Sea Island Barbecue Oven, a departure from the conventional barbecue pit—portable and practical.

Bacon DeLuxe—Hildanal's Old Smokey Bacon, South Orange, New Jersey: dry-cured, hickory-smoked, flavorsome, nostalgically good, a perfect companion to breakfast eggs, hot cakes or muffins, and definitely home-cured. Priced at $1 a pound, postpaid, available in 4 to 10 lb. slabs.

Whole Lima Bean Soup—Made by J. Osola Company, 153 Hudson St., N. Y. C., and sold through grocers—a rich, succulent brew. The beans are large, high in protein count, prepared in a stock made from celery, carrots, chicken fat, tomatoes and green peas. The flavor is invigorating and charming. A large can costs about $.28 and it's enough for four. Sold under the now-famous brand name of Torino.

POTABLES

The Golden Touch of Hospitality—A useful booklet, issued by the House of Seagram, P. O. Box 253, Madison Square Station, New York 10, sent on receipt of $.25. It's a handsomely illustrated party book, a guide to tell the host what to serve, how to mix it, how much to buy—and what goes well with the potables in the way of viands. A book for the bar—and the kitchen.

Orgeat—A very unusual liqueur which endows many cocktails and other drinks with an indefinable and wholly delicious flavor. Made with fresh almonds, combined with fresh fruit, herbs and spices. Try it in what Trader Vic calls a Japanese Cocktail:

1 oz. dry gin ½ oz. Orgeat
½ teaspoon lemon juice

Shake with cracked ice, strain into a chilled cocktail glass, sip slowly and think deep thoughts of the Orient.

Another notable affair is the Janet Howard Cocktail:

1½ oz. brandy 1 teaspoon Orgeat
1 dash Angostura bitters

Stir ingredients with cracked ice, strain into a chilled cocktail glass, serve with a twist of lemon peel—and an ice-water chaser.

The Perfect Bartender—If you know one the chances are that he has most of these requisites: an unfailing memory for the customers and what they prefer, agility enough to keep orders filled, and the conscience never to short-measure a customer or give him a substitute brand without his express consent. He is courteous, seldom over-friendly. He can spot a phony, male or female, and knows how to maneuver the pest to a less particular bar.

He can mix probably fifty or more popular drinks, honestly confesses that he does not know how to mix a Tuxedo cocktail and asks the client to give him the precise formula. He knows every brand within reach, and he is irked to hell-and-gone when the customer asks him to mix a Pousse-Café during the rush hour. He suffers from near apoplexy when the customer then tosses off in one gulp the drink that took him five minutes to prepare.

His Martinis are dusty-dry, he asks whether an onion, olive or a twist of lemon should be added. He doesn't need a measuring glass to gauge the whisky in a highball or an old fashioned, and he asks Manhattan drinkers whether they want it sweet or dry.

For the gent who suffers from a primary hang-over, he has only one guaranteed cure: time. —H. B

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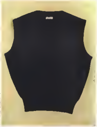
FLAIR AND WARMER

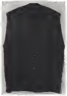


The double diagonal opening of this surplice-front pull-over allows easy on-and-off action and dispenses with the need for buttons. The result imparts a very pleasing angular effect

The cut's the thing in this duet of brand-new design ideas for wearing warmth

There are many times when a man wants to feel warm and not look it. And there are many ways by which to turn the trick. One of the best we know is to put on a woolen sweater—not just any woolen sweater, but one incorporating the various ideas shown on this page.

Knitted of finest imported yarn, these sweaters are designed with an eye to warmth without weight. Sleeveless and snug at the waist they have an air of bracing jauntiness that goes well with or without a jacket. They're styled to please the most fastidious and to free even the thinnest-blooded male from any desire for long underwear.



A low cut front makes this sweater invisible underneath a jacket

The surplice-front pull-over is a natural for casual attire. The front has a double diagonal opening which allows easy on-and-off action and dispenses with the need for buttons! The result is a pleasing line which runs down to the waist, where there is a gathered effect. The trim rib-knit waist accentuates this gathering, and the full-cut arm openings give added comfort.

The second sweater idea, shown at the left, is trickier by yards. The low front opening has been designed so that the sweater will completely disappear, like a magician's handkerchief, behind a jacket. The low-cut front also gives a greater visible expanse to neckwear and is in conformity with the longer, trimmer lines of the new single-breasted fall suits. The second part of the trick comes when you take the jacket off—and the sweater stands revealed as a knitted jacket handsome in its own right.

Deep armhole openings insure the utmost freedom of movement, and the rib weave lends a pleasing surface effect in contrast to the flat-knit waist and neck. As good as a drink to kill the chill. ###

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college 'n' career

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* Sheds wrinkles
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* Wonder fabric
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*These models also in junior and prep sizes.

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UNCONDITIONALLY GUARANTEED for one year!

"Botany" Brand Slacks fulfill the promise of satisfaction by backing them up with an unconditional guarantee of one full year that these slacks will live up to your highest expectations

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Go outside and shake the nearest tree, real hard and the chances are a pianist will drop out of the upper foliage. The woods are full of them, to the point where the casual record buyer can't tell the players from the scenery without a score card—especially since some excellent pianists (like Artur Rubinstein) don't give their best to a microphone. The score card I use reads like this:

There are four pianists you can trust to do an intelligent, valuable job every time they sit down under the mike—Solomon, the English perfectionist (Victor and HMV); Serkin, the romantic Austro-American (Columbia); Novaes, the mannered lady Brazilian (Vox); and Gulda, the very young, very fresh Viennese (London).

Others will let you down once in a while, but never on their particular specialties—the late Artur Schnabel on Schubert (Victor and HMV); Badura-Skoda on Mozart and on Beethoven's *First Concerto* (Westminster); Casadesus on Ravel (Columbia); the aging Backhaus on more lyrical Beethoven and Chopin (London); Kapell on the moderns (Victor); the late Dinu Lipatti on the early Romantics (Columbia); Poulenc on Satie (Columbia); Echaniz on Granados (Westminster); Pennario (Capitol), Horowitz (Victor) or Arrau (Decca and Columbia) on the bow-wow stuff.

Solomon, Serkin, Novaes and Gulda are essentially Beethoven and Chopin players, for these two composers are the root and branch of the piano repertory, but they do everything well. Serkin, as part of the Serkin-Busch Trio, gets at least one-third credit for a heartbreakingly beautiful performance of Schubert's op. 100. Novaes is particularly recommended on the Chopin *Preludes*, *Mazurkas*, *Etudes* and *Sonatas*; Solomon on the Beethoven *Hammerklavier*, one of the greatest performances on records (and it's a pity Victor didn't put it on records a little more carefully). Solomon and Serkin conflict on Beethoven's *Waldstein* and op. 109. I like Solomon's polished style, but there's no question that the Serkin is better recorded. You can't go wrong with either, or with any of these four on anything that tinkles.

October accolades to The Old Man, Toscanini himself, for an orchestrated Beethoven *Septet* (Victor); to Noah Greenberg and the Primavera Singers for Banchieri's *Festino* to be sung before dinner on Fat Thursday (Esoteric); to Scherchen for Haydn's sturm-and-drangy *Trauersymphonie*, No. 44 (Westminster); to Alfred Mann for Handel's *Recorder Sonatas* (Vox); to Adrian Boult for Vaughan Williams' quiet *Pastoral Symphony* (London); to Hans Swarowsky for Schoenberg's horrifying *A Survivor From Warsaw* (Columbia); to basso Boris Christoff for a mixed bag of Russian Songs (HMV); to cellist Maurice Gendron for Schubert's lovely *Arpeggione* (London); to the Pougnet-Riddle-Pini String Trio for Beethoven's magnificent op. 8 (Westminster); to tenor Giacinto Prandelli for Early Italian Songs (Vox); to Walter Goehr and a Swiss cast for a stylish performance of Monteverdi's stylistically difficult *Incoronazione di Poppea* (Concert Hall)—and, in a lighter vein, to Germaine Montero for an appropriately coarse-voiced rendition of Spanish folk songs, a *prix-du-disker* (Vanguard).

DENNIS STOCK-MAGNUM

Rudolf Serkin

The bargains of the month are two Decca-4000 records with the London Baroque Ensemble: five Mozart *Contredanses* and two Mozart *Adagios* on one, two Haydn *Divertimentos* on the other, both as brilliant as the falling leaves. —M. P. M.

Nonclassical

You haven't heard anything yet—until you hear the Sauter-Finegan Orchestra on RCA Victor ten-inch LP. There's a surprise a minute as the group lives up to its advance billing: *New Directions in Music*. Add to this the first really authentic album of Afro-Cuban music played by real life, flesh and blood Cuban bandsmen. Title: *Cubano*, on a ten-inch LP put out by Mercury. Norman Granz is very proud of it and should be.

On the serious side, there's a pair of LP's for fanciers of the spoken word: *Adlai Stevenson Speaks*, edited by NBC news commentator James Fleming, with a little of the campaign punch removed but otherwise fine (Victor), and *The Voice and Teachings of Mahatma Gandhi*, a brief but often powerful ten-inch LP starring Einstein, Nehru, etc. (Heritage). —T. B. M.

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That's a good one
on you, Rory!

On Rory Calhoun—or on you—to say that a Van Heusen Classic Madras shirt merely looks "good" is to put it mildly indeed. The truth is that it's probably the *smartest* dress shirt made in America today. The secret lies in what shirtmakers call an end-to-end weave, in which colored threads and white threads are woven alternately throughout the fabric to produce the wonderfully soft muted shades.

The fabric like finest madras from India is extremely light—yet strong and long-lasting. And the classic Madras features Van Heusen's complete range of new short-collar styles. You'll find it hard to believe that the price is only **$3 95.** Ties shown Van Heusen Shirt-Mates **$1 50.**

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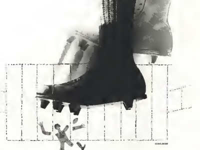
They call it a game, but there's little sport and less fun in a lot of the gridiron goings-on



by BOOTON HERNDON

TIME OUT FOR MAYHEM

In the very beginning of the game Fritz Pollard, Jr., the flashy tailback of the North Dakota football team, and son of the great Negro former All-American end from Brown, got knocked out of bounds near the opponents' bench. The ball was dead, the whistle had blown, but half the team piled on him. They jammed their knees in his gut, rammed elbows and fists in his face.

It was nothing new to Fritz. He'd been piled on before—kicked in the groin, even bitten. One of his first memories was of his father helpless, swathed in bandages, after Jim Thorpe and Joe Guyon had worked him over during a professional game. No, it was nothing new. Nevertheless, as a representative of the team, member of Blue Key, the honorary leadership fraternity, and a representative of the United States in the 1936 Olympics, Fritz felt he had a right to protest, just once.

"Hey, Mr. Ref," he said. "Did you see that?"

"See what?" the referee barked over his shoulder. "This is a man's game, boy. If you don't like it, get out."

"Yes sir!" Fritz said. Pretty soon the ball changed hands, and the opposing back broke through the line of scrimmage. Fritz came up fast and low, then he stepped aside, straightened up and caught the man under the chin. The ball carrier's feet kept going, but his head stayed where it was. He was lying straight out in the air, and Fritz dumped him.

The stadium shook when he hit the ground, and he lay there. The referee came charging up. "What's going on here?" he demanded.

"It's a man's game, Mr. Referee," Fritz said, trotting back to position. "Yes, sir, a man's game."

Football, to most people, is a great and wonderful spectacle, all tied in with crisp fall days, bright colors, nips of whiskey, pretty girls with short skirts and bursting sweaters, and an overpowering electric emotional excitement. It's a great American institution and we love it.

But football is really two games. One is the game played by the average guy, seen by the average fan. The other is Fritz Pollard's man's game, which is more of a battle for existence. That's the game of football the stars have to play. Sometimes, when the star is a scoring threat and particularly when the star is a Negro, it isn't a game at all.

It's ugly, vicious, dangerous, frightening. The riflemen on patrol or the cop on the killer's trail has a cleaner time of it than the football star with eleven men out to get him. He hears their threats, feels their blows, and all the time he's looking in their eyes, knowing that these people who speak the same language, who play the same game, are trying to cripple him. And if they don't injure him, he's got to get up and do it all over again. Sometimes—and this has actually happened—his own men wink at the opponents and step aside so they can really nail him.

It's no fun any more, and that's a terrible thing for a kid to discover. Ozzie Simmons, for example, went into the Iowa-Minnesota game of 1934 a sophomore sensation. Iowa was weak that year and Minnesota had what many experts consider the most powerful college ball club ever put on a playing field. Still Minnesota took no chances on Ozzie's breaking loose. They went for him. They ran at him, over him, on him. They sacrificed touchdowns to put three and four blockers on him. Even when he was groggy they ran at him instead of around him. When Iowa punted, the Minnesota linemen didn't go for the kicker, but for Ozzie, pumping knees into his ribs. Minnesota won, 48-12, and it wasn't much satisfaction to anybody that the Governor of Iowa made a formal protest to the Governor of Minnesota after the game was over.

They knocked Ozzie out three times in that game. Even today his eyes cloud over when he talks about it.

And Ozzie was luckier than some. Buddy Young, the Baltimore star who was once the target in the dirtiest game of football ever played, saw a kid put out of sports for life while he was still in grammar school.

It was in a neighborhood game in Chicago. Buddy's team, playing against a white team, ran up a big score in the first half. In the second half some big boys in the neighborhood took the field. One of the players was actually an undersized adult. Shortly after the half opened he clipped one of Buddy's teammates from behind. Buddy remembers that you could hear the bone crack all over the field.

"That bastard stood there chewin' gum and grinnin' when they put that twelve-year-old kid in the ambulance," Buddy says. "He *went* to do it!"

The most flagrant recent example of thuggery in football was the slugging of Drake University's Johnny Bright. In that game, against Oklahoma A&M, Bright was off to one side, watching the play, when an opposing lineman deliberately ran at him and hit him while he wasn't looking, but while the cameras ground out the record. Johnny's jaw was fractured.

Despite the working over they got from football, Buddy and Fritz never changed their own standards and remained decent, useful citizens. Buddy Young works, off-season, with boys at Maryland State College. They couldn't want a finer example. Ozzie is a teacher in Chicago. Fritz, Jr., is the director of the Department of Civil Rights of the Commission on Human Relations in Chicago and his father is a New York theatrical agent specializing in getting kids started right.

And one of the most respected and square-shooting members of the Chicago bench is Judge Fred W. Slater—the famous "Duke" Slater who was All-American at Iowa in 1921 and played pro ball for years.

"We used to wrap our forearm and hand with bicycle tape until it was like a club," the judge, a great bear-like man, recalls. "Then you'd throw it to there ahead of you."

The judge remembers playing games in which the stands screamed curses at him from the opening kick-off to the final whistle. He also remembers when Northwestern came to Iowa with Sam Peyton, their own Negro *(Continued on page 138)*

"And another thing . . ."

Exploring the life behind the iron gate at "21"

by GEORGE FRAZIER

MAPA

PORTAL TO POSH

In the thirty years of its evolution from a modest Greenwich Village shebeen into a plush, expensive, and celebrated restaurant occupying three brownstones on Fifty-second Street between Fifth and Sixth Avenues in New York City, Jack & Charlie's "21" has achieved both a prosperity, which enables it to give favored patrons $50 wedding gifts, and an appeal eclectic enough to win the endorsement of both Lucius Beebe and the Salvation Army. The place is a genuine retreat, proud of its reputation as the world's most exclusive restaurant—the late Myron Selznick once manifested his eagerness to remain acceptable at "21" by giving one of the receptionists an $862 tip. But neither affluence nor openhandedness is the prime requirement for admittance into "21", which owes its unique position to its own unique essence rather than to any of the elements which give distinction to other restaurants. Indeed, there are among New York's 7793 restaurants at least twenty which command greater social, gastronomic, financial, decorative or, for that matter, antic prestige.

The prices at "21", for example, are lower than those at Chambord or Maud Chez Elle, a wee retreat favored by, among others, Greta Garbo and Tallulah Bankhead, and as expensive that John Hay "Jock" Whitney, a man worth some sixty million dollars, once remarked, "I can't afford the damned place." Nor is "21's" clientele, at least as a whole, the blue-blooded peer of the Colony's or Pavillon's. Jack & Charlie's cuisine is certainly not superior to the food at such elite dining rooms as Pavillon, Maud Chez Elle, Chambord, or the Brussels, at such modestly priced rooms as the Baccara, Imperiale, or Ricky's in Greenwich Village, or at such down-to-earth Third Avenue bar-and-grills as Tim Costello's, which has earned an enviable reputation for London Broil and steak sandwiches, or P. J. Clarke's, where the hamburgers, at only forty cents each, attract the fairly regular patronage of Charlie Berns, one of the founders of "21." Atmospherically, Jack & Charlie's is no more convivial than, say, Luchow's (particularly on Sunday nights), Armando's or El Borracho, which draw more than their share of lovely looking girls, or Toots Shor's, where affection is expressed in terms of insult. As for the antic, "21" has nobody on its staff to compare with the likes of the late Jim Moore, the proprietor of Dinty Moore's, who once responded to a customer's complaint about the exorbitant size of his check by nodding sympathetically and remarking, "I'm afraid you got screwed." Jack & Charlie's offers its customers nothing so convenient as the limousine with chauffeur provided free of charge by Petite Couvee to all dinner guests in a rush to get to the theatre. Thus although "21" exacts steep prices, serves excellent food, has rich, glamorous, and patrician customers, affords cozy surroundings and presents in the person of certain patrons, reasonably amusing merry-andrews, it is not in any of these achievements supreme of its kind. Nevertheless, it has more sheer personality than any other restaurant in the world.

What makes "21" a special place is its clubbiness, inherited from the years when it was the best speak-easy in New York. Frigidly aloof toward strangers, it treats regular communicants, even those who have been wayward or become indigent, with a warmth that is almost overwhelming. It is not disturbed that several of the men who appear at the bar around noontime each day are so impecunious that after a couple of gingerly nursed drinks they slink unobtrusively away to the Automat or Chock Full o' Nuts for lunch. It extends practically unlimited credit to regular customers and rarely duns one of them for an old bill. During the bank holiday of 1933, for example, "21" was unflaggingly generous in supplying cash to patrons stranded without immediate funds. Although the loans are always repaid and business is increased because the borrowers feel morally obligated to go there more frequently than ever, "21" often bestows its largesse for reasons not wholly selfish.

A few years ago, for example, Peter Lorre, who had been going to "21" for years, filed a petition in bankruptcy and the next day stepped lightly into Jack & Charlie's. The management charged him nothing for what he consumed in the restaurant, and invited him to use the club's limousine and chauffeur. Similarly "21" forgives favored customers their transgressions even ones committed on the premises. Thus although Humphrey Bogart staged an extremely unattractive scene with his then-wife at the bar one afternoon in 1944, he was let off with nothing more drastic and demoralizing than a fatherly admonition not to get so emotional in the future.

It was at "21" that Robert Benchley uttered some of his more memorable quips (once, during a discussion about Robert E. Sherwood, the playwright, who is six feet, eight inches tall, Benchley leaped up onto a "21" banquette and, extending his right arm straight out from the shoulder, said "Good Lord, I've known Bob Sherwood since he was this high"). So fittingly, it was at Jack & Charlie's that his friends held an antic, bibulous, and utterly disorganized memorial service shortly after his death. The mourners fortified themselves with several stiff ones at the bar, and assembled, shortly after six o'clock, in a private room upstairs. Marc Connelly, who was presiding, placed a telephone call to Hollywood, where Dorothy Parker, one of Benchley's closest friends, had agreed to run a similar service at six o'clock.

"We're all here at Twenty-One," Connelly announced when the connection had been established. "Now, Dottie, if all of you out there will raise your glasses—"

He was cut short by Miss Parker's astounded voice. "Raise our glasses!" she said. "Why, Marc, you stupid bastard, it's only two o'clock in the afternoon out here and we're all at work. When I told you to have the service at six I meant Pacific Coast time, you silly son-of-a-bitch."

For more serious proof of Jack & Charlie's belief in the importance of auld acquaintance, a plaque to Benchley's memory now hangs in the bar over the table at which the owners usually take their meals. And the humorist's son Nathaniel was selected by the management to write the foreword to *The "21" Cookbook*, which is to be published by the Viking Press.

From outside the iron gate leading into "21", however, it would be hard to guess at the glowing and, in conspicuous measure, glamorous camaraderie that exists inside from shortly after noon until approximately one in the morning every day except Sunday. It would be even more difficult to understand how people spend at "21", either out of their own pockets or on expense accounts, something like two million dollars a year. From the outside, the place is anything but imposing. Furthermore its address and location are—or, rather, should be—pretty disreputable.

Twenty-One is situated west of Fifth Avenue, a division as notable in the social—or, more precisely, socialite—way as the Mason and Dixon Line in the sociological. It is on an eastbound street, a predicament usually viewed with profound misgivings by restaurateurs, who hold that East Side residents (by and large richer and more chic than in- *(Continued on page 118)*

At the bottom of the bloody slide was a hundred years of nauseous Hell

THE PLAYGROUND

by RAY BRADBURY

A THOUSAND times before and after his wife's death Mr Charles Underhill had passed the Playground and ignored it He neither liked nor disliked the Playground, he hardly knew it existed

But this morning his sister Carol, who had occupied the empty space across the breakfast table from him each day for six months, quietly broached the subject

"Jim's almost three years old now," she said "So tomorrow I'm going to start him at the Playground "

"Playground?" said Mr Underhill

At his office he underlined with black ink a memorandum *Look at Playground*

That afternoon the thunder of the train subsiding in his body, Underhill struck up through town on his usual path home, his newspaper tucked crisply under his arm to make sure he didn't read himself past the park So it was at five-ten in the late day that he came to the cool iron fence and the open gate of the Playground and stood for a long, long time, frozen there, gazing in at it all

At first there seemed absolutely nothing whatever to see And then, as he adjusted his attention outward from his usual interior monologue, the scene before him, a grey, blurred television image came slowly to focus

First he was aware of dim voices, faint underwater cries emerging from a series of vague streaks and zigzag lines and shadows Then as if someone had kicked the machine, screams jumped at him in full throat visions leaped clear Now he saw the children! They were dashing across the Playground meadow fighting pummeling, scratching, falling every wound bleeding or about to bleed or freshly caked over A dozen cats thrown among sleeping dogs could not have shrieked so loud Mr Underhill saw with incredible clarity the tiniest cuts and scabs on knees and faces

He weathered the first blast of sound, blinking Then his eyes and ears retired in panic and his nostrils took over He sniffed the cutting odors of salve, raw adhesive, camphor and pink Mercurochrome, so strong they lay bitter on his tongue An iodine wind blew through the steel fence wires which glinted dully in the grey light of the overcast day The rushing children were hell cut loose in a vast pinball table, a colliding, and banging, and counting of hits and misses thrusts and plungings to a grand and as yet unforeseen total of brutalities

And was he mistaken or was the light within the Playground peculiarly intense? Every child seemed to possess four shadows a dark one and three faint penumbras which made it impossible to tell which way their swift bodies were racing until they bashed their targets The oblique, pressing light made the Playground seem deep, far away, and remote from his touching Or perhaps it was the hard steel-wire fence, like those barriers in zoos, beyond which any horror might occur

A pen of misery, thought Underhill *Why do children insist on making life horrible for each other?* He heard himself sigh with immense relief thank God childhood was over and done for him No more pinchings bruisings, senseless passions and shattered dreams

A gust of wind tore the paper from his hand He ran after it down the Playground steps. Clutching the paper, he retreated hastily For in that one brief instant, stranded in the Playground's atmosphere, he had felt his hat grow too large his coat too cumbersome his belt too loose his shoes too big he had felt like a small boy playing businessman in his father's clothes, the gate behind him had loomed impossibly tall, the sky had pressed a huge weight of greyness at his eyes and the scent of iodine, like a tiger's breath exhaled upon him, had blown his hair He tripped and almost fell running back

He stood outside the Playground, like someone who has just emerged, in shock, from a terrible cold sea

"Hello Charlie!"

He heard the voice and turned to see who had called him There on top a metal slide, a boy of some nine years was waving "Hello Charlie . . . !"

Mr Charles Underhill raised a hand *But I don't know that boy* he thought *And why should he call me by my first name?*

The boy was smiling high in the misty air, now, jostled by other yelling children he rushed shrieking down the slide

Underhill stood bemused by what he saw. Now the Playground was an immense iron industry whose sole product was pain sadism and sorrow If you watched half an hour there wasn't a face in the entire enclosure that didn't wince, cry, redden with anger, pale with fear, one moment or another Really! Who said childhood was the best time of life—when in reality it was the most terrible, the most merciless era, the barbaric time when there were no police to protect you only parents preoccupied with themselves and their taller world No, if he had his way, he touched the cold fence with one hand they'd nail a new sign here TORQUEMADA'S GREEN

And as for that boy, the one who had called out to him, who was he? There was something familiar there, perhaps in the hidden bones, an echo of some old friend probably the son of a successfully ulcered father

So this is the playground where my son will play, thought Mr Underhill *So this is it*

Hanging his hat in the hall, checking his lean image in the watery mirror, Underhill felt wintry and tired When his sister appeared and his son came tapping on mouse-feet, he greeted them with something less than full attention The boy clambered thinly over him, playing KING OF THE HILL. And the father, fixing his gaze to the end of the cigar he was slowly lighting finally cleared his throat and said, "I've been thinking about that Playground, Carol "

"I'm taking Jim over tomorrow."

"Not really? *That* Playground?"

"What's wrong with *that* Playground?"

"Have you seen it?" He paused in confusion. "Damn it, I mean the children there It's a Black Hole"

"All the children are from well-to-do families "

"Well, they shove and push like little Gestapos," said Underhill "It'd be like sending a boy to a flour mill to be crushed When I think of Jim playing in that barbaric pit, I freeze "

"You know very well it's the only convenient park for miles around "

"I don't care about that All I care is, I saw a dozen kinds of bats and clubs and air guns By the end of the first day Jim would be in splinters They'd have him barbecued, with an orange in his mouth "

She was beginning to laugh "How you exaggerate "

"I'm serious!"

"You can't live Jim's life for him He has to learn the hard way He's got to take a little beating and beat others up boys are like that "

"I don't *like* boys like that "

"It's the happiest time of life "

"Nonsense I used to look back on childhood with great nostalgia But now I realize I was a sentimental fool It was nothing but screaming and running in a nightmare and coming home drenched with terror from head to foot. If I could possibly save Jim from that I would "

"That's impractical and, thank God, impossible."

"I won't have him near that place, I tell you I'll have him grow up a neurotic recluse first "

"Charlie!"

"I will! Jim's my son, he is, he's not yours, remember" He felt the boy's thin legs about his shoulders, the boy's delicate fingers rumpling his hair "I won't have him butchered "

"He'll get it in school Better to let him take a little shoving about now, when he's three, so he's prepared for it."

"I've thought of that, too " Mr Underhill held fiercely to his son's ankles which dangled like warm, thin sausages on either lapel "I might even get a private tutor for him "

"Oh Charles!"

They did not speak during dinner

After dinner he took Jim for a brief walk while his sister was washing the dishes They strolled past the Playground under the dim street lamps It was a cooling September night with the first dry spice of autumn in it Next week, and the children would be raked in off the fields like so many leaves and set to burning in the schools, using their fire and energy for more constructive purposes But they would be here after school, ramming about, making projectiles of themselves, crashing and exploding leaving wakes of misery behind every miniature war

"Want to go in," said Jim leaning against the high wire fence watching the late-playing children beat each other and run

"No Jim, you don't want that "

"Play," said Jim, his eyes shining with fascination as he saw a large boy kick a small boy and the small boy in turn kick a smaller boy "Play daddy "

"Come along, Jim, you'll never get in that mess if I can help it " Underhill tugged the small arm firmly

"I want to play" Jim was beginning to blubber now His eyes were melting out of his face and his face was becoming a wrinkled orange of color

Some of the children heard the crying and glanced over Underhill had the terrible sense of watching a den of foxes suddenly startled and looking up from the white hairy ruin of a dead rabbit The mean yellow-glass eyes, the conical chins, the sharp white teeth, the dreadful wiry hair the brambly sweaters, the iron-colored hands covered with a day's battle stains Their breath moved out to him, dark licorice and mint and Juicy Fruit so sickeningly sweet, so combined as to twist his stomach And over this the hot mustard smell of someone tolerating an early chest cold, the greasy stink of flesh smeared with hot camphorous salves cooking under a flannel sheath All these cloying and somehow depressing odors of pencils, chalk, grass and slate-board erasers, popcorn mortaring the teeth, and green jelly in the sucking, blowing nostrils—God! God!

They saw Jim, and he (*Continued on page 139*)

THERE'S A HANDKERCHIEF ON THE PLAY!

Or, How to Act Like a Woman at a Football Game

by **ELDON DEDINI**

Choice of escort is most important. For a truly 3-dimensional afternoon pick an old college man!

Ask escort every few minutes just why the tickets aren't on the 50-yard line!

Greet your friends in the 88th row with loud whoops!

Show real wrenching emotion on unfortunate plays. This goes over big with men—just be sure you pick the right play

Discuss the inside dope about fullback Heidelhogan's freshman wife suing him for nonsupport

Stroll in your mink at half-time and show the alumni you definitely weren't the least likely to succeed!

"Here he comes now! I'd like mine with pickle, relish, and mustard!"

Scream "Who has the ball?" every two minutes

"You look All-American to me" (A little coyness with the players may get you a date to the alumni dance)

If there's just two minutes to go in the game and the score is an uninteresting 26-27, insist on leaving to avoid the crush

This is the one they are wondering about in those crowded, smoke-filled rooms

THAT SMILE, THAT FACE, THAT MAN ... JUNIOR

by SAM BOAL

SHORTLY after the election of Franklin Delano Roosevelt, Jr.—the most Rooseveltian of the late President's four sons—to his present seat in Congress, a humor magazine published a cartoon comment. The drawing showed an old and visibly rich man straining to rise from a sickbed and shaking his fist apoplectically at his doctor. The alarmed physician was holding the old boy down and crying, "Calm yourself, Mr. Collingwood, calm yourself! After all, he's not in the White House yet."

That was four years ago, and F.D.R., Jr., is still not in the White House, though the horror that he might get there probably racks Mr. Collingwood yet. Furthermore, young Roosevelt has made no moves to get to the White House and has, in fact, indicated no decision on the matter. "We'll come to that when we come to that," he told a friend recently. But if another Roosevelt does occupy the White House in our time it will certainly be F.D.R., Jr. The other sons are busy frying other fish.

At thirty-nine, Frank has much, and perhaps all, of the charm of his father, though he doesn't use it quite so professionally. His smile, though electric, has less of the neon sign about it than his father's and. He is tall—six four—and stoops, the better to hear the small fry six or seven inches below him, but this posture only adds to his effectiveness, since you get the impression that he is devoting all of himself to what you are saying. He is good-looking enough for any female voter who votes for faces and not issues, but his features are by no means regular. His eyes, which look troubled but probably aren't, are sunk deep in his face, and in his forehead there are tiny lines which look as though they came from thought and probably do. His manner is easy, almost casual, and his gestures certain and quick.

Roosevelt's father had the priceless asset of his day: an untouchable radio manner. Franklin, Jr., appears to have what for his day is equally valuable: a striking television personality. His voice is resonant but luckily lacks that empty sonority which many political orators seem compelled to use when making TV addresses. Some people find Roosevelt's voice uncannily similar to his father's. If they like Roosevelt they applaud the similarity; if they don't, they mutter darkly that he's aping the Guv'ner. As usual, the truth lies somewhere in between. Like everyone else, F.D.R., Sr., got the timbre and accent of his voice from his background, and young Roosevelt's background is exactly that of his father. Yet the so-called Groton accent is not nearly so pronounced in the son as it was in the father. Furthermore, young Roosevelt's speech and speeches are full of slang, which was not characteristic of the late President. The boy's vocabulary is extensive and vivid and in his public appearances he always uses what he thinks is the correct word, even if it might be a technical term above the level of his audience. On TV Roosevelt is forceful and direct. He can outstare any contender when forced to do those thirty-second or one-minute news breaks which are later threaded into a longer show, and on an interview show, or a panel show, his serious periods and the periods when his laughter booms across the screen are neatly spaced. "He comes out at you," a friend said recently, speaking of his TV performance at last summer's Democratic convention, "just like that lion in the three-D movie."

Someone once described the late Heywood Broun as "dressing like an unmade bed," which would apply to Roosevelt, except that he dresses like an unmade double bed. He has almost no interest in clothes, except perhaps to keep the rain off. He consistently forgets to buy new shoes, can't clearly remember when he bought his last tie and can't recall ever buying a shirt. This indifference to what is on his back—or feet—might reach distressing proportions if it weren't for his wife, Sue, who does his shopping for him and with a sensitiveness rare in women has designed what is almost a uniform for him. For fear that his shirt collar would go flying around his ears, she provides only Brooks button-down Oxford jobs, and he has trained himself to button the collars. Avoiding the pitfall of solid-color ties, which might show spots, such as mimeograph ink or soup from the House dining room, she gives him ties with small, dignified checks in designs which could camouflage anything short of a direct mortar hit. His suits are modest in both material and cut, passable even when baggy and unpressed. His socks always match, since he has only one color, though many pairs, and his shoes, though typically scuffed, don't look bad, just old. All in all, by reason of his wife's excessive cunning, Roosevelt is presentable most of the time. He looks like a man who pays little attention to clothes, not like a man who pays none.

But it is on haircuts that Mrs. Roosevelt has to exercise her greatest guile. Roosevelt couldn't go around without clothes and stay out of the clink, but he can legally go around shaggy as a hash mat. He regards barbers the way other men regard the Black Plague and has been known to lunge suddenly from a barbershop before the haircut was half over and stride through his duties of the day half man and half Shetland pony. He would finish the haircut the next day, thus dividing the agony into bearable fractions. Mrs. Roosevelt's stratagems to get her husband into a barber's chair are varied. One is to greet him with a cry of delight when he comes home—for the seventh night—without the haircut. "Oh, darling," she will exclaim girlishly, "you got a haircut! My, don't you look nice!" Faced with this outburst, Roosevelt will often sheepishly resolve to get one—and get it. If this maneuver doesn't work, Mrs. Roosevelt uses baby talk. "If my 'ittle snookums doesn't trot-trot right outsie-woutsie and get his 'ittle hairs all cut off," she will begin abruptly, "his 'ittle wifey will just go on a-talkin' like a 'ittle, 'ittle baby." This, needless to say, always works, but Mrs. Roosevelt quite properly regards the whole trick with some pain and employs it only in desperation.

Partly because of his name and partly because of his special place within the Democratic Party, Roosevelt occupies a unique position in Washington. He despises cocktail parties and flatly refuses to attend any of them, even the diplomatic ones which are Washington's social showcase. Next to Adlai Stevenson, he is the most sought-after speaker in the Democratic Party, and he gets about three times as much mail as the average junior representative, often from people not his constituents. He is constantly stopped by visitors to Washington, who recognize Roosevelt even though they might not recognize their own legislator, and feel no hesitation whatever about talking to him. After all, many of them grew up with him. Other congressmen often bring visitors around to meet Roosevelt, and he is invariably cordial, although geniality to a man from Moose Jaw, Kansas, can have no political value to him—at least not yet. He signs dozens of autographs every week both in and around the House building and before and after the 150 speeches he makes in the average year at various political or charitable functions.

His friends claim that he turns out more legislative work in the House of Representatives than any other member from New York, and this may be so. It is difficult to check because a considerable portion of a congressman's work may never reach the House floor in legislative form. A lot of it is research that may end up as merely a clause in somebody else's bill. Roosevelt doesn't read books a great deal. He studies reports, or surveys, or analyses of current legislative problems, but these are often statistical and are not read so much as attacked. When he does read, he reads quickly, and, according to his friends, he has the memory of a house dick. If he has read a book—or, more likely, a report—urging a given course of action, he will typically wait a week or ten days before deciding what to do about it. In the meantime he asks questions of interested or knowing friends, seeks expert advice from any of the many double domes around the capital, and (*Continued on page 148*)

PHOTOGRAPHY BY [illegible]

THE MARKSMAN

He hunted to kill, but killing was only one of his pleasures

by ROBERT SWITZER

The black bear came down to the stream, walking the way bears always walk, all hunched over like a monkey hugging a football, her head low and reasonably alert but not alert enough because 200 yards away Henderson lay on the rocky shelf and used the 30-30 on her perfectly. She went down as though she had been lassoed around a front paw, the leg sliding inward across her chest, dumping her onto her chin and slightly on one side, with no fuss at all, disappointingly, gracefully even, just going forward and down as if unhurt, as if only lazy from the sun.

Henderson turned his head and said, "Dangerous beasts, aren't they?"

"Not very," Jerry said with a fine admiring grin. "Not a bit when you shoot like that."

Henderson grunted or snorted or did something which said distinctly, Nothing to it, and Jerry thought, *Sometimes I think I'm not particularly fond of you, sir.*

Jerry stood up but Henderson merely sat up, lit a cigarette, and blew smoke into the clear morning air.

He can't even be bothered going over to look at it!

"Skin it," Henderson said.

Yes, sir. I'd never have thought of it myself.

Carrying his rifle, Jerry half climbed, half jumped down from the shelf and went over to the bear, carefully, watching for life. There was none and he laid aside his rifle and drew his skinning knife.

There is killing for food, which is one thing, and there is killing for sport, which is another thing, and then there is killing for the sake of killing, which is indecent, but this man is killing just to show how easy it is, and that is even more indecent.

The afternoon before, a hound had come racing around a corner of the hunting lodge, tail flailing vertically, horizontally and in erratic circles, as if a tail traveling on only one plane would be an understatement. Eileen stood in the doorway and watched the mountain-scarred station wagon stop and two men get out. One was young, under thirty, hatless, face very tanned and hair sun-bleached and he was Jerry; the other was older, but still young, forty-five perhaps, and this second man was exceedingly handsome. If you saw a photograph of him (and you sometimes did because at the age of nineteen he had discovered a revolutionary way of beating eggs and had led a rather wealthy life ever since) you would say unfairly that he not only had a first-rate photographer but one who also knew all there was to know about retouching. He was big, no taller than the younger man, but heavier, and his hair was black and thick with grey glinting at the temples. His mustache was expertly groomed and there were specks of grey in it, too. *By George,* she thought, *he's just as beautiful as his pictures.* She walked down to the car and Jerry introduced them. "Mr Henderson, this is my wife, Eileen." She put out her hand and Henderson took it and they smiled at each other and Jerry, also smiling, watched them, thinking: *I'd hate to be a judge at this beauty contest—it would be an awful decision to have to make.* While Jerry unloaded the station wagon, she learned that Henderson was glad it was late in the season and he was their only guest; he had come hoping for just that. He was surprised that they lived here the year round, the Rockies had always impressed him as a fine place to visit, but he didn't know that he'd like to be surrounded by them all the time.

In the evening they sat before the fireplace and Jerry went through the ritual of telling humorous hunting stories which Henderson only half listened to and wished he could hear less of because he was realizing more and more that Eileen was really quite attractive and in a decent environment could be much more so. He finally excused himself—he wasn't sure whether it was in the middle of one of the young man's stories or not—and went to his room.

"It seems to me," Jerry said, "I intercepted some thoughtful glances thrown your way by our new friend. Did you notice anything like that?"

"Certainly," she said. "How hushed do you think I am?"

He grinned and said, "How are his chances?"

"Good. He looks like a mink-coat and Mexico-winter man to me."

While in his room Henderson was thinking: *I hate waste and I don't like her being wasted on that young lout. The thing is, she probably hasn't had a chance to know any better. I think maybe we'd better shoo that lout of here around a bit and sort of help her to separate the men from the boys. Yes, I think that's the thing to do.*

So the next morning they had gone out and Henderson had butchered the bear and they came back to the lodge and Jerry gave Eileen the news.

"One shot!" she said. "Where did you learn to shoot like that?"

"There was nothing sensational about it," Henderson said. "After all, sporting rifles are made by superb craftsmen. They're built to shoot straight. If you line the sight up with the target and don't yank on the trigger, there's no reason why you should miss."

"As easy as that?" she said. "I never found it as easy as that."

"Well," he said, "you have to hold the gun steady, of course, and allow something for distance and movement, but there is nothing difficult about it—nothing nearly so difficult as all these hunters would have you believe."

Which, even for Henderson who was not subtle, was a rather obvious back-of-the-hand to Jerry whose occupation was primarily that of a hunter, if such a childishly easy pastime could be called an occupation.

"Nothing personal there, naturally," Henderson said, smiling, his eyes crinkling up, real friendly-like.

I am a businessman, Jerry thought, *and the customer is always right.* "Of course not," he said pleasantly, and to get away from this, he said, "I'm going to take old Pete and go north this afternoon. See what I can line up for tomorrow."

"Make it good," Henderson said. "Something a little more violent than that black bear would be all right. How about a grizzly?"

"I'll do my best," Jerry said. "Grizzlies are getting mighty scarce around here, though."

"Yes?" Henderson said, and it was there in his voice, the implication that a man who knew what he was doing could find a big thing like a grizzly bear.

They lunched and Jerry left immediately for the north, a 30-30 under his arm, with Pete dashing on ahead and around about in the unbelievable ecstasy of a hound going hunting. It was a lovely afternoon, very warm for this late in the year. At Henderson's suggestion, Eileen accompanied him down to the stream where they sat on rocks close to the clear, icy water.

"You know," Henderson said, "I find this rather hard to believe—that your husband would leave you alone here with a strange man."

"Why?"

"Well, you people don't know me. I might be some sort of fiend."

"Are you?" she asked smiling.

"Unfortunately," he said, smiling back and looking very handsome, "no."

"Then why would Jerry worry?" she said, chuckling to herself as she remembered his parting words to her. "You

(*Continued on page 142*)

"This one is made up especially for those triangle affairs"

The matchmaking business: last hope for the unlucky and alone

THE MARRIAGE BROKERS

by MONROE FRY

With the world what it is, and men what they are, a girl has to look out for herself, and the well-upholstered, attractive widow of thirty-five had set herself on marrying again. All she had from some fifteen years of married life were a bank account exhausted by her husband's long illness and a house in Jersey which by now was pretty decrepit inside and out.

She went about the project efficiently. In the Manhattan classified telephone directory she found listings under "Marriage Brokers." One announced, "I am proud of my success in making marriages," and urged the reader to "Open your heart to love." Another guaranteed itself as a "center of confidential, dignified introductions." A third offered a "first-class clientele."

She called one of them and found that for a woman between thirty-one and forty-five the registration cost was $150, which would entitle her to a minimum of twelve introductions over a period of three months—or she could have the beginner's tryout rate of $75 for six weeks "servicing."

"Why don't you come in and discuss your problem with us?" suggested the friendly, feminine voice in the marriage broker's office.

The widow came, paid the $75 bargain rate, and filled out the registration sheet. The broker sized her up. This client would be no problem to service. She was vivacious, well dressed and well built. Moreover, her requirements were simple. "I want a nice man about my age with a good trade like a carpenter, a plumber or a painter. They can make a living any time. I don't care about a businessman. Something might go wrong with the business and then we'd be broke."

Among those registered with the broker were several men in the specified categories. One, a carpenter with two small children, had been widowed a year before and was looking both for a home and for a mother for his children. A "dignified introduction" was arranged. The widow looked brightly into the carpenter's eyes, looped an arm trustingly in his and off they went. To the beaming matchmaker it looked like love at first sight.

Two weeks later the widow returned, shaking her head. The carpenter was a nice man, she'd had him to her house for dinner almost every evening and for two week ends. But she'd finally decided he was not interesting enough for a lifetime companionship.

"Haven't you someone a little more lively?"

The broker had. He arranged an introduction with a plumber, a cheerful, constantly singing soul. But a week later the widow was back. The only thing the plumber could talk about was pipes and fittings, bolts and nuts. She'd had enough.

"I want a man with intelligence," she pleaded.

The marriage broker studied the listings and introduced her to a painter. When the six weeks beginner's tryout period elapsed with no further word from her, the broker assumed the last introduction had clicked. But before taking her name off the list as properly serviced, he telephoned to make sure.

"How are things?" the broker asked.

"Fine!" said the widow cheerfully. "I'm marrying a local real-estate dealer next week."

"But I—I—"

"Darling," gushed the widow, "those men you introduced me to were wonderful, simply wonderful. They thought my home would be their home and the carpenter repaired everything, the plumber modernized the plumbing and the painter gave the whole place two coats of paint inside and out. Where could I have got such willing and good labor for seventy-five dollars?"

The *matchmaker* hung up. "Everybody in this marriage jungle," he said sadly, "has to watch out for his own skin. Some awfully smart cookies come here."

But the calculating widow was unusual. The majority of people who go to marriage brokers are earnest, serious individuals with no luck in finding life mates. They have romance in their souls and songs in their hearts but their mating calls fall on deaf ears.

Across the desks of the matchmakers flow tragedy and comedy, laughter only a hair removed from tears, the best and the worst in the human species. The applicants vary in age from twenty to seventy and are generally in good health but plagued by defects ranging from a simple unpleasant personality to a little bit of pregnancy. All have met everyone in their social and business circles and failed to give off that spark which starts a fire.

"You got to have a heart to be in this business," says one broker. "Sometimes you don't know whether you ought to laugh or to cry."

CATO

There was the forty-year-old mouse of a man with a head as bald as a baby's behind. Romance was in his heart, but his natural shyness and physical appearance discouraged those women he managed to approach. Even desperate ones who accepted his invitations were busy when he called again. He knew he was nothing a woman could get ecstatic about, but he also knew that worse than he had married. And because he attributed it all to his bald head he bought the best toupee he could afford, and hied himself to a marriage broker.

To the same broker had come a discouraged young lady who needed, as she put it, "an old-fashioned miracle." She had a good job and a good figure and she was intelligent, but one of her eyes looked straight ahead and the other went skywards. She, too, had come to the end of the line.

To conceal her defect she bought colored glasses, hoping that the specialist in marriage might have another unfortunate, some man with one eye that went east while the other went west. Most marriage brokers' registration sheets contain a question about physical defects but applicants never admit any but the most obvious. Neither the mousy man with his new toupee nor the girl with the right-angled eyes mentioned that there was any problem. She hid hers behind colored glasses and he buried his beneath a thatch of luxuriant hair, the kind a woman likes to run her fingers through in moments of aberration.

He guided her to a place which had good food and entertainment based on heart-throb songs and tender melodies. Two cocktails later, with romantic songs in the background, he became less shy, and she, relaxed by the drinks, the dim lights and his obvious eagerness to please, removed her glasses. One sparkling eye fixed on him with hope and the other explored the ceiling.

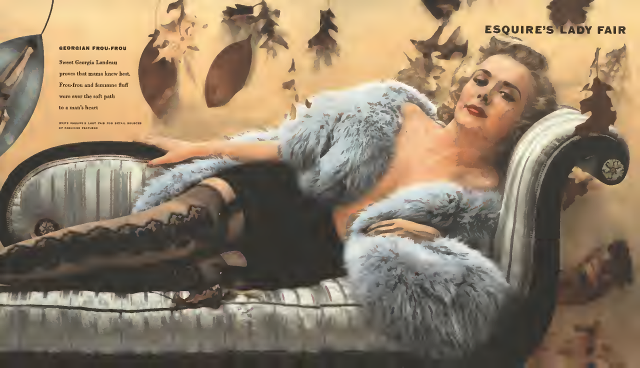
While he tried to decide which eye to look at, he broke into a sweat. A few tiny beads appeared on his forehead, and the adhesive tape loosened under the toupee. He wiped his neck, dabbed his forehead and talked; the movement of his jaws affected his scalp and slowly the toupee began to slip. His forehead gradually disappeared under the advance of a forest of primeval, bushy hair which came briefly to rest on his eyebrows, then gave a nervous little quiver and plopped onto the table.

The broker heard the story from the girl. The mousy little man never showed up again.

To become a marriage broker requires no training or special knowledge of human relations. The only requisite is enough money to put advertisements in such newspapers as will take the ads, and in the classified telephone directories in the larger cities. No one seems to know exactly how many marriage brokers there are in the United States, but the minimum estimate by those in the business is "several hundred," and the minimum estimate of their clients is well over 100,000.

Almost all marriage brokers are sensitive about their work and do *(Continued on page 134)*

SKY BLUE DYED WHITE FOX STOLE BY RITTER BROS
SATIN LASTEX CIRCLET GIRDLE BY NEMO
LILLY DACHÉ STOCKINGS [illegible] LACE
LILLY DACHÉ'S BEAUTY MARK STOCKINGS
COURT JEWELRY BY SCHIAPARELLI
14 KARAT GOLD AND LACE EVENING DRESS BY CEIL CHAPMAN

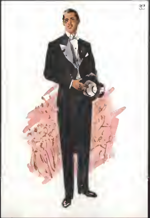


ESQUIRE'S LADY FAIR

GEORGIAN FROU-FROU

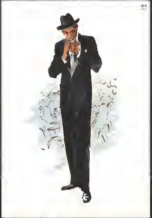
Sweet Georgia Landeau
proves that mama knew best.
Frou-frou and feminine fluff
were ever the soft path
to a man's heart

WRITE ESQUIRE'S LADY FAIR FOR DETAIL SOURCES OF FASHIONS FEATURED



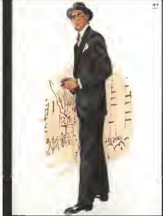
FORMAL EVENING

JACKET	Midnight-blue worsted tail coat
WAISTCOAT	White piqué, single- or double-breasted
TROUSERS	To match tail coat. Two braids at sides
SHIRT	White piqué, starched bosom. Wing collar
NECKTIE	White piqué, straight or butterfly bow
HOSE	Black or dark blue, nylon, lisle or wool
FOOTWEAR	Patent leather low evening shoes or pumps
HAT	High silk or collapsible opera model
GLOVES	White kid, mocha or chamois
OUTERCOAT	Dark blue, black or Oxford grey
ACCESSORIES	White handkerchief, braces, oblong scarf
JEWELRY	White pearl studs and links. Key chain



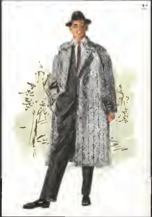
SEMI-FORMAL EVENING

JACKET	Midnight blue or grey dinner jacket
WAISTCOAT	To harmonize with jacket. Cummerbund
TROUSERS	To match jacket. Single braid at sides
SHIRT	Plain or pleated. Fold or wing collar
NECKTIE	Midnight-blue or black. Plain or pattern
HOSE	Black or dark blue. Nylon, lisle or wool
FOOTWEAR	Patent leather low shoe, pump, moccasin
HAT	Midnight-blue, black, dusk-grey Homburg
GLOVES	Grey mocha, chamois or buckskin
OUTERCOAT	Dark blue, black or Oxford grey
ACCESSORIES	White scarf, handkerchief, black braces
JEWELRY	Dress set of pearl, enamel, color stone



V. I. P. IN TOWN

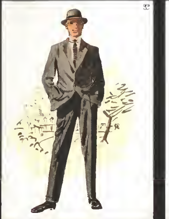
JACKET	Single- or double-breasted in dark tone
WAISTCOAT	Match jacket, light shade or none
TROUSERS	Match jacket, tapered. Cuffs or plain
SHIRT	White or colors. Attached or stiff collar
NECKTIE	Stripes, figures, solids. Also in bows
HOSE	To harmonize with suit or footwear
FOOTWEAR	Black or brown. Plain or design toecaps
HAT	Homburg or semi-Homburg. Snap-brim
GLOVES	Chamois, capeskin or mocha
OUTERCOAT	Soft woolen or tweed in darker shades
ACCESSORIES	Scarf to blend. Handkerchiefs. Braces
JEWELRY	Cuff links and tie holder. Key chain

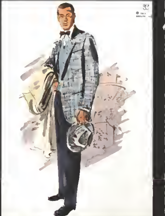


BUSINESS

JACKET	Worsteds and soft fabrics, varied tones
WAISTCOAT	Fancy fabric or to match jacket, or none
TROUSERS	Tapered lines and moderate height rise
SHIRT	Colored or white. Spread or short collar
NECKTIE	Figured, striped, checked, plaid, plain
HOSE	Ribbed, clocked, patterned, to blend
FOOTWEAR	Smooth or grain leather, brown or black
HAT	Homburg or snap-brim in related color
GLOVES	Slip-on or button type. Mocha or pigskin
OUTERCOAT	Single- or double-breasted. Raincoat
ACCESSORIES	Colored handkerchief. Braces or belt
JEWELRY	Cuff-link, tie-holder sets. Collar pin

ESQUIRE'S CORRECT DRESS CHART





DRAWINGS BY CARL WILSON

SUBURBAN

JACKET	Tweed, cheviot, flannel. Compound Colors
WAISTCOAT	Fancy fabric or matching. Soft sweater
TROUSERS	To match jacket in full cut. Cuffs
SHIRT	Oxford and flannel. White or patterned
NECKTIE	Rep, wool, knit, silk in patterns
HOSE	Patterned or plain. Cotton, wool, synthetic
FOOTWEAR	Brown or black. Grain or brushed leather
HAT	Smooth or rough felt. Snap-brim, pork-pie
GLOVES	Pigskin, buckskin, deerskin, knitted
OUTERCOAT	Tweed, fleece, covert cloth. Raincoat
ACCESSORIES	Colored handkerchief. Leather, ribbon belt
JEWELRY	Leather or sports motifs. Collar pin

SPORTSWEAR

JACKET	Tweed, homespun, cashmere. Checks, plaids
WAISTCOAT	Fancy fabric, leather. Soft sweater
TROUSERS	Flannel, gabardine, nubby woolen, covert
SHIRT	Oxford, flannel, gabardine, corduroy
NECKTIE	Rep, foulard, wool, blends of fibers. Bow
HOSE	Plaid, check, rib. Natural, man-made fibers
FOOTWEAR	Grained or brushed leather. Moccasins
HAT	Soft or rough felt. Pork-pie. Tweed cap
GLOVES	Pigskin, buckskin, knitted. Lined leather
OUTERCOAT	Tweed, covert, soft blends. Raincoat
ACCESSORIES	Colored handkerchiefs. Leather, ribbon belt
JEWELRY	Leather and sports designs. Collar pin

THE GIRL IN THE FLAXEN CONVERTIBLE

by WILL STANTON

I went out to the local drive-in the other night with a friend of mine by the name of Al. There was a war picture playing. It started out pretty much like all the others—some character actor sitting on his bunk looking at the door and a lot of recruits standing around discriminating against him. Then he and another fellow are out in the dark someplace—you don't know where because all you see are the faces about 30 feet high. They talk in a kind of academy-award murmur that sets up vibrations all over the car. It never fails. I have to get the carburetor adjusted after one of these scenes. Anyhow, one of them asks the other if he's ever been out at night when the stars look like you could reach right out and touch them and it seems like there's a wonderful symphony in the air and the other fellow says no he never has. What he likes to think about is having a little place of his own and a wife of his own and kids of his own and that's what he thinks it all means. I started up the engine.

Al reached over and turned the key. He said it was a good picture and he wanted to see how it came out. Well, the way it came out, all the fellows you thought were bad guys, why they turned out to be good guys, and there was some general that always showed up wearing riding boots because he wasn't quite bright enough to tie his shoes and he passed medals on the whole bunch. Al blew his nose and slapped me on the back and said it sure brought back old times.

I got the car started again. "Al," I said, "we'll admit it was good wholesome entertainment, but when did you ever see a colonel's daughter that was stacked up like that girl in the picture, and could sing and tap dance and play the electric guitar?" Al said he'd seen plenty. Well, the only colonel's daughter I ever knew got thrown out of the K-9 Corps for biting one of the trainers, but Al and I had been in different outfits so I couldn't argue with him. I decided to take a different approach. "Al," I said, "I've got no complaints about the show. I just say there wasn't any realism to it. Now how about that scene where the tenor has to go on K.P. and the mean sergeant makes him peel that big stack of potatoes?"

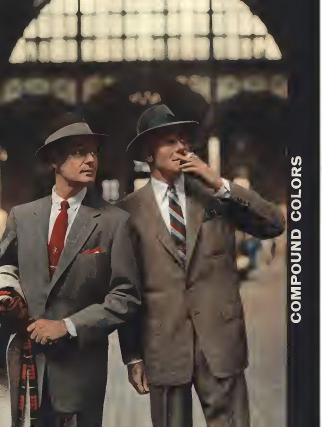
"How about that!" Al said. "Boy, that happened to me dozens of times."

I gunned the engine once or twice, but I didn't say anything. The Army has got machines to peel potatoes—they've had them for 20 years. Al ought to have known that much. At the same time I can't blame him because I see it going on all over the country—ex-G.I.'s from Silver City, New Mexico, rooting for the Brooklyn Dodgers, has-beens from the yam and turnip country stuffing themselves on blueberry pie. The folks in Hollywood call it customer identification, but I say there's a difference between what's true and what isn't, even if nobody remembers it anymore. I knew a fellow in the Army, and his ideal was to have a bachelor apartment right in the middle of New York City. He wanted to get up at noon, have two glasses of milk punch and a dozen blue points and then go down and help cast a musical comedy. At that time he was speaking for a pretty large segment of the Armed Forces, but now Hollywood has sold us all down the river for a little chicken farm and a membership ticket in the P.T.A. Sure, the movie people will say I don't know what I'm talking about. They'll tell you that if I didn't habitually associate with the rowdy element I might be in a better position to judge. That's probably true, but it has no bearing on the situation. Men in the Army used to have certain things they were interested in, and they had their own way of expressing themselves. If all this is to be abandoned now, then in my opinion the culture of our country is going to be the poorer for it. Of course, I'm talking about the old Army I can remember back in Texas in the early part of the war.

They called us aviation students, but we didn't study anything because there weren't enough schools to accommodate us. So what we did mostly was lie around the barracks and drink bootleg whiskey and talk. We could have bought our liquor retail by hitchhiking to Amarillo, but that didn't seem right to us somehow. As potential officers we had a certain position to maintain. Besides it wouldn't have been fair to the privates and corporals who smuggled in the stuff. The spirit of free enterprise is just as sacred in the Army as elsewhere.

Doing so much talking as we did, naturally we got pretty good at it. We'd start off early in the morning while we were still in bed, about eight o'clock. Usually some farmer who had been up since six would come back from breakfast, patting his stomach. Then somebody in one of the bunks would open an eye and start asking questions—was the mess hall still open?—any hot water in the showers?—how was the weather?—coffee any good?—and so on. And the farmer would say the weather was fine—chow was good—coffee was good—not much of a line—everything O.K. By that time everybody would be awake and listening and the first fellow would say, "By the way, what did you say your middle name was?" And the farmer would blink and gape and give his middle name—we'll say it was Hector. Then the first fellow would say, "Well, Hector, you taxi back to the chow hall and tell the mess sergeant I said the hell with it." We went through this routine about five mornings a week.

Probably some people will say it wasn't much of a tradition for a crack Army unit. Maybe not, but traditions were scarce in those days, and we cherished what we had. Afternoons we used to hang around the P.X. or the service club and discuss local gossip and rumors. Sometimes the post was going to be inactivated in 48 hours and moved to Montana. Other times the C.O. had got lost on a weather hop over the field and some tech sergeant had to go up in a Cub and bring him in. Or else it would (*Continued on page 140*)



COMPOUND COLORS

In the fall, a young man's fancy

turns to the colorful clothes

he's wanted to wear for years

Rounded button down shirt (*at left*), of flannel finished cotton, is related to the Nubby Touch. Silk grenadine tie, too

A colorful new note in the sportswear category (*below*)—a washable cotton flannel with chest stripes of grey and yellow

WITH THE NUBBY TOUCH

Nature's full of it, but somehow mankind has got away from the refreshing habit of colorful clothes. Take your cue from the annual autumn colorama like the two *fall* guys at left; the outside man wears light, compound-colored tweeds, short-collar Oxford shirt, and embroidered shantung tie. The inside man wears regular nubby tweed suit and a triple-stripe tie. The hats are textured felts.

The Compound Colors are also carried out in jewelry (*above*)—this set uses abstract designs in black, yellow, red, and white

(*Left*) A fabric belt in the red, yellow and black tartan conforms to the Compound Color outfits with the Nubby Touch

(*Far left*) Wool anklets in a bold Argyle plaid of grey, maroon, yellow, team up with black grained leather wing-tip shoes

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD LITWIN

SEE PAGE [illegible] FOR SOURCE LISTINGS OF MERCHANDISE

[illegible]

[illegible]

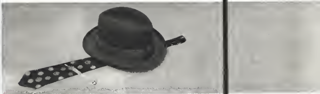
[illegible] coat [illegible] here [illegible] soft, [illegible]

EDWARDIAN

The new force in fashions for the city man of affairs

ELEGANCE

The Coronation is now history, but the new era of elegance in England and America carries on. It's expressed in the aristocracy of the latest clothes fashioned for men of affairs The newest weskits, combining color and conservatism, are shown on the left. They're worn with very dark, very elegant business suits, like the black shown at right. Note the elevated effect caused by higher shoulders, shorter lapels, and raised notches.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY OTTO MAYA

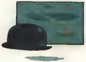
A dusk-grey Homburg with narrow brim and a bow in back and a Louis XIV sunburst tie carry on the new tradition of elegance

The black jacket shown above is contrasted with a vivid black-and-gold striped vest, cameo-design tie, and pleated-bosom shirt

SEE PAGE 1 FOR [illegible] LISTINGS OF MERCHANDISE

Mexico: The broad-brimmed sombrero of peasants, dancers and Pancho Villa

England: The bowler (or derby) came to London town from the race track



United States: Cowpokes' all-purpose ten gallon hat is a Western "must"

French West Africa: Mossi's tribal headwear lately used by local belles

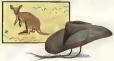
DRAWINGS BY ROBERT J. LEE

HATS AROUND THE WORLD

(and through the ages)

From the flying plume of Cyrano de Bergerac to the Homburg of President Ike, a man's hat has been his castle, his symbol of independence and "station." Esky's found this is as true in darkest Africa as it is on the brightest avenues of Europe and America. In every country and every zone, the hat has a history and a purpose. The colorful turban and brilliant sombrero are as much an expression of national temperament as excarts and bullfights. Hence, our round-the-world expedition, looking into hats and history, on these pages.

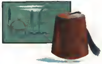
Australia: Side-upturned hat made famous by the Anzacs of two great wars



France: Every Frenchman has a beret—fifty million of them can't be wrong

Argentina: The gauchos on the wild pampas prefer black, flat-top hats

Egypt: In the Middle East, the fez—complete with tassel—is the fashion



South Africa: General Smuts and his Boers brought fame to punched tops

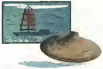
United States: Dating even before Sen. Kefauver, our faithful coonskin cap

India: Cool-headed Britishers wear pith helmet in equatorial sunlight

Austria: Where there are mountains, there are bound to be Tyrolean hats

Burma: The oxcart set wisely wears the native-fiber Kha Mauk headpiece

China: Like the sombrero, the coolie hat is the practical thing to wear



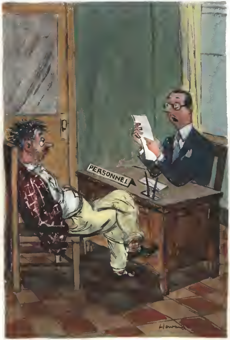
India: The famous fighters of India wear bright turbans, even in battle

World: On the heads of statesmen and world travelers—always a Homburg

ROBERT E. SHERWOOD

PHOTOGRAPH BY [illegible]

A giant in stature, in literature and in public service, immaculate Robert E. Sherwood owns four Pulitzer Prizes (three for drama—*Idiot's Delight, Abe Lincoln in Illinois* and *There Shall Be No Night*, one for biography—*Roosevelt and Hopkins*) and rare memories of working with F D R as friend and assistant He is presently at work on a play for 1954.



"Your references appear to be in order—sloppy, lazy . . ."

"If you don't do anything, you'll never get in trouble for it"

SURPRISE PARTY

by NATHANIEL BENCHLEY

It was early on a Saturday afternoon in May, and the bar was unusually quiet. The soft spring air had lured many of the regular customers to brighter, cleaner pastimes, and the few men who stood at the bar drank their drinks slowly and silently, as though they were planning some long-range global strategy. One or two read newspapers, and signaled for new drinks simply by pushing their empty glasses an inch or two forward. In the back room, the waiters had cleaned away the luncheon dishes and turned out the lights, and were dozing in darkened corners, their heads resting against the wall.

Near the center of the bar, two men stood with their elbows almost touching and stared at the assortment of bottles on the back bar. Leonard Stewart, the shorter of the two and a man in his early fifties, drained his drink and put the glass down and then, without taking his eyes from the bottles said, "It seems a shame to waste a day like today. There should be something we could be doing."

Harold Archer considered this statement for a while. He was tall and thin, and strands of his greying hair looped down over his forehead, making him look like a man who has dressed in a hurry and is still sleepy. "I don't know," he said at last. "The best way to stay out of trouble is just to stay here. Nothing can happen to us if we stay here." He finished his drink and looked at the bartender, who unfolded his arms and moved toward them.

"I didn't mean trouble," Stewart replied. "I just meant we ought to do something."

"One and the same thing," Archer said. "If you don't do anything, you'll never get in trouble for it."

The bartender refilled their drinks, picked some money from the pile of bills and change in front of them and rang it up in the cash register. "You know whose birthday it is today?" the bartender said, wiping his hands.

"Whose?" said Archer. "Yours?"

"No," said the bartender. "George Hopwood's. He's seventy-three today."

"Well, I'll be damned," Stewart said. "Good old George. How did you know that?"

"You get to know these things," the bartender said. "He used to have a birthday party in here, every year. Last party he had was Nineteen-forty-three, just before they retired him."

"You know, I haven't seen him in years," Stewart said. "Where's he living now?"

"Still out in Jersey," the bartender said. "He was in here once last fall."

"He was a nice guy," Archer said reflectively. "They don't come any nicer."

"That's right," the bartender said. "One of the best." He wiped the bar once, then turned to answer a call at the far end.

"What do you say we send him a telegram?" Stewart suggested. "I think he might like that, don't you?"

"Sure," said Archer. "You got a piece of paper?"

Stewart fished through his pockets and brought out a piece of paper and a pencil. "Let's make this good, now," he said. "We've got to think up something good for old George." He took a big swallow of his drink, then held the pencil poised over the paper.

"How about 'On you it's becoming'?" Archer said.

Stewart shook his head. "I think it ought to be maybe a little more sentimental," he said. "After all, he's seventy-three, for chrissakes."

"All the more reason," Archer replied. "You don't want to tell him he's looking awful, do you?"

"That's not the point." Stewart drained his drink quickly and motioned to the bartender for another round. "Let's just make it good, though. Let's think a minute."

"I think 'On you it's becoming' is pretty good," Archer said quietly. "I'd like to have someone say that if I was seventy-three." He knocked softly on the bar, three times.

The door to the street opened, and a large, burly man entered. He had a turned-up nose and a small mouth, and his expression was that of a man looking for something around a corner. He spotted Archer and Stewart, and smiled and walked toward them.

"Here's the man who can help us," Stewart said. "You're just in time for a drink, John. Come in."

John McCann greeted the two men, then put his fists on the bar and smiled at the bartender. "Same old thing, please, Leo," he said. He turned to Stewart. "What's on your mind?" he said.

"We're trying to think up a telegram for George Hopwood," Stewart said. "Today's his seventy-third birthday."

"No!" said McCann, and his face brightened. "What do you know about that? Well, God damn." He stirred his drink briskly, raised it to Stewart and said, "Cheers," and took a sip.

"I suggested we say 'On you it's becoming,'" Archer said. "Don't you think that ought to do it?" He looked at McCann and chuckled.

"Good old George," McCann said, smiling. "What a lovely guy."

Archer turned slowly back to the bar and tasted his drink.

"The way I see it, this ought to be something special," Stewart said. "Maybe we should get all the staff here to sign it, too—you know, like a testimonial sort of."

McCann's eyes widened. "Wait a minute," he said. "Wa-a-a-it a minute. What are we doing standing around here? Why don't we go out and see him, and wish him happy birthday in person? That would be the best way to do it."

"Oh, my God, what a wonderful idea," Stewart said. Then he paused. "Who's got a car?" he asked.

"I can get one," McCann said. "I think I can borrow Jim Fletcher's. If not, we can always rent one."

"We ought to take him some presents, too," Stewart said. "We can pick up some stuff on the way out."

"Oh, we'll get him a pot full of presents," McCann said, and reached in his pocket for some change. "First, let me see about the car." He turned and went to a telephone booth in the back of the room.

"I've got another idea for a telegram," Archer said. "Suppose we say—"

"There's no point in sending a telegram now," Stewart said. "We'll get there before the telegram would. This'll be much better than a telegram, anyway."

"Still, I've got a pretty funny—"

"What we really need is a cake," Stewart went on. "No birthday party is complete without a cake." He looked at the bartender. "Leo, do they have any cakes down in the kitchen? We'd like to take one to George for his birthday."

"Apple cake or cheesecake is all," the bartender said. "You want one of those?"

"Well, we'll see," Stewart said. "We might take cheesecake if we can't get anything else."

ETCHINGS BY JOHN GROTH

McCann came back from the telephone and picked up his drink. "It's all set," he said. "Jim's going to call his garage and tell them we can have the car." He finished his drink and put some money on the bar. "Let's do this again, Leo," he said.

Stewart's eyes were sparkling with excitement. "Hot damn," he said. "Now let's decide about the presents."

"The first thing is to find out where he lives," said McCann. "Does anybody know?"

"He lives out in Rahway," the bartender said. "Or near there somewhere."

"I know where Rahway is," Archer volunteered. "I've been past there twenty times, at least."

"Well, we can get there and look him up in the phone book," said McCann.

"Let's get going," Stewart said. "It'll take us a while to get out there."

"There's no rush," McCann replied. "We've got to plan this thing carefully. I think first off we ought to get him a bottle of bourbon. Or champagne. Champagne is more festive, I guess. Leo, have you got a bottle of champagne on the ice there you could sell us?"

"We ought to get a couple of gag presents, too," Stewart said. "We don't want to make this too serious."

"I had a good idea for a telegram a minute ago," Archer said. "Maybe it'll come back to me."

They had two more rounds of drinks and were leaving the bar, having bought a cheesecake, a bottle of bourbon and a bottle of champagne, when the door opened and a ruddy-faced man of about sixty walked in. He looked at them in surprise and rested one elbow on the bar. "You look like a gaggle of gazelles," he said. "Where are you going in such a hurry?"

"Come on with us," Stewart said, bustling toward the door. "We're going to give George Hopwood a birthday party."

The man took his elbow off the bar and joined them. "Goddamdest day I ever seen," he muttered, and followed them out the door.

By the time they reached the garage they had acquired a secondhand banjo, a statuette of a nude with a clock in her navel, a book entitled *Doing His Best*, and a two-foot-long glazed-china carp. It turned out that the newcomer to their party, whose name was Howard Murdock, was rapidly approaching a state of incoherence, and they had to use a certain amount of force to keep him from offering a woman five dollars for her white Sealyham. The dog fascinated him, he said, because both ends of it looked alike. When finally they got Murdock into the car, he settled back in one corner, offered to drive, and then fell asleep.

"I wonder where he picked up *that* load," McCann said as he backed the car out of the garage.

"I don't know," said Stewart. "I didn't realize it when we first saw him." He thought for a moment, then shrugged. "Oh, well—the more the merrier," he said. "Nothing's too good for old George." For some reason, this struck McCann as funny and he began to laugh, and then Stewart and Archer joined him, and by the time they reached the first corner the three of them were laughing so hard that pedestrians turned and stared at them.

They headed west across the city, and Archer, who was sitting in back beside the rumpled, snoring Murdock, began to paw through the pile of presents on the floor. "I don't suppose anyone had the wit to bring an open bottle," he said. "I don't suppose anyone thought of us while all this buying was going on."

"We can stop along the way," said Stewart. "That'll be no problem."

"I knew we should *(Continued on page 158)*

“Superman could tear him apart

a ten-page birthday garland

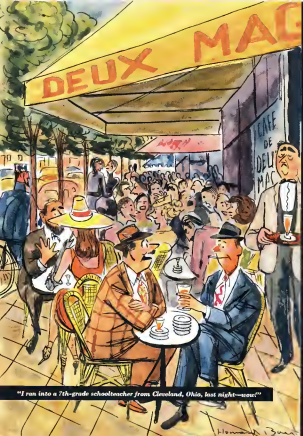
“Order in the court!”

"Yes, I can take dictation—or leave it alone"

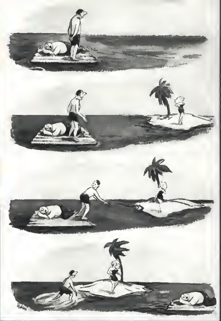
"Stop pestering me! Didn't I tell you an hour ago I'd be ready in a few minutes?"

"Lord knows I've been faithful!"

"Forget it—I'm not going to wait three days for any man!"

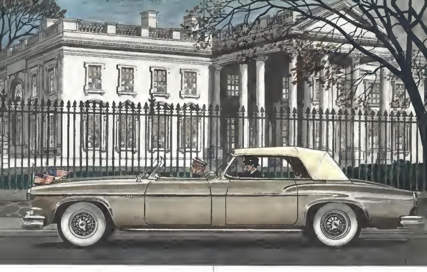


"I ran into a 7th-grade schoolteacher from Cleveland, Ohio, last night—wow!"



to Esky

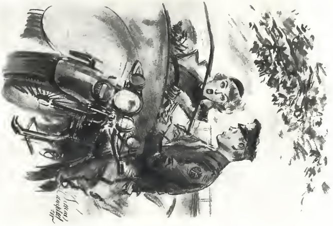
from Esquire (age XX)



AUTOMOTIVE FASHIONS: CHRYSLER IMPERIAL PHAETON

PAINTED BY LESLIE SAALBURG

Conceived in the grand manner for City Fathers escorting visiting V I P.s on the day of the big parade, Chrysler's Imperial Phaeton is a fine graceful piece of machinery. An expensive order, but it's a lot of car: 147½" wheel base, 180-horse engine (the same engine has been stepped up to 310 horses in the experimental K-310), power steering, power brakes, "Oriflow" shock absorbers. Interior is padded and plush down to its red floor carpet. Jump seats, rear-seat windshield, nylon top, and custom production add up to a dream job with a stately function



"Say, where does this end? You give me a summons for speeding—for speeding to answer a summons for speeding!"

Those old pioneers, they gambled

to live, and to populate the prairie

by **BILL GULICK**

SPORTING INSTINCT

When I came to work at nine that bright spring morning, there was an egg on my desk and a cryptic note from Brooks, night editor of the *Bulletin*. "Brought in by Mrs R J Williams farmer's wife. Reser Road Do something bright and clever with this Run with pic."

Well, I'd had my breakfast and didn't feel like eating it, so I inspected the thing with my usual nine-o'clock enthusiasm Except for one small deviation it was a perfectly normal egg. Oval. Brownish-white I stared at the deviation and the deviation stared back at me and finally I laid the thing aside, rolled a sheet of paper into the mill and thumped out "Mrs R J Williams, Reser Road has a hen with literary aspirations. Yesterday the hen laid an egg with a perfectly shaped exclamation mark on one end When interviewed by a *Bulletin* reporter, the hen cackled and said—'

"Hey, knucklehead!"

I stopped typing "Yes, my lord?"

"C'mere."

"I'm right in the middle of a cackle."

Stockdale the day city editor peered through his glasses, walked over and looked at the egg, looked at what I'd written then stuck a letter in my face To hell with the egg You can fry it when you get back."

"I'm going someplace?"

"You are going," grunted Stockdale, tapping the letter "to get to the bottom of this Read it."

I did. The letter was scrawled in pencil by a wavering, uncertain hand, and signed by two old codgers name of Samuel McKay and Benjamin Duggan, age ninety-one and ninety respectively who were, it seemed considerably peeved at the Society for the Preservation of Pioneer Memories and Trails They were rather vague as to the reasons for their peeve but apparently it had something to do with the fact that the Society for the Preservation was leaving them out in the cold in next week's Territorial Days celebration.

"A pity," I said "A crying pity Two fine old fellows who helped build our fair state—"

"Overlooked by celebration committee," Stockdale said, nodding "Sitting alone with their memories—"

"Faded old eyes squinting back along the trail of years seeing the valley as it was—"

"Stop, you're breaking my heart," Stockdale said "You got the idea Run out and talk to the old boys If it looks interesting, give it the full treatment Pictures Reminiscences How they scalped Indians The works."

They lived together, these two old-timers, in a run-down old house a couple of miles from town, and as I drove out past lovely orchards, small truck-farming plots and lush green pastures filled with fat cattle, I tried to picture how the valley must have looked eighty or ninety years ago Take away the houses roads, telephone and light wires, rub out the fences and plowed fields, erase the domesticated cattle and crops and what would you have left? There'd be the mountains off in the distance, of course, warm green with new grass on their lower slopes dark green with fir and pine higher up soft white with snow on the far peaks. There'd be the many little creeks that crisscrossed the valley and the cottonwood and willow that marked their courses. There'd be bunch grass waving in the gentle spring breeze and Indians whooping along on spotted ponies and a clean blue sky.

So the hen cackled and said, "Who the hell cares about eggs with exclamation points on 'em when there are men still alive who played hide-and-seek with scalp-hungry Indians?"

I sighed a deep, long sigh. Then I parked my car in the yard and walked up to the porch where two white-haired, frail old men were soaking up sunshine and silence.

"Hello," I said

"Howdy," one of them grunted "Whatever you're sellin', we don't want any Couldn't afford it if we did! Couldn't eat it if we could afford it. Teeth all shot to hell Ain't that right, Benjamin?"

"I'm from the *Bulletin*," I said

"Eh?"

"*Bulletin! Bull-e-tin!* The newspaper I'm from it."

"We take it sonny Comes every morning. Ain't much of a paper We just take it 'cause it comes in handy startin' fires." The old fellow cackled "Right Benjamin?"

"Eh?" Benjamin said 'What'd he say he was selling?"

"No, no!" I yelled "I'm a reporter from the *Bulletin* We got your letter We think it's terrible you've been left out of the Territorial Days celebration We want a story."

"You don't have to shout sonny," Samuel McKay said "I ain't deaf Neither's Benjamin 'cept in his right ear That's the one he turns to a fellow he thinks is a salesman." He nudged Benjamin with his cane "Turn your head around you old fool This here young fellow's a reporter Came on account of the letter we wrote."

Well it went better after that I got the necessary vital statistics out of them where they'd been born, when they'd first come to the valley, and so on I asked them how it was they'd become friends

"Why," said Samuel, "we just sort of drifted together when we was young bucks Made a purty good combination so we stuck."

"What did you do?"

"Raised horses. Race horses."

That seemed an interesting lead, so I said, "Whose horses did you race against. The other settlers'?"

"Weren't no other settlers," Samuel said. "No sir, we raced 'em against Injun horses Won enough every summer to live on the rest of the year 'Course, we won some foot-racin', too."

"Against Indians?"

"Sure, sonny Wasn't an Injun west of the Bitter Roots could outrun me Benjamin here was some fast himself." He gave me an indignant look "Now you remind me of it, how come the paper didn't write it up when I tole them women over at the Society meetin' all about how Benjamin and me used to win a pile from the Injuns every summer? How come you wasn't there to write it up?"

There was a faint click in a dim corner of my brain A month or two ago, I recalled, there had been an item in the *Bulletin* about a tea to be held at the Country Club by the Society for the Preservation of Pioneer Memories and Trails The honor guests were going to be two fine old gentlemen name of Samuel McKay and Benjamin Duggan, who would relate some of their early-day experiences for the edification of the assembled ladies The assistant society editor had covered it Next day there had been a follow-up squib telling who had poured and who had read an original poem and who had been appointed to this committee and that to arrange the Territorial Days celebration But not one word had there been about an old-timer's speech Not one damn word!

"Wait a minute!" I said "You made a talk to the Pioneer Society at the Country Club?"

"You're damn-tootin'-betcha, I did Good 'un, too, wasn't it Benjamin?"

"Tolerable," Benjamin grunted "Only you tole it all wrong about me an' them Injuns Wasn't five, a-tall 'Twas six."

"'Twas five damn it! Even if it was some dark I could see enough to count. 'Twas five."

"Six you ignorant old fool! You can't remember nothin'!"

For a minute I thought I was going to have to referee a roughhouse fight, but they finally simmered down I said "Let me get this straight You made a talk to the Society So they know all about you Yet they're leaving you out of their plans for Territorial Days How come?"

"That's what we want to know," Samuel said his faded blue eyes going wistful "Wasn't easy for me to talk all that (*Continued on page 144*)

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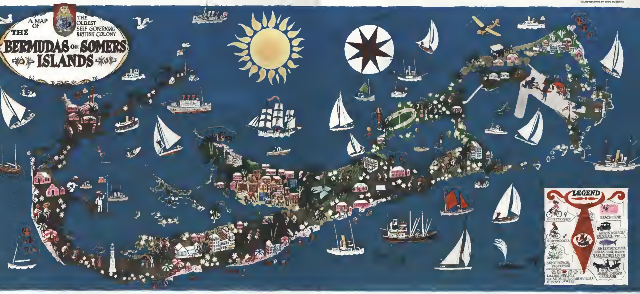

A MAP OF THE
BERMUDAS OR SOMERS ISLANDS
THE OLDEST SELF GOVERNING BRITISH COLONY
LEGEND
HONEYMOONER ♀
HONEYMOONER ♂
SEMITROPICAL VEGETATION
LILLIES HIBISCUS OLEANDERS BOUGAINVILLEA & MANY OTHERS
BEACH SAND
AUSTIN MORRIS VAUXHALL ETC
AMBERJACK TUNA BARRACUDA BONITO MARLIN CHUB & ON
HORSE-DRAWN CARRIAGE

A

Travel

Article

by

RICHARD JOSEPH

Bermuda is by tradition a place for couples: newlyweds, oldlyweds and sweethearts who think it might be a good idea sometime. There's something about the islands that draws the happily married set on their second, fifth or fifteenth honeymoons—with or without the kids. It might be that the generally romantic atmosphere of the place helps people rediscover each other, or maybe parents can relax better when they know the kids are getting all that fresh air and sunshine, and probably liking it too.

Among the couples planning a trip to Bermuda this fall is one whose reception is causing an uncommon amount of bustle and stir among the usually imperturbable Bermudians. The islanders are looking forward to their own abridged Coronation season when Queen Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh arrive on November 24 for the first stop on their Commonwealth tour.

The royal couple will fly direct from Britain, landing at Kindley Field, Bermuda's airport, early in the morning. From here they will drive most of the 22-mile length of the islands, covering all the nine parishes from St. George's to Somerset, in the black Rolls Royce which belongs to Sir Alexander Hood, the Governor of the Colony, and is one of the few cars in Bermuda longer than the 160-inch maximum prescribed by law.

At Somerset the Queen and the Duke will board a launch and ride back to Hamilton. They will debark at Point Pleasant Park, near the Yacht Club, and drive by carriage to Government House. After a reception here they will climb back into the Rolls and return to the airfield, where they will board their plane for Jamaica.

The average visitor to Bermuda follows a far less frenetic schedule. Generally the program calls for some sight-seeing, a bit of bicycling, golf, tennis, swimming, and much sun bathing or just plain and fancy loafing—a program so attractive that Bermuda's tourist business is increasing steadily. Last year tourists spent $24,000,000 in Bermuda, 86 per cent of the colony's total income and an increase of 400 per cent over the past twenty years. They came to sample and take home memories of the islands' most precious commodity: a unique charm.

The center of that charm is the easy and wonderfully peaceful pace that gets into the islands' atmosphere the way a special yeast gets into the air over Jerez, Spain, and makes sherry out of what might otherwise be a pretty ordinary wine. It isn't something you can describe, and nobody knows what chemical formula it works by, but the results are obvious and enjoyable.

Whatever you do during a day in Bermuda you feel it's worth doing. Unlike other resorts where you think you've missed something if you didn't get out on the golf course or into the water, these islands give a relaxed importance to such usually wasteful activities as sitting in the sun (or out of the sun) and thinking about girls. Where another setting might scream at you to get out there and work off some of that paunch, Bermuda tells you you've been working too hard anyway and you're entitled to take it easy.

Even the natives aren't immune to it, though they don't succumb completely until their time off, and they never let it interfere with their natural efficiency. Your average upper-class Bermudian is a relaxed sort of guy, used to easy and gracious living, but he's a man with all his buttons. Loafing is what the visitors are there for, your Bermudian figures; he himself is sure to be active in at least one and probably several enterprises.

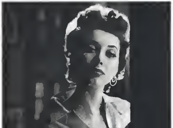
With his long lean frame draped in knee-length shorts, sports jacket and collar and tie, his face sunburned the year round, your typical top-crust Bermudian looks like a Briton enjoying a holiday in the South of France. He's not an Englishman, though. He's probably been educated in an American or Canadian university, he does most of his business with Americans, he's always running over to New York, Boston, Washington, Richmond or Chicago, and his speech is closer to Canadian than to anything else. He lives in Bermuda because he's smart enough to know that nowhere else will he ever have it so good. There's a duty on almost all imports, but there is no unemployment and no real poverty on the island. Bermuda has paid its dollar debt and (Continued on page 156)

The lovely Leigh served a painless apprenticeship

LADIES IN WAITING

Reformed desert queen Midge Ware gets a well-turned earful from million-dollar model Dorian Leigh

Two routes to Broadway—one through the desert, the other through fire and ice



Midge found Broadway a better place for passion

BROADWAY ladies sometimes wait a long time for the role they want For a few of them, waiting is completely painless. For the others, the slow interim can be a little trying Midge Ware is one of the majority. The red-haired beauty's first screen role was a scenery bit in Universal's *The Prince Who Was a Thief* The film was one of those desert epics with lovely girls lolling around in filmy lounging trousers. Midge was one of the lovelies, and she wasn't happy about it So she got a part as the Madonna in *Androcles and the Lion.*

The Madonna was a little more respectable, and a good deal duller than the harem beauty in *The Prince* Obviously, this would never do During the last ten of her twenty-four years Midge has harbored the conviction that, as an actress, she belonged with the passionate, clawing hearts of the Italian school—more Magnani than Madonna But her looks kept getting in her way. Searching for something explosive, she was offered more chances to be beautiful and silent. So she abandoned Hollywood and came to New York to light her fuses. First thing she knew, she had been discovered by Gregory Ratoff, who cast her for his play, *The Fifth Season*

In the same production, M Ratoff had another pretty lady who had been waiting for her break. But for Dorian Leigh, the waiting had been done in solid comfort and with great peace of soul The comfort was provided by her plush modeling activities, which have been so rewarding that she couldn't afford to accept a Hollywood contract For example, her most recent fire-and-ice Revlon bonanza brings her a bit more of everything little girls like than usually comes to beginners out in Hollywood And for peace of soul, there are her three children and her poetry, which is good enough to have been printed, under a pseudonym, in several anthologies If there is any time left over, the quick-witted lady apparently spends it tormenting radio M C 's In a recent interview with fast-talking Barry Gray, she led him into a series of conversational mousetraps and, in his own words ' Left me dripping with blood "

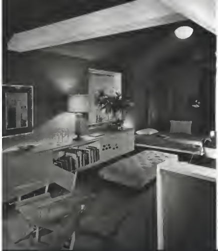
But her real passion is the theatre and it appears that the feeling is being reciprocated Originally, she had only a brief appearance in *Fifth Season*, as a model in a dressing-room scene. The part called for a beautiful face and a lovely body, which Dorian obviously has, but there were no lines A quick listen convinced Ratoff that someone had made a mistake He wrote in some lines, and sat back to enjoy the results

Eventually, and happily, Ratoff decided to bring both his good things together in a single tailor-made package This one, a parcel of three-dimensional violence titled *A Woman of New York,* should make everybody happy Midge has plenty of chances to explode Dorian is off her beloved stage, but she has a new medium to work with and the part is fat Ratoff has a new pair of stars, and the public has two gorgeous women to look at, with a new dimension to make the viewing more satisfying ⁂

PHOTOGRAPHY BY SAM SHAW—MAGNUM

Midge Ware, more Magnani than Madonna

"You'll find that if you hold up a book with a nonfiction title you'll attract a better-grade man"



Party corner in the studio: the walls and the sloping ceiling are chocolate brown, the beam is a contrast in white

Designer Jay Doblin proves

you can live in style—and still

take it with you to the bank

furnished with ideas

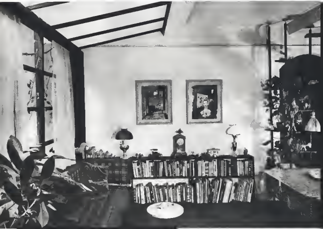
Some people find it pleasant to live in New York, some find it painful, but nobody except the really wealthy finds it easy. The medium-size, medium-price apartment got starved to death by the real-estate interests some years back, and today you can either live well in a big apartment, spending all your money as it comes in, or rough it in the city in a box and save some salary to finance a fleeing of the coop. And if you are a large, rough, greying 32-year-old Chief Product Designer for Raymond Loewy, and your wife works too, then the choice was easy.

So four years ago Jay Doblin and his bride Annette set up housekeeping in Annette's old and tiny two-and-a-half-room apartment in an East-Side-Manhattan apartment hotel and started putting away money to build a house in Connecticut. But instead of hanging around and watching the money multiply itself in the bank, Jay decided to amuse himself a little in the humble closet they called home.

The living room had no view, so Jay painted a view on the wall and set up a picture window in front of it. He concealed the lighting fixtures behind a skylight which sloped down to meet the picture window, and painted the walls white to reflect the light and give an impression of cheerful spaciousness. He needed another painting on the wall, so he did a portrait of Annette.

The bedroom was so small it was funny; in fact, it was funny as a circus. So they made it a circus. They hung circus posters all along one wall and Jay built the dressing table and bureau to look like circus equip- *(Continued overleaf)*

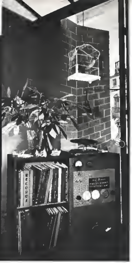
View into the tiny living room from the door to the apartment, a bamboo drape at left hides the kitchen



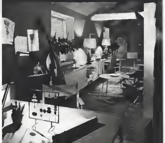
Left: the picture window faces a painted inside wall and the skylight conceals artificial lighting which the white walls reflect—and the small room looks big

Right: homemade radio-phonograph cabinet holds the electronic works and record albums, two speakers are at opposite ends of room. The bricks are artwork

Far right: the extension built out from the bedroom wall looks like a theatre corridor, including a relic telephone [illegible] the bricks are painted by Doblin



Below: looking down the 78-foot length of the Doblins' Greenwich Village studio complete with kitchen and bar, wire sculptures and a bull fiddle for jam sessions



ment—all gilded and covered with circus wheels and curlicues. Even as a circus, though, the high ceiling on such a small room was offensive to Jay's designing sense of proportion, so he lowered its looks with webbing

And because he built everything himself, with two hands, hammer, saw and paintbrush, the furnishings for the whole apartment took only three hundred (300) dollars out of the Connecticut kitty

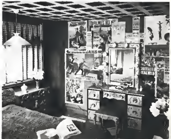
That solved one problem, but only one. Jay is a party thrower (at two hundred friends per party), a sculptor (his biggest recent job was for a writer's new Park Avenue penthouse; he did a brass-and-plaster piece containing symbols for the titles of the writer's three books and a clock that can be read only by those who know its secret), and a teacher (for four years he was Director of Industrial Design at Pratt Institute's night school, and he still works with some post-graduate students). None of these activities can conveniently be pursued in even the most charmingly decorated box.

In a Greenwich Village loft Jay found the better 'ole—an irregular room 78 feet long and as much as 23 feet wide. At one end he set up his machine shop and four drafting tables, at the other end he prepared for parties and jam sessions—kitchen, bar, couches, tables, chairs, radio-phonograph, a collection of his own wire sculptures, lights and camera (he is experimenting with 3-D still photography). Here the Doblins work the night through and on occasion entertain; home is for themselves and such unusual friends as lack the claustrophobic (or New York) neurosis. Home is also for sleep; the laws of Paris forbid the rich as well as the poor to sleep under the bridges, and the fire laws of New York deny even to designers the right to sleep in lofts.

The studio was considerably more expensive to furnish—about three thousand dollars, all told—but the studio, after all, is an income-producing unit

The Doblins now have enough of the necessary to build their home, whenever they find the right piece of land. Meanwhile, adding up, they've proved that it cost them a lot less to rent and equip their two places than it would have cost to launch and maintain a single New York apartment big enough for comfort. And it's been a hell of a lot more fun ■

Circus art fills the cubits of space left in the bedroom once the bed was in. The bedspread is a brown shag rug. A picture frame surrounds the window, holding a track for a gilt shot drape



"Maw shore put this last young'un on his own mighty quick, didn't she?"

THE SPECIAL EXHIBIT

It was fascinating, the one sure solution to the problem marriage

by ROBERT SHECKLEY

This Museum was unusually deserted that morning, Mr Grant thought as he led Mrs. Grant across the marble-floored lobby Which was just as well, under the circumstances

"Good morning, sir," said the red-cheeked old museum attendant

"Good morning, Simmons," Mr Grant said "This is Mrs Grant"

Mrs Grant nodded sulkily, and leaned against a Central American war canoe. Her shoulders were on a level with those of the papier-mâché paddler but broader by far Looking at them, Mr Grant wondered, for a moment, if the Special Exhibit would work. Could it succeed on a woman so large, so strong, so set in her ways. He hoped so. Failure would be ridiculous

"Welcome to our museum," the attendant said "I believe this is the first time we've had the pleasure, Mrs Grant"

"Haven't been here since I was a kid," Mrs Grant said, stifling a yawn behind a large hand.

"Mrs Grant is not particularly interested in the storied past" Mr Grant explained, leaning on his cane "My work in ornithology leaves her quite unimpressed However, she has agreed to accompany me to the Special Exhibit"

"The Special Exhibit, sir?" the attendant asked He consulted a notebook "I don't believe—"

"Here is my invitation," Mr Grant said.

"Yes sir" The attendant examined the card carefully, then handed it back "I hope you enjoy it, sir The Special Exhibit hasn't been shown often. I think that Dr Carver and his wife were the last to view it."

"Of course" Mr Grant said He knew the mild, balding Carver quite well. And Carver's thin, nagging, red-haired wife was a good friend of Mrs Grant The Exhibit must have been effective, for Carver had been perceptibly more cheerful at work The Special Exhibit was, of course, a far more effective problem solver than marriage counseling, psychiatry, psychoanalysis or even simple forbearance

It was uniquely the Museum's project The Museum liked to have its employees happy and contented for only then could they serve Science properly But aside from that the Special Exhibit was educational, and filled a distinct gap in the Museum's program

The general public had not been informed of it for the general public was exceedingly conservative in the face of scientific necessity But that was as it should be Mr Grant told himself

The attendant fished a key from his pocket. "Be sure to return this to me, sir," he said

Grant nodded and led Mrs Grant down the hall past glass cases inhabited by Siberian tigers and giant pandas A water buffalo stared glassy-eyed at them and a family of Axis deer continued grazing in eternal peace

"How long's this gonna take?" Mrs. Grant asked

"Not long at all," Mr Grant said, remembering that the Special Exhibit was noted for its swiftness

"I've got some deliveries coming" Mrs Grant said "And some important things to do"

Leading her past a muntjac and a spotted chevrotain Mr Grant allowed himself to wonder momentarily, what those important things might be Mrs Grant's interests seemed to center in television by day and motion pictures by night

Of course there were the deliveries

Mr Grant sighed They were so obviously ill-matched To think that he—a small rather delicate fellow with a large mind—would voluntarily marry a woman of such heroic proportions and meager mentality But it happened to others Dr Carver for example

Mr Grant smiled wanly at the fiction of attracting opposites, at the entire romantic principle Hadn't his work in ornithology taught him anything? Did the yellow-rumped Siskin mate with the condor? A single wild fling! How much better, he thought if he had been content to join the French Foreign Legion spend his inheritance in riotous living, or take to voodoo Such ventures could, in time be lived down But marriage? Never Not with Mrs. Grant as comfortable as she was

Unless, of course, the Special Exhibit

"This way," Mr Grant murmured, leading her down an unexpected corridor concealed between glass cases

"Where is this exhibit?" Mrs Grant demanded "I gotta be home for my deliveries"

"Just around here," Mr Grant said, leading her past a door marked in red, No Admittance He wondered about those deliveries There seemed to be a tremendous number of them And the delivery boy left a vile brand of cigar in the ash trays

"Here we are," Mr, Grant said He unlocked an iron door and walked into an immense room The setting simulated a clearing in the jungle and in front of them was a thatched hut Behind that was a smaller hut, half hidden from view.

Several savages lounged on the vine-tangled ground, chattering at each other

"They're alive!" Mrs Grant exclaimed

"Of course. This is, you see a new experiment in descriptive anthropology"

To one side was an ancient wrinkled woman, adding wood to a fire that crackled under a large pot Something was bubbling in the pot

The warriors got to their feet when they noticed the Grants. One of them yawned and stretched his muscles crackling

"Magnificent fellows" Mrs Grant whispered

"Yes" Mr Grant said She *would* notice that

Strewn around the ground in front of the first hut were decorated wooden swords long slender bows, sharp cane knives And the room was filled with a continual background chirping Breaking into it was a frenzied clacking A bird honked angrily and something piped a reply

Mrs Grant said, "Can we go now—oh!"

One of the natives wild and strange with his long coarse black hair and painted face, was standing beside her Two others stood behind him Looking at the group, Mr Grant thought how savage Mrs Grant really was, with her lavishly applied cosmetics her fox skins and clanking jewelry

"What do they want?" Mrs Grant asked, eyeing the half-naked men with something less than fear

"They'd like you to examine the village," Mr Grant said "It's part of the exhibit."

Mrs Grant noticed that the first native was eying her with an admiring look and she allowed herself to be led forward

She was shown the cooking pot, the weapons the decorations on the first hut Then the natives led her to the second hut, and one of them winked and beckoned her inside

"Educational," she said, winking back, and followed him in The other two natives entered, one picking up a cane knife before he went in

"You didn't tell me they were supposed to be head hunters!" Mrs Grant's voice floated faintly from the hut "Have you seen all the shrunken heads?"

Mr Grant nodded to himself It was amazing, how hard those heads were to come by The South American authorities had begun cracking down on their export The Special Exhibit was, perhaps, the sole remaining source of this unique folk skill

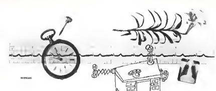
"One's got red hair It looks just like Mrs—"

There was a scream, and then the sound of a furious battle Mr Grant held his breath There were three of them, to be sure, but Mrs Grant was a very strong woman Certainly she couldn't—

One of the natives came dancing out of the hut, and the hag by the fire picked up a few ominous instruments, and went inside Whatever was in the pot continued to boil merrily

Mr Grant sighed with relief and decided that he had seen enough After all, anthropology wasn't his line He locked the iron door behind him and headed for the ornithology wing, deciding that Mrs. Grant's deliveries were not sufficiently important to require his presence.

"Silly woman—on a cold day like this!"



Big business goes all out to

protect its top commodity

by WALTER ROSS

KEEPING THE BOSS ALIVE

Edward R. Stettinius, Jr. was a big, handsome man with the most beautiful head of white hair and the ruddiest complexion you ever saw. He was a roaring success: vice-president of General Motors when he was 31, chairman of the board of U. S. Steel at 37, Secretary of State of this country at 44. Then he was dead, suddenly and without warning, at 49. Heart attack.

A couple of years before he died, Stettinius was appointed chairman of the board of the White Sulphur Springs Corporation, a subsidiary of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad, which had just taken over the mammoth Greenbrier Hotel in White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia.

Casting about for services which could be added to the hotel's 6500 acres of West Virginia scenery, its three golf courses and its 950 servants, Stettinius remembered a problem that needed solving. "Why not," he asked Robert R. Young, C & O chairman of the board, "turn one wing of this place into a diagnostic clinic for executives?"

"A clinic?"

"I know dozens of men who work too hard—you, for instance—" Stettinius said, looking at Young, "and who won't take the time to get themselves checked over until it's too late. They might do it if they could have some fun with it."

"What about you?" Young said.

"I haven't had a check up in years—but just look at me. I'm forty-six, but I can do everything a man of thirty can do."

The clinic was set up and began operations just about two years before Stettinius died. He had never visited the Greenbrier clinic as a patient; he'd never had the time.

Stettinius was only one of too many executives who have died young in recent years. The average age of top advertising executives who died during 1950 was only 57.5—nine and a half years below the national average. A few years ago two doctors drew a graph of heart attacks among stockbrokers and found that it matched the ups and downs of the stock market.

These are only straws in a big wind that blew out a lot of valuable lives, in the last few years. But executive responsibility is not necessarily a fast ticket to the grave. The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company's Chairman of the Board Leroy A. Lincoln is long past the Social Security deadline—he is over 70. And its Honorary Chairman Frederick H. Ecker is over 80. Thomas J. Watson of International Business Machines is still tall, stern and active at 79.

Why should some men survive the struggle and others perish? Why should some live on in broken health while others maintain full vigor into old age?

A good part of the answer is known. The men who survive and stay healthy are those who pace themselves, who are adjusted to their lives and their jobs and *who get thoroughly examined by doctors at least once a year.*

Insurance companies like the Metropolitan found this out long ago. With a few exceptions—notably Goodyear, Dennison and Standard Oil (New Jersey)—industrial companies have discovered it only recently.

"Usually," says Dr. James P. Baker, head of the Greenbrier Clinic, "they wait until they lose a key man before they start executive health check ups. But times are changing. We get letters all the time from companies that want to know about giving their executives diagnostic examinations. More than fifty companies use our clinic alone."

One company, which had not had an executive death but was concerned about its key men, picked one member of top management, told him he was a guinea pig, paid all his expenses to Greenbrier and sat back to await the report. (Company examinations are usually confidential between the executive and the doctor, but this was a special case.) The man dutifully went through the clinic, although he told his wife it was all damned nonsense; he'd never felt better in his life (except for those nagging lower-back pains, probably a muscle strain). The doctors of Greenbrier put him through the usual routine and discovered a well-advanced case of cancer of the prostate. It was, unfortunately, inoperable; it had been detected too late.

The fact that this supposedly healthy man had an incurable illness so shocked his superiors that they immediately instituted a program of annual examinations for all executives above the grade of department head. The company now sends these executives to Greenbrier every year for a three-day check up, and picks up the tab of one hundred dollars plus hotel bills.

The Greenbrier executive's exam is very much like a good diagnostic going-over in any clinic in the country. It starts on the first morning with a long talk with one of four trained internists (specialists in internal medicine) on the clinic staff. This is the key to the examination, for during the talk—which always reveals much more than the patient realizes—the internist learns about the patient's medical history, his personality, his job and his relations with his wife and children.

Then the actual testing begins. Doctors examine the executive's eyes, ears, nose and throat, listen to his heart and lungs, take his blood pressure. His abdomen is palpated, his prostate and lower bowel are examined with a proctoscope. An EKG (electrocardiogram) tracing is made of his heartbeat, both at rest and after he has run up and down a flight of small steps going nowhere. Specimens of blood and urine are taken for laboratory examination during the afternoon. If the patient shows signs of sinus trouble or arthritis, special X rays are taken. Altogether, the first day's examination covers about four hours. For the rest of the day the patient is on his own.

The executive is asked not to eat breakfast the second day (which, purely coincidentally, makes a little money for the American-plan hotel) so that his blood will be in perfect condition for accurate chemical studies. A meal would throw the sugar content out of line, for example, and the diabetes test would not be reliable.

Basal metabolism—the rate at which the body burns oxygen—is tested with a breathing apparatus to reveal the functioning of the thyroid. If there are any symptoms of digestive trouble the patient gets either a barium meal or a barium enema, and careful X rays are taken of the stomach or the colon.

Out of the first 2178 executives and wives to come through the Greenbrier Clinic, 2011 had one disease or another, and sometimes there was more than one to a customer. The medical conditions ranged from obesity (at least ten per cent or more overweight—the dangerous stage) through heart disease, ulcer, diabetes, high blood pressure and the rest.

These percentages are duplicated in the Life Extension Examiners, a New York city diagnostic service specializing since 1914 in examinations of executives. More than three hundred large corporations have contracts with the Examiners. For $125 per man per year each executive gets the businessman's special top-to-toe, inside-outside, cradle-to-now examination that takes sixteen hours spread over three days. Recently, the Examiners made a study of a thousand supposedly healthy executive-patients and found that 888 had something wrong with them and six hundred required the attention of a physician.

Obesity is the most (*Continued on page 158*)

CATO

A hipster tries to dig T. S. Eliot and goes a little too deep

by CHARLES EMBREE

WIPE YOUR HAND ACROSS YOUR MOUTH AND SMILE

The other night I fell up to my pad early. Shortly after midnight. I had a plan. I went in and locked the door behind me, took the phone off the hook, switched off all the lights except a small, dim night light and laid myself flat on the floor. I reached over with one hand and mashed a soft, gutty Duke Ellington on the phonograph. With the other hand I took a solid grip on a little book of poetry. Then—Mop!—I just let nature take its course.

Yeah. I let that jazz and that night light and these words all get down and around there inside me and mix up good together. Whamp! That's the way to dig poetry, man. Reduce your altitude. Get long on the floor and try to forget you're a human being.

You see, I'd been hearing a lot about this cat T. S. Eliot, what a hard man he is to cut and I'd decided it was about time I jumped in on some of his jive and got straight. I figured I'd been square long enough.

Well, pops, I stretch out there and look at about the first three words of this deal and I know right away I got ahold of *something*. The words themselves are easy enough to understand, but the way they're put together it's murder—premeditated. Yet I do notice what a fine beat the man has got. The stuff really jumps. So I keep reading it over and over just for the rhythm. The poem is called *Preludes*.

Then I get to thinking that a cat who can write with such a groovy beat must be a genuine hipster, a real knowledge spieler, and that maybe if I put everything I've got into it I can latch onto the story he's putting down here.

So I turn Duke Ellington gently over, lie back and start vibrating. And pretty soon—Whap!—what do you know if it hasn't done sneaked up on me and socked me hard in the brain box. Yes, sir, I see what this mess means clear as a bell. But it's not pretty.

The poem is all about Life. (Capital 'L' daddy.) Seems this Eliot has been stabbed by all sorts of freakish experiences, in the flesh, and has seen a lot of other people get stuck, too and what he has done here is jug the juice and come up with a 100-proof, bottled-in-bond poem.

But like I say, it's not pretty at all. No, sir this man Eliot sure turns out a drastic brand of merchandise. All through the poem he comes on with phrases like:

—*The burnt-out ends of smoky days—*

What I mean is everything is beat, man. The chimney pots are cracked and broken, the leaves are all dead and dried up, old newspapers are blowing around everywhere, window shades are dirty and busted, hands are filthy and feet are yellow with thick calluses and lumpy bunions.

And there's a great big feeling of emptiness all around. And loneliness. Like a ghost town in a desert. Or like the way it can be in the Fountain Of Joy around four-thirty in the morning when the joint's closed and the door's locked and everybody's gone home but you and the cashier, him crouched up front there in his gold cage underneath his yellow light bulb adding up the big score, and you sitting back in the shadows on the bandstand with your guitar still in your lap, stroking the strings soft and sort of wailing the slow blues to yourself because the home everybody else has gone to is where you already are.

And aching. He describes some chick lying in one of a thousand crummy furnished rooms, lying on her back in the black and sort of dozing and watching the night parade out all the "sordid images" in her own soul.

Lord!

But here's the payoff. Right at the very end he says that Life is like a bunch of old bags poking around in alleys, picking up scraps of wood and tar paper and stuff, anything that will burn. You know, you've seen them!

—*The worlds revolve like ancient women*
Gathering fuel in vacant lots—

Just dig that! That's the way Life is, he says: like old Mumbling Marys beat down to the base business of scuffling to keep alive, no aim except to keep on living, to keep on breathing in and out. That's the way the world is, Eliot says. Dying on its feet. Dying and on its big flat feet.

But it's not dead, not yet. He says that there's still a notion of something real crazy, a somewhere-now-nowhere feeling of an everything-yet-nothing something. A something which if us poor creeps could just latch onto would do it. *Would do it.*

—*I am moved by fancies that are curled*
Around these images, and cling:
The notion of some infinitely gentle
Infinitely suffering thing—

But, man, it looks like we'll never make it. Eliot doesn't think we'll ever pick up. He seems to think that we'll go right on daily "assuring and reassuring" ourselves of those little "certain certainties" (those pieces of wood and tar paper and other vacant-lot items), and let that Giant, Super Automatic, Central-Heating-System Deal just lie there.

About this time Duke Ellington has run out. The empty platter is wobbling around and around in a circle and getting nowhere fast and deep in the echo chamber of my head I hear the suffering sound of the needle scratching, scratching on the hard dry surface.

And suddenly when I look through my eyes all I see is three old women in vacant lots, and the atom bomb. It's like a movie and the old hags and the bomb keep fading in and out and whirling around like they make a scene do sometimes and the sound track is only the distant, patient, needle scratching on the blank record. And now and then I recognize myself as one of the old women and I see me bending over to pick up a shingle while that big A bomb is dropping a million miles an hour towards my head. Ump!

I crawl over to the window to open it, to get some fresh air. I need air. I rip up the blind and start to push on the sash when I'm stopped dead cold. What I see through the glass is the usual early-morning people and lights and taxis, but—all of a sudden it's like looking a firing squad square in its big squinted-up face.

I see Morris the Mole, and the Man, alias the Sage, and Half-Valve Jaxon, and all the rest of the human beings from the Block. And these people are all lined up in front of me.

There's Mabel the Blue Angel in her blue nail polish and blue lipstick and blue-dyed hair who drinks high-octane gasoline. There's the Bug who lives with a Feeler Kit instead of a woman because he gets his kicks from stroking rabbit's feet and rattail files and pieces of velvet material. There the powerful nude female in the black satin fig leaf who comes sliding out the bell of the Mop's horn every time he blows his clarinet. Comes out singing: *Woke up without you, baby—Lord, I woke up dead.*

Man, I am facing this firing squad and sweating nothing but blood when it slices into my mind what Mr. Eliot said to do:

—*Wipe your hand across your mouth, and laugh—*

Yes, sir!

—*Wipe your hand across your mouth, and laugh—*

I look at the window again and this time I see my own face reflected and staring at me too. But I straighten my backbone and stand there on my two knees . . . and I do my frantic beat. #

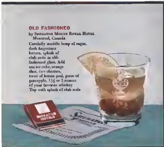
"It was his fault, dear—let him come to you!"

Esquire's COAST-TO-COASTERS

Choose your favorite whiskey

and mix the favorites of the experts

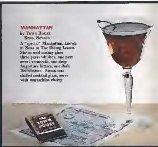
WHISKEY TO TASTE



OLD FASHIONED

by Sheraton Mount Royal Hotel
Montreal, Canada

Carefully muddle lump of sugar, dash Angostura bitters, splash of club soda in old-fashioned glass. Add one ice cube, orange slice, two cherries, twist of lemon peel, piece of pineapple, 1½ or 2 ounces of your favorite whiskey Top with splash of club soda



MANHATTAN

by Town House
Reno, Nevada

A "special" Manhattan, known in Reno as The Riding Lesson. Stir in iced mixing glass three parts whiskey, one part sweet vermouth, one drop Angostura bitters, one dash Benedictine. Strain into chilled cocktail glass, serve with maraschino cherry

BOURBON SOUR

by Hotel Mark Hopkins
San Francisco, California

"Top of the Mark," Far West version of the whiskey sour; time is the essence of the drink. Shake not over *15 seconds* in electric mixer: small scoop cracked ice, 1½ ounces each fresh lemon juice and whiskey, one teaspoon bar sugar Serve in six-ounce sour glass with maraschino cherry

HOT TODDY

by Biltmore Hotel Men's Bar
New York City

In five-ounce glass mug, dissolve lump of sugar in few teaspoonfuls boiling water Add 1½ ounces of your favorite whiskey. Fill mug with hot water, add twist of lemon peel and five cloves

PHOTOGRAPHY BY VILES STUDIO

Selling trifles and toys touched by the glamorous **by DEE LOWRANCE**

MATISSES TO MATTRESSES

Every chair was taken in the vast room off Los Angeles' Wilshire Boulevard, and standees were five deep. Smoke was a grey tarpaulin suspended just overhead.

Up on the dais, the auctioneer mopped his forehead. "Next," he announced, "Number two-twenty-three in the catalogue. Second-hand rubber-and-silk figure restrainer. Who'll bid ten dollars?"

A woman in the middle of the room called, "Ten."

A muffled voice offered, "Fifteen."

The auctioneer chanted, "Fifteen. Fifteen. Who'll bid twenty?"

Someone signaled by pulling his hand across his throat.

"I'm bid seventeen and a half," said the auctioneer. "Who'll make it twenty? Twenty for this Early-American figure restrainer, the property of John Barrymore?"

A rattle of bids followed. Then a big man standing at the side bellowed, "Thirty-five."

"Thirty-five. Do I hear forty? Thirty-five once. Thirty-five twice. Sold—for thirty-five. Mister, you now own John Barrymore's custom-made girdle."

The buyer was back a few days later, asking the auctioneer for a receipt—his wife had accused him of philandering. But after he got his receipt he was happy: he owned something that had once graced the middle of a celebrity.

These sales of items that once belonged to movie stars, songwriters, millionaires, gangsters or café-society figures are the center of a Los Angeles auction business that runs as high as eight million dollars a year—and holds more sales than New York, Chicago and Detroit auctioneers combined. Most celebrity auctions are held in galleries spread along a ten-block stretch of Wilshire Boulevard from La Cienega Boulevard west to Beverly Drive. Most of the auctioneers work on a commission basis (usually 25 per cent), but some of them will buy an item outright and sell it at their own risk.

The first of the great celebrity auctions was held in 1926, shortly after the death of Rudolph Valentino, and was run by a professional showman, George Ullman, Valentino's executor and previously his business manager. Ullman shot the works. He printed a profusely illustrated catalogue, hired a hall and set up a stage complete with spotlights and black velvet curtains. Thousands of persons fought their way into the hall. There was screaming and arguing and tears, and an outpouring of almost $100,000. Bebe Daniels and other film stars came in person, and others sent agents to bid on suits of armor, Spanish antiques, medieval trappings, brocade hangings, Crusaders' lances, shields and regimental banners.

They bought all of Valentino's movie costumes, his fine collection of books, and his four horses. Most of the bidders were Valentino fans crazy for some personal memento of their departed favorite, something intimate. Silk handkerchiefs, worth about a dollar each, went for twenty-five dollars. Valentino's thirteen canes were sold at from two to seventy dollars.

That auction left an enduring mark. In the quarter century since, there have been a dozen so-called Valentino auctions. Pieces of furniture reputed to have been Valentino's have gone on the block repeatedly and have sold for far more than their intrinsic value. Ullman, now a Hollywood agent, won't say these auctions were fakes—"but," he adds, "nobody has ever asked me to authenticate a single piece of furniture and I'm the only man who could."

Recently, at the biggest of all the celebrity auctions, crowds came every working day for almost a month to pay $251,350.70 for the worldly goods of Hedy Lamarr. The articles on the block varied from pie plates to paintings, from minks to satin mules, from bedspreads to carving sets. Her jewelry alone—including three wedding rings—brought in $70,000; her minks and lingerie went under the hammer at $8000; her black cocktail dress with the built-in "front" sold for only thirteen dollars but won the auction priceless publicity. The sale was held during the vacation season and buyers came from as far as Hingham, Massachusetts, and New Orleans, from Vancouver and Miami.

Auctioneer Arthur B. Goode had his hands full with Hedy, who couldn't make up her mind what she wanted to sell and what she wanted to keep. During the auction she brought in, and took away, hundreds of articles. Once she decided to call the whole thing off because a Hollywood columnist had referred to her as a "has-been" and pointed to the auction as proof.

Items sold at auction are not usually guaranteed by the auctioneer, which means that only experts can afford to bid high on jewelry and *objets d'art*. Sometimes this policy of *caveat emptor* leads to great bargains for the *emptor*—auctioneer Z. N. Baida once sold a $15,000 Turner for $37 to the only man in the house who recognized it. But thousands of dollars have also been paid for second-rate paintings by people who had heard the Turner story and hoped to make another fat catch. All auctioneers catalogue the articles for sale as carefully as they can, and recently the big houses have been holding previews which permit experts and others to examine the goods, make their appraisals and check the accuracy of the catalogue.

Though the movie stars bring in the publicity, it's the society figures who bring in the goods. "They seem to have so little to occupy them," an auctioneer says, "that it's often a choice between getting into trouble or redecorating their homes. It's cheaper to redecorate."

The greatest of these sales—and probably the most fabulous auction of all time—disposed of the effects of Mary Virginia McCormick, heiress to the McCormick Harvester fortune. The auction was held in 1942 and ran three weeks, the record until the Lamarr sale, and the appraised value of the articles for sale—pre-inflation—was half-a-million dollars.

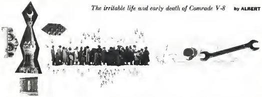
Roy J. Goldenberg held the hammer in this sale and even he was awed by Miss McCormick's possessions. The elderly spinster had owned two magnificent homes and both were filled with eighteenth-century English furniture. Each home had its music room (it had been Miss McCormick's custom to have her own orchestra play for her at each meal) and between the two houses there were six Steinways and two Mason and Hamlin pianos. The two laundries were undoubtedly the best equipped in California. In each was an X-ray machine to examine each piece of linen after each laundering. If there was the slightest sign of wear the linen was immediately relegated to the servants' quarters. If there was a mend needed, the linen went to the quarters of the servants who looked after the servants (there were six of these—a housekeeper, two cooks and three housemaids).

All auction rooms, with their litter of antique china and paintings, look like elegant second-hand stores, but at Los Angeles' celebrity auctions you sometimes turn up items you'll never see anywhere else—like gangster Mickey Cohen's gun collection, which ran all the way from an Early-American flintlock rifle to a .25-caliber revolver suitable for milady's handbag. The auctioneer was Marvin H. Newman, who had been talking to Cohen about such a sale for more than a year. (Cohen had called Newman and proposed the idea, then decided temporarily against it after assuring Newman ominously, "I want you to know I'm a man of my word—if I ever decide to auction off my stuff, you'll get the business.")

The sale brought $55,000—nearly seventy per cent of the appraised value, which is high—but Cohen was not interested. A true celebrity, he sat it out in Newman's private office, giving a press party.

"And whose little boy are you?"

The irritable life and early death of Comrade V-8 **by ALBERT PARRY**



KREMLIN CAR LOT

If you are a big shot in Russia you don't have to own and maintain a car. The government does it for you. The Kremlin gives you an automobile, and quite an expensive one at that.

It isn't a gift, to be sure. The car is yours to use only, and if you fall from Malenkov's grace you lose the use of the car among other good things of life (and perhaps life itself). But while you are in good Soviet standing, you have not only the car, but free maintenance, gas, oil, repairs and garage, and a chauffeur, all paid for by the government. If you are a high official, you may get two cars, or even more.

The largest and best Soviet car is the seven-passenger ZIS-110, manufactured at the Plant in Honor of Stalin (*Zavod Imeni Stalina*, or ZIS; 110 apparently stands for the number of experiments which finally produced the model). American experts recently visiting in Moscow recognized it as a rather inferior copy of our 1940 seven-passenger Packard. This ZIS-110 is a long, sleek, black-and-chrome job, often with white-wall tires, streamlined and fast moving, with many comforts, including automatically operated windows. Its price, according to a story in the Moscow *Ogonyek* (Little Light) of March, 1952, is in the neighborhood of 150 000 rubles, or, at the official Soviet rate of exchange, $37,500.

A six-passenger ZIS and a somewhat similar ZIM (built in a plant named for Molotov) are only a little less costly. They are newer models and get more mileage per gallon of gasoline. For wider distribution there is the five-passenger Pobeda (meaning Victory), which, according to *Ogonyek*, costs a mere 16 000 rubles, or $4000. Least expensive (though no price is given) is the low-powered Moskvich (meaning the Muscovite), produced with a station-wagon body as well as a regular car body.

These vehicles are definitely for sale to the public—in fact, the government which makes them is pushing them with every trick known to Soviet salesmanship. A Moscow car-selling agency is merely an imitation of an average American automobile showroom, but to a Russian there is nothing average about it: it is the acme of awesome luxury. The writer of the *Ogonyek* story, warming to his work, shows how a Moscow automobile showroom looks through the eyes of a car buyer from the provinces:

"The store was large and seemed half empty. Only farther away, against its back walls, stood small counters. Little round tables, sofas, palm trees in green barrels gave the appearance of a reception room in some State ministry or other. Out of habit, the eyes of Semion Polikarpovich groped for the little window of an information bureau. But his glance was stopped by a light-grey Pobeda which stood behind a slightly sagging thick rope of crimson velvet."

The joys of buying, owning and driving a Pobeda car are described in the *Ogonyek* story with high-pitched exultation. Semion Polikarpovich, the buyer from the Ukraine, is represented as a medium-rank village official, fairly prosperous but not too rich. And he buys that Pobeda for himself, out of his own savings, not for the good of all the local comrades. The whole tone of the story, done on instructions from the Soviet propaganda office, is "You, too, can save sixteen thousand rubles to buy a car like that!"

Soviet propagandists are presently trying to show that many, very many Soviet citizens are now proud owners of cars. But their slip shows whenever they forget themselves and give exact figures. Thus the Moscow *Izvestia* of November 14, 1951, boastfully announced that in Magnitogorsk a total of 387 engineers, technicians and workers had bought cars of their own (61 Pobedas and 326 Moskviches). But Magnitogorsk, "the Pittsburgh of the Urals," is a steel-making center of 220 000 inhabitants—so the ratio is one privately owned car for every 569 people.

Despite the government's efforts its vehicular merchandise sells slowly, partly because the prices are high, and partly because the poor private owner has to take care of his car almost entirely on his own. "We have a steadily increasing number of car owners," brags an editorial writer in the Moscow *Literaturnaya Gazeta* (Literary Gazette) of May 27, 1952. "But why so little attention to their needs?"

The bill of particulars that follows is pretty depressing: "Suppose you drive into a strange town and decide to stay overnight. Where would you put your car for the night? It is not such a simple matter. As for having your car washed and filled with gas and oil, or having minor repairs made, why, in many places of our country it is entirely unthinkable."

Do you want a spot to rest your own weary Soviet bones? You might as well stretch out on the back seat of your Pobeda or Moskvich. "There is hardly any construction of summer hotels in our country," *Literaturnaya Gazeta* continues. "Even at our liveliest, most frequented points we see scarcely any places where a traveler could find shelter and rest before setting out on the next leg of his tour. Is it so very difficult to provide such resting places? We don't think so. We are not asking for anything special, but merely for light summer-type structures or just plain tent combinations."

But suppose you don't even dream of travel—you just want to stay in your Soviet town and use your car for local transportation. Woe is to you, comrade, just the same.

In Kharkov, a Ukrainian city of 833 000, suburbanites who own cars can hope to have little garages of their own, but nothing else. Here is, for example, a suburb for workers and engineers of the famous Kharkov Tractor Plant. Some of them own cars and do have garages, but according to the April 8, 1952, issue of the Moscow *Trud* (Labor), the main daily of the Soviet trade-unions, "there isn't a single auto-repair shop" in the entire suburb. A similar and more detailed complaint, this one from a group of Soviet car owners in the rich industrial Donets Basin, was published in *Literaturnaya Gazeta* on October 23, 1951.

"No one bothers to service privately owned cars here," the owners wrote somewhat bitterly. "Our troubles start, and our cars become a veritable burden, should any one of us want to have his car checked, or to replace a part (even the simplest), or to paint over a scratch, recharge the batteries, or vulcanize the tires. There isn't a single shop at Stalino, Makeevka, Gorlovka, Zhdanov or any other city of this region that would do any work for privately owned cars. There isn't even a shop that would undertake to give a car a wash."

(These cities, by the way, are no country crossings. Stalino—formerly Yuzovka or Hughesovka, founded in 1870 by a Mr. Hughes, an enterprising Welshman—has 500 000 inhabitants; Makeevka, 300 000; Gorlovka, 150 000; and Zhdanov—formerly Mariupol—150 000.)

"We are also upset," the complaint wails on, "by the fact that the absence of checking and repairing facilities for our cars leads to accidents on the Donets Basin roads. Cars are worn out before their time."

The bureaucratic apparatus of the Soviets is set in motion from time to time to correct this melancholy situation, but nothing ever happens—perhaps because there are plenty of government service stations to take care of the bosses' cars. A recent *Trud* had an interesting story about an attempt to set up garages for privately owned cars.

On December 2, 1950, the Moscow office in charge of USSR's automobile and tractor sales ordered its Stalino sub-office to establish "an automobile prophylactorium" in the region. A deadline was set: January 1, 1951. The deadline came and went, and nothing was done.

In February, 1951, the regional authorities ordered their local sub- *(Continued on page 151)*

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Arrow Imports - yes, Imports *\$1.50 to \$3.50*

Ever feel like treating yourself to a couple of really fabulous, imported ties? Of course. Everyone likes the distinction of imported fabrics.

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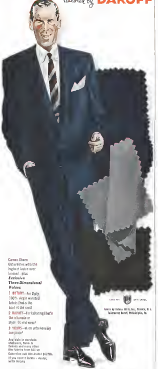

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Available in worsteds, sharkskins, flannels, tweeds and many other fine fabrics from $60 up. Gabardine suit illustrated $67.50. If you cannot locate a dealer, write Botany.

LOOK FOR THIS LABEL

Fabric by Botany Mills, Inc., Passaic, N. J. Tailored by Daroff, Philadelphia, Pa.

[illegible]

Portal to Posh

Continued from page 57

habitants of the area west of Fifth Avenue) refuse to face the inconvenience of going westward and then circling around a traffic-congested block to head east. As if these two misfortunes were not enough, "21" also happens to be on Fifty-second Street, the block that was known in the mid-Thirties as "Swing Street" because of its concentration of shrines to hot music and is now called "Stripty-second Street" by virtue (or as one wag put it, by lack of virtue) of a quantity of night clubs featuring strip-teasers. Finally, the renowned fleshpot called Leon & Eddie's is only a few doors away, a fact that gave rise to the classic but apocryphal story about a yokel who wandered into "21" by mistake and seeing the elegantly dressed Charlie Berns and Jack Kriendler inquired, "Which one's Leon?" (Incidentally, at the now-defunct "18" Club, a cabaret across the street, one of the standard bits of impudence called for a bus boy to emerge from the wings with a pail of garbage and head toward the door. As he came in sight, the late Jack White, a memorable wit, would announce, "There goes the food for Twenty-One.") Only the cast-iron jockeys in front of the restaurant, wearing the racing colors of such turf-minded customers as Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt and Jock Whitney, suggest the swank within.

However, only a few short steps from the iron gate (which, as the establishment's trade-mark, appears on its match covers and on the labels of Iron Gate Products, one of the restaurant's subsidiaries) is a world of gentlemen songsters off on a spree, old family retainers, celebrities, beautiful women and lucrative murals. It is a world which, at one time or another, has engaged the professional attention of such discriminating writers as John O'Hara, Charles Jackson, F. Scott Fitzgerald and Lucius Beebe, a winebibber of such accomplishment that a report that he was about to undergo surgery inspired an acquaintance to observe, "Naturally they'll open Lucius at room temperature." According to Beebe, Jack & Charlie's is "New York's most glamorous restaurant." The sidewalk outside is usually cluttered with autograph hunters of such diabolical persistence that Humphrey Bogart once came out snarling, "Commit insecticide!" And, whatever their failings, autograph seekers are cunning authorities on the hangouts of celebrities.

Just inside the entrance to Jack & Charlie's and slightly to the right of it stand two receptionists, Jimmy Collins and Monte Sademan; one or the other inspects everybody who appears at the door. Over the years they have made remarkably few errors. Unlike the Stork Club, which sometimes turns away people it would welcome if it knew their identity (among them Phil Rizzuto, the New York Yankees shortstop and at one time "the best-dressed short man in sports," who was refused admittance twice in a period of fifteen days), "21" rarely snubs anyone who might enhance its glamour or prestige by his or her presence. It does happen, of course. An almost legendary instance of such a mistake occurred a few years ago when Robert Capa, the photographer, got off a plane from England and appeared at "21" unshaven and somewhat haggard, only to be asked, "Do you have a reservation?"—a question ordinarily intended as a blackball. Capa, however, rose to the occasion.

"Look," he said, "I don't have a reservation, but I'm supposed to meet Robert Capa, the famous photographer, here."

The receptionist beamed. "Of course, sir," he said. "Won't you please come in and wait? Mr. Capa hasn't arrived yet."

Even when one of the two receptionists errs, however, there is a third Gabriel who is posted slightly beyond them at the foot of the stairway leading up to such enchantments as the stately second-floor dining room, the barbershop, the gymnasium and the Turkish bath. He had a chance to display his mettle one evening last December when an extremely attractive young couple in formal dress entered the restaurant and, having met with the approving inspection of Monte and Jimmy, headed for the bar. Just as they reached the stairway, however, the girl made the blunder of saying in too audible a voice, "Isn't it exciting being in Twenty-One?" The third receptionist descended briskly from his post on the stairs and stepped deftly in front of them. "Do you have a reservation?" he inquired stiffly, leaving them with no alternative but to depart without even a glimpse of such well-publicized "21" trappings as the copperware, beer steins, mellowed paneling, and displays of champagne bottles ranging from nips, splits, pints, Imperial pints, quarts, magnums, Jeroboams all the way up to Rehoboams, Methuselahs, Salmanazars, Balthazars and Nebuchadnezzars.

Nevertheless, they could hardly have escaped seeing the handsome, clubby lounge with its deep chairs, television set, periodicals and wood-burning fireplace surmounted by a portrait of the late John Carl "Jack" Kriendler, who with Charlie Berns started the whole fabulous enterprise. If the incident had happened at lunchtime, they would have observed the lounge crowded with aristocratic-looking dogs, all of them blissful in the knowledge that the management would feed them more than adequately.

Having made such scant progress, however, the rejected couple would probably have had no chance to examine the cigar stand.

Continued on page 121

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Apart from a few experts in Army polar research, Bantamac probably knows more about jacket insulation than anyone else around. Has been specializing in it for some 50 years in fact. Bantamac knows just how to keep out weather, hold down weight. And Bantamacs are blithely styled, as if they had no other function than to make you look good! At leading stores or write: Marcus Breier Sons, Inc. 1107 Broadway, New York 10, N. Y.

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(above) B 403 Smooth and refined Straight stitched tip with tan welting

(at right) B 505 Popular wing-tip in soft, smooth finish. Welted in brown.

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Roblee THE RIGHT SHOES FOR MEN

Portal to Posh

Continued from page 118

which is across the foyer from the stairway, and displays, among other things, books by writers who frequent "21". It is an impressive collection featuring at one time or another works by Beebe, Benchley, Louis Bromfield, Jimmy Cannon, John Crosby, Bob Considine, Paul de Kruif, Ben Hecht, Earl Wilson, George Jean Nathan, John O'Hara, William Saroyan, Louis Sobol, Stanley Walker, John Steinbeck, Frank Sullivan and Ernest Hemingway, most of whom, incidentally, were unpaid contributors to *The Iron Gate*, a book about "21" which is published by the Jack Kriendler Memorial Foundation and sold for the benefit of the New York Heart Association.

It is not surprising that writers like Jack & Charlie's. Spiritually as well as physically, "21" preserves the tradition of the seventeenth- and eighteenth-century English coffeehouses which were the scenes of eloquent literary discussions. Like them, it is essentially masculine. The walls of the downstairs bar and dining room are dimly lighted, have heavy paneling and a beamed ceiling, use red-checkered tablecloths, and are decorated with old pistols, formidable beer steins, model planes and handsome copperware. The end of the forty-eight-foot bar (no stools) is usually occupied by members of the Chuck Wagon Glee Club, a group of gentlemen songsters which includes among many others, humorist Peter Donald, announcer Ted Husing, writer Collie Small, publicist Teddy Howard, conductor Frank Black, manufacturer Jules Lack, hotel operator Irwin Krauser, and columnists Robert Ruark and Frank Conniff. The Chuck Wagon Glee Club, which has yet to explore much beyond its original repertoire of *Happy Birthday*, does considerable charity work and has got famous enough to have an outpost in another dining and wining place of renown—the Pump Room of the Ambassador East Hotel in Chicago. When the members at "21" become parched, they summon the bartender to their rescue by striking a Siamese temple bell which hangs over their end of the bar.

Although the management of Jack & Charlie's insists that no section of the downstairs room, which is roughly divided in three, is more fashionable than any other, the more glamorous and celebrated patrons are ordinarily seated in the section facing the foyer. Some of them have the same tables night after night. A couple of years ago, Billy Rose was informed that he'd better hurry up and finish his meal because the table at which he was sitting was regularly occupied by George Jean Nathan, who would be arriving shortly. The idea of a showman's being requested to yield to a mere drama critic struck Rose as the most unkindest cut of all, but nevertheless he deferred when Nathan appeared. It would be misleading, however, to imply that all celebrities who frequent "21" are hoarded into the first section, since the poshest part of the restaurant is actually the front dining room on the second floor, which is highly favored by the very rich and conservative, who appear to prefer its gleaming white napery, formal décor and hushed conversation to the heartier atmosphere downstairs.

But what is most remarkable about "21", and most obviously a heritage from its speak-easy years, is its ability to attract the same people week in and week out—successful people from all professions: David Sarnoff, the head of the Radio Corporation of America; Louis Sobol, the columnist; Walter Margulies, the industrial designer; practically every Hollywood star visiting New York; publisher Henry Luce, and any number of other individuals who, if somewhat less renowned, are not desperately in need of carfare. Such people are made to feel completely at home by a staff that in large part has been at Jack & Charlie's for fifteen years or more (ten are members of the 21 Year Club).

Everybody who is admitted is warmly greeted by at least one of the five men responsible for the smooth operation of the restaurant—Maxwell A. "Mac" Kriendler, president; his brother H. Peter, a manager; a third brother, J. Robert, vice-president and treasurer; H. Jerome Berns, a brother of Charlie's, secretary; or Sheldon Jay Tannen, whose mother is a Kriendler, assistant manager. Then too, Charlie Berns, a cherubic, bald-headed little man, still pads apologetically about the premises even though the law which forbids anyone to be in both the retail and wholesale liquor business forced him to sever his connection with the establishment when he started "21" Brands, importers, distillers and distributors, shortly after Repeal. Indeed, aside from a few physical alterations, the one major change in Jack & Charlie's over the years is that Jack is no longer on hand.

Jack Kriendler and Charlie Berns, his cousin, started in business in 1922 with a Greenwich Village retreat called The Red Head, which for a brief period employed the services of the late Mark Hellinger as cashier. The next year Jack and Charlie bought the Club Fronton, also in the Village and memorable mostly because it spawned "21". Three years later, in 1926, the two cousins moved uptown to West Forty-ninth Street and opened the Puncheon Grotto, which began to take firm hold when such communicants as Yale-undergraduates Peter Arno, Lucius Beebe and Jock Whitney propagated reports of its excellence.

Kriendler, who came to this country from Austria at the age of two, was a martinet and a perfectionist. Known both as "The

Continued on page 122

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Portal to Posh

Continued from page 121

Baron," because of his austere manners and a wardrobe that once included more than 300 suits, and as "Two-trigger Jack" because of an inordinate passion for the Wild West (he bought the $10,000 silver saddle formerly on display in the foyer of '21"), Kriendler contributed enormously toward shaping his and Berns' enterprise into the most highly regarded speak-easy in the United States. It offered impeccable service, served superb food, and carried liquor that, according to one customer, "neither Jack nor Charlie would hesitate to drink himself." What's more, Jack, of whom it has been said, "Nobody with a million dollars could bore him and nobody with less than a million could interest him," knew how to make rich patrons feel at ease. The extent of his charm—when he wished to exert it, that is—may be gathered from the starry-eyed article contributed to *The Iron Gate* by The New York Times' not notably starry-eyed Arthur Krock:

The first time I went to Jack & Charlie's was, I think, in the company of Herbert Bayard Swope . . .

Perhaps it was because of this thunderous sponsorship that very soon I came to know Jack Kriendler well. As the patronage and fame of the establishment grew, as its facilities moved toward that present eminence which only one of its kind can occupy, this acquaintance matured into a friendship which to me was real and rewarding . . .

Jack Kriendler I always addressed as "Mister" or "Baron," despite the fact that our acquaintance developed to intimacy. One reason may be that, in accordance with his high code as a public host, he so addressed me along with his other patrons within my hearing. But the principal reason was that in the South when I was young the title of Mister was—next to Colonel or Judge—a token of fitting respect, and Jack Kriendler was a man to respect as well as to admire.

Kriendler picked his customers the way he picked his friends. Once, for example, he approached Hamilton Fish, then the most militant of isolationists, as Fish was about to get his hat from the coatroom. "Look, Mr. Fish," he said, "I'm afraid that I don't like either you or your politics. I, personally, would appreciate your not coming in here again." On another occasion, he stepped up to Frank Costello and said, "I hope you won't take this wrong, Mr. Costello, but I don't think this is the sort of place for you." Although Costello, flushed with rage, replied, "Why, I'll have this place closed," he never made a move to do so.

By the time the Puncheon Grotto had migrated to West Fifty-second Street and become "21", Kriendler and Berns had collected one of the world's most remarkable wine cellars. They

Continued on page 124

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Men's Rainwear	*Plymouth Mfg. Co.*
Men's Outerwear	*Zero King*
Young Men's Suits, Slacks Sport Coats	*Louis Goldsmith*
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Portal to Posh

Continued from page 122

had also worked up to a menu—which was written in a virtually illegible scrawl that has since given way to printing—which included such rarities as grouse flown to the U. S. the day of its killing in Scotland, saddle of antelope and Guaymas shrimp. And they had perfected a device whereby, in the event of a raid, the bartender could sweep the evidence off the bar and press a button that transported it down a chute to the sewer. Just to be doubly safe about things, they permitted no columnist with the exception of Mark Hellinger who did not write gossip on the premises. With the arrival of Repeal, Kriendler and Berns found themselves able to bring the enchantments of "21", then three years on West Fifty-second Street, out into the open. And they kept their eyes on the factors that had made the place such an estimable success as a speak-easy.

No restaurant has ever been more considerate than Jack & Charlie's. Among other benefactions, it presented male guests with carnations for their buttonholes at dinnertime, gave out around 1500 gifts worth approximately $10 apiece at Christmas, provided table telephone service to enable harried executives or chatty women to carry on business or gossip while eating, installed a steam cabinet and a barbershop (complete with Mark Hellinger's personal barber), chartered Pullman cars to take especially favored patrons to important football games, and on Christmas night held open house for customers who might otherwise be alone. It was the establishment of this function, sometimes known as "The Lonely Hearts' Dinner," that won "21", and particularly Jack Kriendler, the unqualified approval of the Salvation Army. He earned this esteem by making it a ritual for a Salvation Army band to appear at the dinner, serenade his guests with heart-warming carols and then collect sizable donations.

Although "21" has yet to retain a press agent, it has never lacked for publicity. During the early 1940's, for example, Lucius Beebe, whom Wolcott Gibbs once jokingly identified as cooking editor of the New York *Herald Tribune*, unflaggingly lauded Jack & Charlie's in his column for that paper, sometimes in such breathless prose that Stanley Walker described it as "broken pidgin English." Of all major columnists, in fact, only three—Walter Winchell, Leonard Lyons, and Igor Cassini, the "Cholly Knickerbocker" of the New York *Journal-American*—appear to have developed immunity to "21". Actually, it is a rewarding establishment for newspapermen to visit, since it provides close contact with celebrities who might constitute stories. The life and times of the Gabor sisters and their mother, a formidable quartet referred to as "Goldilocks and the Three Gabors," would scarcely be definitive, for instance, if it failed to mention that Zsa Zsa Gabor's first act upon her arrival in this country was to sashay to "21" for lunch. Similarly, no encyclopedia of diverting but inconsequential information could pretend to thoroughness if it failed to mention that on a number of occasions the management of Jack & Charlie's has obligingly fortified Michael Arlen by refueling his walking stick, which has a hollow top large enough to accommodate two dry Martinis.

But perhaps the most succinct appraisal of "21" was an observation made by Jimmy Cannon in Toots Shor's one night last year. On that occasion, Cannon and a few friends were seated at a table near the entrance when a man who resembled Spencer Tracy appeared on the scene. After it was determined that the man was not Tracy, one of Cannon's companions said, "You know everybody who comes in here looks like somebody famous."

"Yeah," said Cannon. "And the people they look like go to Twenty-One." ###

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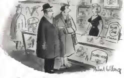

"Did you or did you not spray this gentleman with perfume today?"

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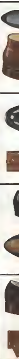

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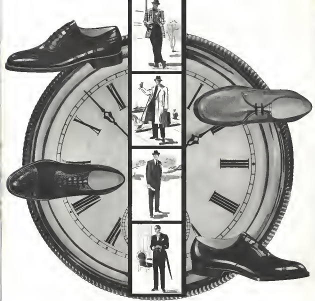
you walk in fashion . . . you walk in comfort . . . when you walk in leather



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The Playground

Continued from page 63

was new to them. They said not a word but as Jim cried louder and Underhill by main force, dragged him like a cement bag along the walk, the children followed with their glowing eyes Underhill felt like pushing his fist at them and crying "You little beasts you won't get my son!"

And then with beautiful irrelevance, the boy at the top of the blue-metal slide, so high he seemed almost in a mist, far away, the boy with the somehow familiar face called out to him waving and waving

"Hello Charlie . . . !"

Underhill paused and Jim stopped crying

"See you later, Charlie . . . !"

And the face of the boy way up there on that lonely slide was suddenly like the face of Thomas Marshall an old business friend who lived just around the block, but whom he hadn't seen in years

"See you later, Charlie "

Later later? What did the fool boy mean?

"I know you, Charlie!" called the boy "Hi!"

"What?" gasped Underhill.

"Tomorrow night Charlie, hey!" And the boy fell off the slide and lay choking for breath, face like a white cheese from the fall, while children jumped him and tumbled over

Underhill stood undecided, until Jim thought to cry again and then, with the golden fox eyes upon them, in the first chill of autumn, he dragged his son all the way home.

The next afternoon Mr Underhill finished early at the office and took the three o'clock train, arriving out in Green Town at three-twenty-five, in plenty of time to drink in the brisk rays of the autumnal sun. *Strange how one day it's suddenly autumn,* he thought *One day it's summer and the next, how could you measure or tell it? Something about the temperature or the smell? Or the sediment of age knocked loose from your bones during the night and circulating in your blood and heart giving you a slight tremble and a chill? A year older, a year dying, was that it?*

He walked up toward the Playground planning the future. It seemed you did more planning in autumn than any other season It had to do with dying, perhaps You thought of death and you planned automatically. Well, then, there was to be a tutor for Jim, that was certain, none of those horrible schools for him. It would pinch the bank account a bit but Jim would at least grow up a happy boy They would pick and choose his friends Any slam-bang bullies would be thrown out as soon as they so much as touched Jim. There would be no Playground in Jim's memory

"Oh hello, Charles"

He looked up suddenly Before him at the entrance to the wire enclosure, stood his sister. He noted instantly that she called him Charles, instead of Charlie Last night's unpleasantness had not quite evaporated "Carol, what're you doing *here?*"

She flushed guiltily and glanced in through the fence

"You didn't," he said.

His eyes sought among the scrabbling, running, screaming children "Do you mean to say . . . ?"

His sister nodded, half-amused. "I thought I'd bring him early—"

"Before I got home, so I wouldn't know, is *that* it?"

That was it.

"Good God, Carol, where is he?"

"I just came to see "

"You mean you left him here all afternoon?"

"Just for five minutes while I shopped "

"And you *left* him Good God!" Underhill seized her wrist "Come on, find him get him out of there!"

They peered in together past the wire to where a dozen boys charged about, girls slapped each other, and a squabbling heap of children took turns at getting off, making a quick run, and crashing one against another.

"That's where he is, I *know* it!" said Underhill

Just then, across the field, sob-

Continued on page 130

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The Playground

Continued from page 129

hing and wailing Jim ran, six boys after him. He fell, got up, ran, fell again, shrieking, and the boys behind shot beans through metal blowers.

"I'll stuff those blowers up their noses!" said Underhill. "Run, Jim! Run!"

Jim made it to the gate. Underhill caught him. It was like catching a rumpled, drenched wad of material. Jim's nose was bleeding, his pants were ripped, he was covered with grime.

"*There's* your Playground," said Underhill on his knees staring up from his son, holding him, at his sister. "*There* are your sweet happy innocents. Let me catch this boy here again and there'll be hell to pay. Come on, Jim. All right, you little bastards, get back there!" he shouted.

"We didn't do nothing," said the children.

"What's the world coming to?" Mr. Underhill cried.

"Hi, Charlie," said the strange boy standing to one side. He waved casually and smiled.

"Who's *that*?" asked Carol.

"How in hell do I know?" said Underhill.

"Be seeing you, Charlie. So long," called the boy, fading off.

Mr. Underhill marched his sister and his son home.

"Take your hand off my elbow!" said Carol.

He was trembling, absolutely, continually trembling with rage when he got to bed. He had tried some coffee, but nothing stopped it. He wanted to beat their pulpy little brains out, those gross Cruikshank children, those fox-faced, melancholy Cruikshank children with all the guile and poison and slyness in their cold faces. In the name of all that was decent, what manner of child was this new generation! A bunch of cutters and hangers and bangers, a drove of bleeding, moronic thumb screwers with the sewage of neglect running in their veins. He lay violently jerking his head from one side of his hot pillow to the other, and at last got up and lit a cigarette, but it wasn't enough. He and Carol had had a huge battle when they got home. He had yelled at her and she had yelled back, peacock and peahen shrieking in a wilderness where law and order were insanities laughed at or quite forgotten.

He was ashamed. You didn't fight violence with violence, not if you were a gentleman. You talked calmly. But Carol hadn't given him a chance, damn it! She wanted the boy put in a vise and squashed. She wanted him reamed and punctured and given the laying-on-of-hands. To be beaten from playground to kindergarten, to grammar school, to junior high, to high school. If he was lucky, in high school the beatings and sadisms would refine themselves, the sea of blood and spittle would drain back down the shore of years and Jim would be left upon the edge of maturity, with God knows what outlook to the future, with a desire, perhaps, to be a wolf among wolves, a dog among dogs, a fiend among fiends. But there was enough of that in the world already. The very thought of the ten or fifteen years of torture was enough to make Mr. Underhill cringe; he felt his own flesh impaled with BB shot, stung, burned, fisted, scrounged, twisted and bruised. Jim would never survive it. Jim was too delicate for this horror.

Underhill walked in the midnight rooms of his house thinking of all this, of himself, of the son, the Playground, the fear; there was no part of it he did not touch and turn over with his mind. *How much*, he asked himself, *how much of this is being alone, how much due to Ann's dying, how much to my need, how much is the reality of the Playground itself, and the children? How much rational and how much nonsense?* He twitched the delicate weights upon the scale and watched the indicator glide and fix and glide again, back and forth, softly, between midnight and dawn, between black and white, between raw sanity and naked insanity. He should not hold so tight, he should let his hands drop away from the boy. And yet—there was no hour that looking into Jim's small face he did not see Ann there, in the eyes, in the mouth, in the turn of the nostrils, in the warm breathing, in the glow of blood moving just under the thin shell of flesh. *I have a right*, he thought, *to be afraid. I have every right. When you have two precious bits of porcelain and one is broken and the other, the last one, remains, where can you find the time to be objective, to be immensely calm, to be anything but concerned?*

"You needn't prowl the house all night," his sister called from her bed as she heard him pass her open door. "You needn't be childish. I'm sorry if I seem dictatorial or cold. But you've got to make up your mind. Jim simply cannot have a private tutor. Ann would have wanted him to go to a regular school. And he's got to go back to that Playground tomorrow and keep going back until he's learned to stand on his own two feet and until he's familiar to all the children; then they won't pick on him so much."

Underhill said nothing. He dressed quietly in the dark and, downstairs, opened the front door. It was about five minutes to midnight as he walked swiftly down the street in the shadows of the tall elms and oaks and maples, trying to outdistance his rage and outrage. He knew Carol was right, of course. This was the world, you lived in it, you accepted it. But that was the very trouble! He had been through the mill already, he knew what it was to be a boy among boys; in the last few hours he had seen again his own childhood, a time of terror and violence, and now he could not bear to think of Jim's going through it all, those long years, especially if you were a delicate child through no fault of your own, your bones thin, your face pale.

He stopped by the Playground, which was still lit by one great overhead lamp. The gate was locked for the night, but that one light remained on until twelve. He wanted to tear the contemptible place down, rip up the steel fences, obliterate the slides, and say to the children, "Go home! Play in your back yards!"

How ingenious, the cold, deep Playground. You never knew where anyone lived. The boy who knocked your teeth out, who was he? Nobody knew. Where did he live? Nobody knew. How to find him? Nobody knew. Why, you could come here one day, beat the living tar out of some smaller child, and run on the next day to some other playground. They would never find you. From playground to playground, you could take your criminal tricks, with everyone forgetting you, since they never knew you. You could return to this Playground a month later, and if the little child whose teeth you knocked out was there and recognized you, you could deny it. "No, I'm not the one. Must be some other kid. This is my first time here. No, not me!" And when his back is turned, knock him over. And run off down nameless streets, a nameless person.

What can I possibly do? thought Underhill. *Carol's been more than generous with her time; she's been good for Jim, no doubt of it. A lot of the love she would have put into a marriage has gone to him this year. I can't fight her forever on this, and I can't tell her to leave. Perhaps moving to the country might help. No, no, impossible; the money. But I can't leave Jim here, either.*

"Hello, Charlie," said a quiet voice.

Underhill snapped about. Inside the Playground fence, seated in the dirt, making deep diagrams with one finger in the cool dust, was the solemn nine-year-old boy. He didn't glance up. He said "*Hello, Charlie*," just sitting there in the dirt, easily, in that world beyond the hard steel fence.

Underhill said, "How do you know my name?"

"I know it." The boy crossed his legs, comfortably, smiling quietly. "You're having lots of trouble."

"How'd you get in there so late? Who are you?"

"My name's Marshall."

"Of course! Tom Marshall's son Tommy! I thought you looked familiar."

"More familiar than you think." The boy laughed gently.

"How's your father, Tommy?"

"Have you seen him lately?" the boy asked.

"On the street, briefly, two months ago."

"How did he look?"

"What?"

"How did Mr. Marshall *look*?" asked the boy. It seemed strange that he refused to say *my father*.

"He looked all right. Why?"

"I guess he's happy," said the boy. Mr. Underhill saw that the boy's arms and legs were covered with scabs and scratches.

"Aren't you going home, Tommy?"

"I sneaked out to see you. I knew you'd come. You're afraid."

Mr. Underhill looked for words. "Those little monsters," he said at last.

"Maybe I can help you." The boy made a dust triangle.

It was ridiculous. "How?"

"You'd give anything, wouldn't you, if you could spare Jim all this? You'd trade places with him if you could?"

Mr. Underhill nodded, frozen.

"Well, you come down here tomorrow afternoon at four. Then I can help you."

"How do you mean, help?"

"I can't tell you outright," said the boy. "It has to do with the Playground. Any place where there's lots of evil, that makes power. You can feel it, can't you?"

A kind of warm wind stirred off the bare field under the one high light. Underhill shivered. Yes, even now, at midnight, the Playground seemed evil. "Are all playgrounds like this?"

"Some. Maybe this is the only one like this. Maybe it's just how

Continued on page 138

"Here it is half-past April—where have you been all night?"

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The Playground

Continued from page 131

you look at it, Charlie Things are what you want them to be. A lot of people think this is a swell Playground They're right too It's how you look at it maybe. Tom Marshall was like you He worried about Tommy Marshall and the Playground and the kids, too He wanted to save Tommy the trouble and the hurt "

It made Mr Underhill uncomfortable, this business of talking about people as if they were remote

"So we made a bargain," said the boy

"Who with?"

"With the Playground, I guess, or whoever runs it "

"Who runs it?"

"I've never seen him There's an office over there under the grandstand A light burns in it all night It's a bright, blue light kind of funny There's a desk there with no papers in it and an empty chair The sign says Manager, but nobody ever sees the man "

"He must be around "

"That's right " said the boy "Or I wouldn't be where I am, and someone else wouldn't be where they are "

"You certainly talk grown-up "

The boy was pleased "Do you want to know who I really am? I'm not Tommy Marshall at all I'm Tom Marshall the father " He sat there in the dust not moving, late at night under the high and faraway light with the late wind blowing his shirt collar gently under his chin blowing the cool dust "I'm Tom Marshall the father I know it'll be hard for you to believe But it's true I was afraid for Tommy I was the way you are now about Jim So I made this deal with the Playground Oh, there are others who did the same, here If you look close, you'll see them among the other children, by the expression in their eyes "

Underhill blinked "You'd better run home to bed "

"You want to believe me You want it to be true I saw your eyes just then! If you could trade places with Jim, you would You'd like to save him all that torture, let him be in your place, grown-up, the real work over and done "

"Any decent parent sympathizes with his children "

"You more than most You feel every bite and kick. Well, you come here tomorrow You can make a deal too "

"Trade places?" It was an incredible and amusing, but an oddly satisfying thought. "What would I have to do?"

"Just make up your mind."

Underhill tried to make his next question sound very casual, a joke, but his mind was in a rage again "What would I pay?"

"Nothing You'd just have to play in the Playground "

"All day?"

"And go to school of course "

"And grow up again?"

"Yes, and grow up again Be here at four tomorrow afternoon "

"I have to work in the city tomorrow "

"Tomorrow," said the boy

"You'd better get home to bed, Tommy "

"My name is *Tom Marshall*." The boy sat there

The Playground lights went out

Mr Underhill and his sister did not speak at breakfast He usually phoned her at noon to chat about this or that, but he did not phone Then, at one-thirty, after a bad lunch, he dialed the house number When Carol answered he hung up Five minutes later he phoned again

"Charlie was that you called five minutes ago?"

"Yes," he said

"I thought I heard you breathing before you hung up What'd you call about dear?" She was being sensible again

"Oh, just called "

"It's been a bad two days, hasn't it? You *do* see what I mean don't you Charlie? Jim *must* go the Playground and get a few knocks."

"A few knocks yes "

He saw the blood and the hungry foxes and the torn rabbits

"And learn to give and take," she was saying, "and fight if he has to "

"Fight if he has to," he murmured

"I knew you'd come around "

"You're right " he said "No way out He must be sacrificed "

"Oh Charlie you are odd "

He cleared his throat "Well, that's settled "

"Yes "

I wonder what it would be like, he thought "Everything else okay?" he asked the phone He thought of the diagrams in the dust the boy seated there with the hidden bones in his face

"Yes " she said

"I've been thinking " he said.

"Speak up "

"I'll be home at three," he said slowly piecing out the words like a man hit in the stomach gasping for breath "We'll take a walk you and Jim and I," he said, eyes shut

"Wonderful!"

"To the Playground," he said, and hung up

It was really autumn now, the real chill the real snap overnight the trees had burned red and snapped free of their leaves, which spiraled about Mr Underhill's face as he walked up the front steps, and there were Carol and Jim, bundled up against the sharp wind, waiting for him

"Hello!" they cried to one another, with much embracing and kissing "There's Jim down there!" "There's Daddy up there!" They laughed and he felt paralyzed and in terror of the late day It was almost four He looked at the leaden sky, which might pour down molten silver any moment a sky of lava and soot and a wet wind blowing out of it. He held his sister's arm very tightly as they walked "Aren't you friendly, though?" She smiled

"It's ridiculous of course " he said thinking of something else

"What?"

They were at the Playground gate

"Hello Charlie Hi!" Far away, atop the monstrous slide, stood the Marshall boy, waving not smiling now

"You wait here " said Mr Underhill to his sister "I'll be only a moment I'll just take Jim in "

"All right."

He grasped the boy's hand "Here we go Jim Stick close to Daddy "

They stepped down the hard concrete steps and stood in the flat dust Before them in a magical sequence, stood the diagrams the gigantic ticktacktoes the monstrous hopscotches the amazing numerals and triangles and oblongs the children had scribbled in the incredible dust

The sky blew a huge wind upon him and he was shivering He grasped the little boy's hand still tighter and turned to his sister "Good-by " he said For he was believing it He was in the Playground and believing it and it was for the best Nothing was too good for Jim And now his sister was laughing back at him, "Charlie you idiot!"

Then they were running, running across the dirt Playground floor, at the bottom of a stony sea that pressed and blew upon them Now Jim was crying, "Daddy Daddy!" and the children racing to meet them, the boy on the slide yelling the ticktacktoe and hopscotches whirling a sense of bodiless terror gripping him but he knew what he must do and what must be done and what would happen Far across the field footballs sailed baseballs whizzed bats flew fists flashed up and the door of the Manager's office stood open the desk empty, the seat empty, a lone light burning over it

Underhill stumbled shut his eyes and fell crying out his body clenched by a hot pain mouthing strange words everything in turmoil

And then he heard a small voice saying "There you are, Jim "

And he was climbing, climbing eyes closed climbing metal-ringing ladder rungs screaming wailing, his throat raw

Mr Underhill opened his eyes

He was on top of the slide The gigantic blue-metal slide which seemed ten thousand feet high Children crushed at his back, children beat him to go on, *slide! slide!*

And he looked and there going off across the field, was a man in a black overcoat And there at the gate, was a woman waving and the man standing there with the woman, both of them looking in at him waving and their voices calling "Have a good time! Have a good time, Jim!"

He screamed He looked at his hands in a panic of realization The small hands, the thin hands He looked at the earth far below He felt his nose bleeding and there was the Marshall boy next to him "Hi!" cried the other and lashed him in the mouth "Only twelve years here!" cried the other in the uproar

Twelve years! thought Mr. Underhill trapped And time is different to children A year is like ten years No, not twelve years of childhood ahead of him, but a century a century of *this*

"Slide!"

Behind him the stink of Musterole Vicks Vaporub, peanuts chewed hot tar spearmint gum and blue fountain-pen ink the smell of kite twine and glycerin soap a pumpkin smell of Halloween and a papier-mâché fragrance of skull masks, and the smell of dry scabs as he was pinched pummeled shoved Fists rose and fell he saw the fox faces and beyond, at the fence the man and woman standing there waving He shrieked he covered his face, he felt himself pushed bleeding to the rim of nothingness Headfirst he careened down the slide, screeching with ten thousand monsters behind One thought jumped through his mind a moment before he hit bottom in a nauseous mound of claws

This is Hell, he thought, *this is Hell!*

And no one in the hot milling heap contradicted him #

(continued from page 58

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* Dram . . . A small drink. When the drink is Drambuie, a [illegible]

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The Marriage Brokers

Continued from page 46

not like to be confused with the "Lonely Hearts" clubs or the "escort agency" from which a gentleman interested in touring the bright spots can rent a pretty for an evening. For a dollar anyone can join a Lonely Hearts club and get a mimeographed list of addresses; the resulting correspondence leads sometimes to marriage, sometimes to murder. Marriage brokers frown on such procedures. They feel that if a man wants to murder a woman it's his own business—but he ought to get a proper introduction first.

The specialist in marriage does not investigate his customers. An applicant's statements are accepted at face value, even where an obvious grandmother coyly records that she is thirty-nine. It is up to the other party to discover whether or not the statements are true. In marriage brokerage as in other primitive businesses the motto is still *caveat emptor*—let the buyer beware.

Once the clients pay their fees they are entitled to introductions and introductions they get. Some matchmakers believe it is "more dignified" to introduce two potential lovebirds personally. Others just give the man the girl's telephone number and suggest that he phone for an appointment. There have been instances where some smart guy not wanting to waste the expenses of an evening has telephoned the lady and suggested that she meet him in a hotel lobby. For identification she will hold an envelope in her hand. The gentleman shows up and looks her over and if he doesn't like her appearance he just leaves her standing there clutching her envelope and wondering which man entering the lobby is her Lochinvar. Until she finally realizes that she has been stood up and returns to her lonely room.

The registration fee varies with different brokers, but usually runs from $50 to $200. New York's Introduction Center Inc., figuring that women become tougher to sell as they grow older, has a sliding scale based on age. Between twenty and thirty the fee is $100 for three months' "servicing"; from thirty-one to forty-five it is $150, and over forty-five it is $200, and a bargain at that, the brokers feel. For men of any age the fee is a flat $50 because men are essential if ladies are to be serviced.

The registration sheet, usually referred to as the "personality questionnaire," looks like a job application and contains assurances that information supplied will be held "in strict confidence." Some questionnaires ask about the applicant's property, bank account, income and physical defects. None asks about mental defects.

Social Contact Center, Inc. has a proviso: "The undersigned agrees to pay an additional fee of $ to this organization on the Day when Service is concluded successfully." The additional fee is subject to negotiation between the marriage broker and the applicant and varies from a few dollars to a percentage of the dowry.

Many brokers also insert a provision that the matchmaker is "not responsible for any transaction or claims and any other activities of its members." The attorney for one specialist, apparently worried about a possible hysterical female client, blessed with an addition, wrote in another clause: "I do hereby release from all responsibility, liability, demands, actions or causes of actions . . . which I now have or may ever have in the future by reason of any matter or thing arising out of or growing out of this transaction."

Matchmaking can easily become a racket and sometimes does. The broker can take the fee and introduce the registrant to anyone, which is all that is necessary under the law. Males have registered in search of a good wife, met a woman with a bank account and disappeared after "borrowing" her money to open a business. Other males are after other commodities. "It's up to the women to say 'No' if a man propositions her," says Helen Brooks, who has been a matchmaker for almost twenty years. "If she doesn't, maybe that's why she never got married before. All we can do is bring them together."

And, of course, there are wise ladies who have figured out that a $50 registration fee might be a good investment. They steer the hopeful swain to the best restaurants and night clubs. After a meeting or two the lady will discover a run in the only pair of stockings she owns, or a rip in some item of wearing apparel. The sap replaces item after item until it occurs to him that with her expensive tastes she isn't the kind of girl he wants for a wife—which is all right with the lady, who has already got her fee back in dinners, entertainment and gifts, with more saps to come. The disappointed swain usually takes his beating in silence and seldom tells the broker why he's cutting loose, for fear the broker will think he's a tightwad.

Most clients, though, are honest people who have exhausted the marital possibilities of their own social circles, the summer resorts to which they went hopefully on vacations and even those long cruises under tropical-honey-dripping moons. There are middle-aged widows and widowers whose social circles dwindled during marriage, to a select few. If a marriageable person is not in these small groups they are left with corroding loneliness in the most crowded of places. They are the ones who frequently go to marriage brokers, and with them go office workers, stenographers, teachers, social workers, women who own their own businesses, professional and businessmen. Sometimes parents secretly register their wallflower daughters, and bring the broker a selection of home and business acquaintances."

In one case a minister applied. A young bachelor, he was pastor of a church in Connecticut. He had taken out an attractive member of his congregation, but after a few dates had found she was not exactly what he envisioned in a wife; then he had taken out and brought back another. When he began sparking the third, members of his congregation started whispering that the pastor was a gay blade and what was he up to, anyway? Scared by the gossip, which could ruin his career as well as the reputations of the young ladies, he went to a marriage broker.

These earnest registrants are not interested in ravishing beauties or mates with money. Brokers agree that a woman always wants "character," whatever that may be, rather than looks or money. The men look for someone with a sense of humor and "a nice disposition." Bachelors over forty-five show up occasionally and present the worst problems; they don't seem to know what they want.

A few brokers specialize in a money-hunting clientele, with the fee based on the size of the dowry. Anthony Wagner of Social Contact Center, Inc., prefers such customers, though he will not ignore an applicant from the common people. Wagner's heart and sympathies are with the titled European, the man who was in the upper financial brackets and would like to get back to them via a marriage license—the "Social Register" people, the "nice people," as he calls them. He currently has a choice selection of noble gentlemen to whom work is a frightening word, and their claim to luxury is supported by genuine documents proving their ownership of their first-class titles. Those available at the moment of writing are:

1 Pretender to a throne (who will deal only through his secretary because money is beneath him)
1 Prince only twenty-two years old
1 Archduke, in pretty good condition
1 Marquis
4 Counts
3 Barons

Prices will be quoted by Mr. Wagner upon request, but your answer will come most quickly if you send a Dun & Bradstreet rating. If you have less than $100,000, save the three-cent stamp. The most expensive item on the list is the Archduke, who requires not less than a million dollars because, as Mr. Wagner explains sympathetically, he has several castles in need of repair. At present the million-dollar bargain is in Buenos Aires, whither he went to see what was kicking around, but if there is a good prospect he is willing to come to New York.

Titles are peddled by form letters which offer royal blood at so much per blue corpuscle, and go to every marriage broker in the phone book. Helen Brooks has one offering a Prince presently in Montreal. It reads as follows:

"My nephew, whose amateur photo is attached herewith, is a genuine Georgia (Caucasus) Prince, possessing all necessary documents to prove his right to carry this title.

"He was born in Berlin, Germany, educated in Paris, France, (high school) and finished his studies in Vienna, Austria, where he graduated from the Viennese University of Dramatic Arts and Stage Management.

"He is handsome, speaks fluently (to stage perfection) four languages (English, German, French, and Russian). His educational background is very extensive and corresponds to his noble birth. Besides his talents, appreciated by well-known experts, he is very musical, and will be doubtlessly, by appearance, temperament and due to his unusual social and conversational gifts, a real success in any surroundings, even in circles which are most difficult to please.

"On 1953 he will be years of age and I want him as

Continued on page 136

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The Marriage Brokers

Continued from page 135

the best birthday present I could think of, to find a suitable match.

"Seven months ago he emigrated to Canada and is living now here in Montreal. I would mention that a visit to New York would be most difficult for him due to the visa restrictions. Therefore the only solution would be, in case you have a suitable match for him, to come over here or to ask the person in question to visit Montreal, of course after having accomplished all necessary preliminary steps and information as to the character, appearance and background of the other party as well. . . ."

To this Mrs. Brooks replied that it would cost His Royal Highness sixty bucks to register, the same the candidate pay, and then she'd look around. Back came another letter from the Uncle. He preferred ". . . the terms being based on the dowry of the girl and your services to be paid after final and successful settlement of the case. . . ." Mrs. Brooks shrugged it off. "I don't bother," she said, "with these punks, you should pardon the expression. If he's healthy, why can't he work like everybody else."

"Don't be frightened—just kiss me and think of it as an elopement"

On the other side of the balance are people like the thirty-six-year-old man who, three years before, had been left a widower with a three-and-a-half-year-old boy. He had paid a neighborhood woman to care for the child during working hours and devoted his evenings to his son. The man had no desire to marry again. He had the memory of his wife and was content with that and the boy. Then the child started school and one evening he took his father's hand confidently and asked, "Daddy, when am I going to get a Mummy? Everybody in school has a Mummy."

The next day the father took the afternoon off and went to a marriage broker. "I'm not a drinking or a partying man," he said with tears in his eyes. "I had one wife and that's all I ever wanted, but I have to get a mother for the boy. I'll be a good husband for a decent woman willing to make a home. I can support her well."

Out of this parade of unhappy human beings about forty per cent eventually marry. And amidst all the grim and sordid stories there are bright spots of deep love and self-sacrifice and sometimes even a "Hollywood ending," as Helen Brooks calls it.

A sweet-faced, bright-eyed, eighty-year-old grandmother came to Mrs. Brooks one day to register her granddaughter. Those two were all that was left of the family, and the granddaughter would not leave the grandmother. The girl was thirty. A number of years before she'd had a beau who had proposed—but had dropped her when she insisted, without the grandmother's knowledge, that the old lady live with them. Since then the girl rarely went out to social gatherings, and when she did she returned home early to make sure grandmother was all right.

"That's not good," said the old lady. "I don't know how long I'll live but if it's another ten years my granddaughter will be forty. Then it's too late."

"But suppose the man I introduce doesn't want you to live with them?" Mrs. Brooks said.

"I'll manage," said the old lady determinedly. "I'd rather go to a home than have my child's life ruined."

The old lady paid the registration fee and then broker and grandmother entered into a conspiracy. First, the old lady insisted she would have to look over the prospect herself and if he suited her she would have him investigated.

"Investigations are expensive," Mrs. Brooks said. "It'll cost at least two hundred dollars."

"Money well spent," said the old lady. "I wouldn't want you to introduce my child to a man I know nothing about."

The deal was closed. "As against some jerks who come here," Mrs. Brooks says, "there are some very fine people. I had on my list a young widower close to forty with one small child. He was a clerk in a store and I thought he would be just about right for the girl. I usually tell my clients everything I know about the person they're to meet, and I told this man about the grandmother.

"'That kind of a girl I like even before I meet her,' said the widower, 'and that kind of a grandmother I like even more. She won't have to go to a home for the aged if I marry her granddaughter.'

"So they married," Mrs. Brooks says, "and it's one of the happiest families I know. That grandmother was a rich woman but she never let on she had more than her granddaughter to support her. And now the man who wasn't looking to marry money owns the store he worked in. The grandmother bought it and gave it to them as a present on their first anniversary." ###

Continued from page 66

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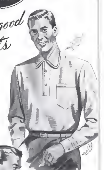

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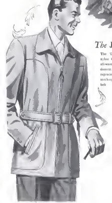

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Time Out For Mayhem

Continued from page 55

star who's now a doctor in Chicago.

"The Iowa students were used to me but they weren't used to Sam," the judge says. "They began yelling 'Get the nigger!' Then they remembered me. That hushed 'em up for a minute—and then they started hollering, 'Get the nigger *Duke!*'

"But times are better now," the judge went on, seriously. "Then you had to be a star to play. Now you see Negro players of just ordinary ability on football squads. We're not freaks any more."

You don't have to be a Negro to get slugged in football. Remember the working over Dick Kazmaier of Princeton got in the last game of his career against Dartmouth? You don't even have to be a star. Some players are naturally dirty—they don't care who they hit. And some coaches teach a dirty game.

Most officials call flagrant violations, but if every official called every violation on every play, some games would last for weeks. In one game Fritz Pollard got hit on the ramp so hard it drew blood and he had tooth marks for days. Naturally that wasn't called. In another game he was tackled and pinned spread-eagled on his back. A player came up, stopped, took deliberate aim, and kicked him in the testicles.

Sure, they put that man out of the game. But Fritz, the scoring threat, was out of there, too.

Why do they play the game anyway—Fritz, with that image of his father sick and disillusioned, swathed in bandages; Buddy, the crack of that boy's leg breaking always in his ears—why try to buck the world anyway?

"You don't have to be white to want to be the best," Fritz said. "And maybe you're even a little bit better when you know they're after you. You've got to work harder. And anyway, sometimes it's fun. I remember the time we played Montana. Those hard-rock boys wiped the field with me. I never been hit harder in my life. But we hit 'em right back, and it was all fair and square, and man, that was a hell of a good game."

Although Buddy Young, at five feet four and a half the smallest man in professional football, has taken a terrific beating in his career, he's had thrills too, and $14,000 a season besides. More important, football has led to his job working with youth in Maryland.

And even more important to football players the country over, is that Buddy Young has become a symbol of a new and decent brand of football. There's a justice in it, a harsh justice reminiscent of vigilantes in frontier days, but real nevertheless. Because now players are beginning to police themselves, and in their own way.

One professional team, for example, has a play called "Dead Dog." They use it when an opponent gets too free with his fists. It's a very, very simple play, no trouble at all to learn. The center snaps the ball. You ignore it and head for the dog. Anything goes. Kick him, knee him, elbow him, slug him, stomp on him. If he gets up, run it again. When the dog is dead and carried off the field, why, then, go on with the game.

Other teams have their own executioners. Some work in pairs on a high-low basis. Others turn out the lights all by themselves. It would be as wise for you to poke an electric chair with a copper rod as it would be to play dirty with Pat Harder of the Detroit Lions. Once on a field-goal attempt by Harder when he was with the Chicago Cardinals, an end known in the business as a mean, ornery, vicious bum charged into the guy holding the ball and hit him low. The ball had already gone; there was no point in the blow.

A couple of plays later, Cardinals' ball, the end charged in again. This time Harder stopped in his path. The end threw an elbow at him. Pat ducked, then threw his own. His whole forearm landed on the side of the end's face, crushed his nose and cheekbone, and shattered his jaw in three places.

The referee put the *end* out of the game—he swung first!

This, of course, is punishment after the crime. But it leads to prevention and has already got there for certain people like popular Otto Graham of the Cleveland Browns and little Buddy Young.

Last year during the Dallas season, a group of hangers-on were standing around the practice field with Cecil Isbell, the backfield coach, when Buddy zipped down for a pass, went up a mile in the air and came down with the ball, flashing a big grin. Somebody recalled the flare-up of racial prejudice when it was announced Negroes would play for the Dallas club.

"I don't get it," Isbell said. "I don't care what color he is—anybody who doesn't like Buddy Young just doesn't like *people*."

And yet it was Buddy Young who played the central role in what many insiders consider the dirtiest big-time football game ever played. Buddy was the man they were out to get—and Buddy, then, was a nineteen-year-old kid.

He was in the service, on the Navy's Fleet City team. There were a lot of established college and professional stars on this team. Buddy was the youngest and the littlest, and some of the older pros, particularly Bruiser Kinard, the Mississippi All-American end, and Nate Johnson from Illinois, took kindly to the little fellow. Before the season opened, in practice, one of Buddy's own men tackled him dirty, trying to cripple him. Bruiser and Nate explained to the upset, almost tearful kid that with the pros, making the team meant a man's livelihood. And with this Navy team it meant staying ashore instead of getting shot at. In short, keep your eyes open.

Buddy made the team and Fleet

Continued on page 141

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Time Out For Mayhem

Continued from page 138

City was undefeated that year, 1945. After the regular season they met the team from the El Toro Marine Base in the Los Angeles Coliseum for the mythical Service championship. The talk was that El Toro had to stop Young to win, and pretty soon there were ugly Ku Klux rumors that they were going to do it the hard way.

Bill Reinhart, the coach, didn't start Buddy. El Toro scored first. Then Buddy went in. The ball came to him, on the left side of the field, on the eight-yard line. Buddy drifted upfield, letting the interference form, then cut to his right and put on the steam. Buddy is fast, lightning-fast, but many a fast man can't score touchdowns. You've got to think, too, chart your course. Buddy thought as he ran. Touchdown.

Reinhart yanked him. El Toro received, got nowhere, went into punt formation.

"Buddy," Reinhart said.

In Buddy went. The punt came to him. Another touchdown.

"I never saw anything like it before and I'll never see anything like it again," Reinhart says today. "Two touchdown runs, ninety-two yards on the first, eighty-seven on the second, within two minutes of each other."

Still nothing happened until early in the third quarter. Buddy had the ball but he was on the sidelines, bottled in, and he hesitated. He caught a motion out of the corner of his eye and ducked. A foot slammed into his headgear and knocked him reeling. The El Toro man had left his feet, jumped at him through the air, feet first—and kicked at his face with cleated shoes!

There was a dent in Buddy's helmet so big you could stick two fingers in it. "He's askin' for it," said Al Vanderwegh, the William and Mary end.

"No," Bruiser Kinard said, "we'll try to keep it clean." He told Buddy to sit on the bench for a play or two. But there were old grudges to settle on that field. This was the last game of the season, the war was over, the bars were down. Let 'er rip!

From then on it was a brawl, a street fight. El Toro went for Young and Fleet City went for Paul Governali, the El Toro passer. After a passer has thrown the ball he's alone and unprotected. Fleet City slugged him, kicked him, jumped on him. El Toro's blockers tried to protect him—they squatted down, brought up their fists when you came in. Big Ed Kolman, a Fleet City tackle, picked up one of those blockers, held him over his head and threw him into Governali.

A Fleet City guard, on defense, was doing what they call "raising up the center." Every time the center handed back the ball, the guard elbowed him under the chin, a hard, vicious blow. The center couldn't take much of that and he swung back. The two stood toe to toe and slugged it out.

And all the time it was *Get Young. Hit him. Slug him. Knee him. Jump on him. Get Young.*

When they tackled him, they'd twist his knee, his ankle, try to rip the cartilages and tendons. Sometimes they didn't even bother to tackle him, but swung elbows at his head as he went by. ("Man, I was runnin' down the field ridin' those punches like Sugar Ray!")

He scored another touchdown, set up two more with runs of forty-eight and thirty yards. Then came the worst of all.

Again he was bottled up. All he could do was duck his head and bull on into the tackler for another yard. But the tackler was the El Toro lineman who had started all the trouble. He outweighed Buddy by 75 pounds, but instead of tackling him he turned with him, grabbed his helmet the way a cowpuncher throws a calf and dug his heels in the ground.

Then he tried to break Buddy's neck. In front of 100,000 people, he tried to kill a man. Buddy started blacking out but the elastic on his helmet broke, the helmet flew off, and the thug lost his grip. Bruiser helped Buddy up, sent him back to the bench.

After the next play they led the other man off the field. His nose was a bloody pulp, his mouth was a toothless mess. Blood was spurting out of what was left of his face.

A lot of footballs have crossed a lot of goal lines since that day. There have been some changes in the game—and maybe that brawl had something to do with it. Like the time the Chicago Hornets had a game with the New York Yankees coming up, and somebody mentioned in the Hornet locker room getting Yankee star Buddy Young out of the game early.

A burly giant lumbered to his feet. "We'll hit that sawed-off little runt all right," he said. "But we keep it clean, see? The first guy that hits Buddy dirty got to lick me, too." Then the captain of the Hornets, one Nate Johnson of Fleet City fame, sat down.

A couple of years ago, the Cleveland Browns played the Forty-Niners in San Francisco. They'd just played one game, had another scheduled in three days. And everybody knew that Otto Graham of the Browns had hurt his knee. One more twist and he was through.

"Lay off that knee, boys," said Buck Shaw, the Forty-Niners' coach. "I mean it. If that's the only way we can win, well, we don't have to win that bad."

The Browns' line-backer that year was Alex Agase, a hard-driving fury who has gone into coaching and will be heard from some day. "As long as I live," he says, "I'll never forget what I learned in that game. We won, won on Otto's passes. But I think Buck Shaw won, too. And all the people who like to play football or watch it—they won too. A few more wins like that and the game might be fun again—for everybody." #

Continued from page 55

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The Marksman

Continued from page 64

play any games with the boarder and I'll slap your wrist so hard it will sting."

"I would," Henderson said.

"Are you married?"

"No. Not now."

"Well, when you were, did you never leave your wife alone with another man?"

He was looking at her and his voice was flat when he said, "Not satisfactorily."

Oh, no, she thought, *please let's not go into that, I don't want to know a thing about that.* "In this business," she said hastily, "it's absolutely impossible for Jerry to stand around guarding me all the time. We'd starve to death. Anyway, if I were that helpless, he would have done the sensible thing before this and booted me off down the mountain."

"I doubt that," he said, looking into her eyes.

Whatcha doin', Lover, she thought, *gettin sexy?* "I don't," she said, and then she was bored with this and stood up. "I almost forgot. I'm not here on a holiday. Better get back to work."

"All right," Henderson said and watched her walk back to the lodge. *Nice shape. Real nice. Left in a bit of a hurry, didn't you, baby? Feel yourself slipping? Two more days, baby, and you'll be taking me for a walk through the trees.*

He closed his eyes and felt the sun warm on his back and smiled.

"A mountain lion!" she said excitedly. "Where?"

"Close," Jerry said. "About two miles upstream."

"Did you see it?" Henderson asked.

"No. Just a track. Very fresh." He was talking in excited spurts. "Made this morning. Had a tough time getting old Pete to come home."

"Wonderful!" she said. "I want to go too. Do you mind, Mr. Henderson?"

"Mind? I'd be delighted."

"Okay," Jerry said. "Tomorrow we go get a lion."

They left before dawn, each with a rifle and flashlight and Jerry with a knapsack. They walked single file, Jerry in the lead with Pete on a leash and Henderson last. It was cold and very dark and they were going uphill and the way along the stream bed was stony and treacherous and they did no talking. The sky was brightening when Jerry pointed to two very faint round prints in the hard sand close to the stream.

"That's where it was yesterday," he said. "Now all we have to do is find out where it is today."

"What if it isn't any one place?" Henderson said. "What if that dog chases it all the way to Alaska? How are we supposed to catch up to it?"

"It won't keep running. Lions can move fast but they're low on stamina. It'll tree as soon as Pete gets close enough to bother it. And that won't be too far because lions aren't great travelers."

"All right," Henderson said. "There's just one thing. When we find it, I'll take care of it. I don't want you to get the idea of helping me out on the shooting."

"Why should I?" Jerry asked courteously. "You're a better shot than I am."

So they went after the mountain lion from dawn until past four in the afternoon, traveling in a great, wobbly arc, sometimes climbing higher to cross barren ridges and then going down again into the evergreens or the dry, blasted canyons where the mountains had thrown the boulders they didn't want, until they were more than tired (Eileen: "Did I hear somebody say lions aren't great travelers?") and the hound was tugging against the leash so that Jerry could hardly hold him. They were lower now than they had been for some time and just below them was one of those small, very blue mountain lakes and across the lake rose a mountain split narrowly down the middle as if by some unthinkable lightning bolt.

"The way he's acting," Jerry said, "the scent is red hot. Time to cut him loose."

They watched Pete plunge down the slope and disappear into the forest surrounding the lake. They listened as his voice circled the lake, waiting to get a line on his general direction, and then they heard it—muted by distance but clear—a high, wildly excited yelping, an insistent near-hysterical clamor coming across the lake.

"That's it," Jerry said tensely.

"But where?" Eileen said. "In the bush or up the mountain?"

"Can't tell from here."

"Well, let's find out," Henderson said irritably.

They went down to the lake and followed the shore, hurrying now, and as they went the sound rose above them and they knew the lion was up the mountain. They went into the bush and came out at the sloping approach to the V slash in the mountain. The frenzied sound was close and straight up the slash.

"Remember," Henderson said, "I do the shooting. All of it."

"Sure," Jerry said.

They went up the cleft. It was on two levels, one of which was a rock-strewn shelf some twenty yards wide, joined on the left to the abrupt wall of the mountain proper. On the right the shelf dipped into a wooded gully about forty feet deep and fifty yards across. They followed the shelf to where it turned sharply. They rounded the corner and there was the lion crouched on a ledge above the yelling hound. It looked like a single slab of long, lean hard muscle. Its ears were flat and it was staring straight at them. Even from a hundred yards they could feel its eyes.

"Good enough," Henderson said, and raised his rifle.

The lion came off the ledge. Pete dodged and a year ago he would have been all right but he was a trifle slow now and the lion twisted in mid-air and got him, striking downward with both forepaws, breaking Pete's back. Henderson fired and the lion's hindquarters shifted peculiarly, almost in a dance step, and then the lion was streaking for the gully, running the color of rocks and very fast. Henderson fired again and the lion stumbled but reached the gully and vanished.

Jerry and Eileen ran toward Pete, lying spread-eagled, paralyzed legs sticking out like a bearskin rug, whites of eyes flaring as he tried to see them without being able to move his head. Jerry shot him and did not look at Eileen.

Henderson was at the gully, staring down into it. They came and stood beside him. There was no sign of the lion but the gully was heavily bushed and if the lion had rolled two feet into the underbrush it would be invisible.

"It's probably finished," Jerry said.

"Of course it's finished," Henderson said impatiently. "Go on down and pull it out."

He sounds awfully damn sure, Jerry thought. *I wonder if he's as sure as he sounds—I could have fun down there if he's wrong—I won't see the thing until I'm on it.*

"What's the matter?" Henderson said. "Want me to go down and get it?"

Jerry said, "No." He saw the look on Eileen's face and said angrily, "You stay where you are or I'll beat the hell out of you," and went over the edge and began his sliding descent into the gully on his heels and rump, holding his rifle with both hands, always facing into the gully, while Henderson and Eileen watched from above.

"Don't worry," Henderson said. "I wouldn't send the boy if I thought there was any danger," and got no answer.

Just as Jerry reached the bottom, Eileen made a small sound and went over the edge after him, too fast, starting an avalanche of gravel. At the bottom, Jerry started, "Listen, you . . ." but she said breathlessly, "Hush your fuss, boy," and there was nothing he could do but snarl and go look for the lion with her right behind him.

The lion was easily found and it was dead.

While up above, Henderson stood alone scowling.

They were back at the lodge, drinking rye.

"It wasn't so much your disobeying orders," Jerry was saying, "as that you almost stoned me to death coming down that slope."

"I told her there was nothing to worry about," Henderson said. "I wouldn't have let you go down there alone if I hadn't known the lion was done for."

"How could you be so sure?" Eileen asked.

Henderson smiled. "I had two shots at it."

"Yes, but how could you be so sure?"

Henderson looked perplexed. "How many shots is it supposed to take to kill a lion?"

"I don't know," she said. "Do you?" she asked Jerry.

"No," he said, thinking. *And come to think of it he didn't want to go near that beast, either, after knocking it over. I wonder if that could be because there might just possibly have been some life left in it.*

"Well," Henderson said, "I suppose you couldn't depend on somebody who had never fired a gun before, but . . ."

"Mr. Henderson," Eileen said. "Shut up."

He gazed, not believing it, waiting to recognize where his bearing had gone wrong, and then his face was dark and his voice ugly. "Don't talk to me like that."

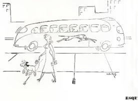
"Mr. Henderson," Jerry said patiently. "Drink your drink."

Henderson opened his mouth and Jerry said, "Now, now. You asked me to find you something violent. I could easily do that."

There was one of those pauses when everybody knows something drastic could happen but everybody also knows nothing is going to happen.

After Henderson had made his contemptuous noise and stalked out, Jerry said, "Fine way to run a business. Do you think we hurt his feelings?"

"Gee," she said. "I certainly hope not." ##



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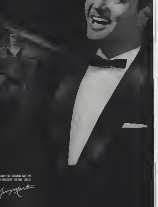

Sporting Instinct

Continued from page 87

spell, but I don't. Good talk, too, wasn't it, Benjamin?"

"Fair. Only you was wrong about there bein' just five Injuns. There was six."

"What did you talk about?" I said.

Samuel rubbed his chin and his eyes went blank for a moment. Then they sharpened again. "The time me an' Benjamin rode over to Kettle Falls an' took them Injuns to a cleanin'. Yes, sir, that's what I talked about. Should have been in the paper, too. How come it wasn't in the paper, sonny?"

"It will be if you don't mind telling it again. You rode over to Kettle Falls, you say. That's on the Columbia, isn't it?"

"Any fool knows that."

"How old were you then?"

"Don't recall, exactly. But we was young bucks, eh, Benjamin? Real young an' spry."

"'Twas six of them Injuns," Benjamin mumbled. "Not five. Six."

"Why did you go to Kettle Falls?" I persisted. "Was there something special going on?"

"Fishin'. Every summer Injuns come to the falls an' ketch salmon." Those eyes were staring way out yonder now and the old fellow's words seemed to come easier. "It's a sight to see. Injun lodges every place, dogs an' kids an' squaws runnin' around, everybody laughin' an' havin' a gay old time. Injun bucks draggin' salmon out of the river fast as they can work. There's one flops out of a net. Wham! The old club comes down an' kills it dead. A squaw's right on top of it an' zip, zip its head comes off, knife slips in either side of its backbone, out comes bones an' guts all together, then it's cut in strips an' hangin' on a rack to dry in the sun. Racks full of fish. Racks an' racks an' racks. Injuns gamblin' an' fightin' an' drinkin' an' racin'. It's a sight, I'll tell you."

"I can imagine."

"Now you just sit an' listen, sonny, 'cause I'm tellin' it just like I tole them fool women."

"Go ahead."

"Well the summer before, them Injuns had cleaned me an' Benjamin good 'cause the string of horses we toted over wasn't much for fast an' me an' Benjamin had inhaled so much bad hooch we could barely see, let alone run. But come winter we got ahold of two of the finest stallions you ever did see. A big sorrel, one was, which we named Duke. Other was a leggy chestnut name of Prince George. They sure could run. An' that year me an' Benjamin didn't touch a drop of hooch for six months." He chuckled. "We was plumb ready for that fool chief, weren't we, Benjamin?"

Benjamin nodded and allowed they sure were.

"What was this chief's name?" I asked.

"Seven Wounds. Least, that was his polite name. But like I told them Society people, me an' Benjamin hardly ever called him that. Called him Cut-Rump. You see, he had these scars he'd got fightin'—seven of 'em—an' one of 'em was on his—"

"I see," I said, wishing for once that I had been assigned to the Country Club circuit, just so I could have seen the ladies' faces along about then.

"He was a fool to gamble, old Cut-Rump was. Blankets, money, horses, guns, wives, kids—hell, that old outlaw'd bet anything he could lay his hands on. An' like I say, we was ready for him. We'd made them stallions look real rough, understand. Manes all shaggy, ears cut so's they flopped down on their head, coats covered with mud—even soaped up their mouths so's they looked liked we'd rode 'em plumb into the ground. They sure looked bad."

"There was six of them Injuns," Benjamin interrupted. "Not five. You git it right this time, Samuel!"

"What happened?" I said. "Did you have a fight?"

"So first thing you know," Samuel went on, not seeming to hear, "we was runnin' our horses against the best Cut-Rump had. Won every race, too. Had a pile of blankets that high, had guns, a right smart bag of gold dust and God knows what else. Believe me, Cut-Rump was one sick Injun. Just slunk off to his lodge an' sat there all night long, tryin' to figure out some way to get even. Benjamin got sort of scared, wanted to pick up our loot an' take a powder that night—"

"Wasn't scared at all," Benjamin muttered. "Just didn't see no sense in wastin' no more time. Figgered we'd won all the old boy had an' might as well go home."

"Well, we hadn't won it all, not by a damn sight. Next day, Cut-Rump was ready to go at it again. Made quite a speech. Said he admitted our horses were better than anything he had. Said the running blood in his horses had petered out, seemed like, an' he wasn't going to run no more horse races till he got around to doin' something to improve the breed. But now, he says, he'd fetch up some of his young Injun bucks an' challenge us to a race or three on foot."

Samuel broke off, looked over at Benjamin and grinned a toothless, feeble grin, and for just an instant Benjamin grinned back. Seeing those two frail, feeble old men as they were now, I had a tough time picturing them as they must have been then. Two cocky, hard-as-nails, tough-as-leather young hellions wandering all alone into a big Indian camp, all rigged up to take the chief to the cleaners by fair means or foul.

"Well," Samuel said finally, "we shed our clothes—"

"All of them?"

"Why, hell, yes, sonny," he said, bristling. "All except our shoes, that is. Like I tole them women, Injuns always run races naked as a jaybird, an' damned if Benjamin an' me was goin' to tote any excess weight around when we was racin' for big stakes. Would you?"

"I'd never given it much thought, as a matter of fact."

"So we raced them young Injun bucks. Whole tribe was standin' around screamin' like monkeys—chiefs, young uns, old men, old women, squaws—gabblin' fit to kill. Run three races apiece, Benjamin an' me did, an' you know what? We won every time."

"And then," I said, "was when you had the fight?"

"Should of seen old Cut-Rump," Samuel chuckled, still paying my question no mind. "His tail feathers was really drooping. Didn't have a blanket or a rifle or a speck of gold dust left to his name. He'd have been plumb out of squaws, too, if me an' Benjamin had let him bet 'em, but we figgered they'd be more nuisance than they was worth so we hadn't fooled with no squaw-bets. We packed up our loot and started to pull out. Then here come old Cut-Rump, wantin' to talk with us."

"Mad, I'll bet."

"Why, no, sonny. Say what you want to about Injuns, they're good sports, take 'em by an' large. He wasn't mad at all. But he sure was unhappy. Said he was so ashamed of those plug horses of his he'd never be able to hold up his head again. Said he was so sick of the way them young Injuns of his had run that he'd never speak to 'em again. We felt real sorry for him. So when he asked us a favor we was more than glad to oblige."

"What kind of a favor?"

Samuel gave me an irritated look. "Wish you wouldn't interrupt so damn much. You're as bad as them Society women. Sit tight for a minute, an' I'll tell you—just like I told them."

"Sorry," I said.

"Old Cut-Rump says to me and Benjamin," Samuel said after a long pause, "that he'd figured out there was just one thing to do. He had a passel of pretty good young mares in what was left of his horse herd, and he said he'd sure regard it as a big favor if we'd let him borrow them two fine stallions of our'n for a spell so's he could breed 'em to his mares. Wanted to build up his herd's runnin' blood, you see. He swore he'd send them stallions back to us shortly, good as ever, an' 'cause we knew he was a man of his word we said sure, we'd leave the horses with him. He was sure grateful. Then he asked another favor.

"He said seein' as how me an' Benjamin had outrun the fastest young bucks in the tribe, something desperate was going to have to be done about buildin' up that blood, too. He said he'd sure admire to have Benjamin an' me hang around till mornin'. He'd feed us good an' we'd be waited on hand an' foot an' we'd have a special lodge all to ourselves, he said, an' come night he'd send around a few young—"

I guess the strain of talking so much must have worn out his voice, because the words trailed off into silence. He just sat there staring off into space, smiling a little—a frail old man soaking up sunshine and silence, his faded old eyes gazing down the trail of memories. A fine old man who through the years had seen cities grow where once the spotted Indian ponies ran, the war whoop lifted, the bunch grass rippled in the breeze.

That was how I left him. Him and Benjamin, who, as I quietly rose and started out to my car, came out of his reverie long enough to call in a quavering voice, "Get it right now. There was six. Not five. Six."

That was quite a Territorial Days celebration we had, the next week, thanks to the fine work of the Society for the Preservation of Pioneer Memories and Trails. Samuel McKay and Benjamin Duggan rode in an open convertible in the parade and had a fine time waving to the crowd. They made no speeches, though. Which I thought a shame, in a way.

After all, wasn't it men with their sort of pioneer spirit that built our fine state? ##

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The Girl in the Flaxen Convertible

Continued from page 73

be the new counterespionage school in Lincoln, Nebraska—the one that trained men to hang around poolrooms and dance halls near defense plants and watch for spies—things like that.

But the best talk came in the evening—the story hour. All the stories were pretty much the same, but that didn't matter to us. The way they all started out, some fellow would be standing on the corner in Denver or Albuquerque or Louisville when up drives this blonde in a blue Cadillac. Well, sir—and we would lie back and nod and light cigarettes, already miles away. You take a kid that knows the three bears backwards and forwards: he still gets a big kick when the old bear says, "And here she is yet." Well, that's the way we felt about it.

I did try a little variation one evening, but it didn't turn out so well. I was telling about a corner in Trenton, New Jersey, that I had been standing on when a lanky brunette came up driving a '34 Nash. We went out to her place and sat around with her folks, playing parcheesi until eleven, and then I took a bus back to camp. I thought I told it modestly enough, but it didn't seem to set very well with the other fellows. The trouble was, I guess, that our stories were generally considered to be common property, and mine not being on a very high plane they thought that it was a reflection on the group as a whole.

Probably the only fellow in the barracks who didn't see anything unnatural in it was Howard Loessing. It may have brought back fond memories to him—I can't explain it any other way. He was from Indiana, North Forty, or some such place, and in spirit he had never left home. If he just crossed the barracks you'd swear he was walking on plowed ground. I saw him slouch past an M.P. captain one time, and the expression that passed over the officer's brutal features was not so much one of anger as of betrayal and hurt.

Loessing was almost completely hairless and built along tubular lines like that old tire advertisement. His eyes were close together and he had a great beaked nose that he used to talk through whenever anybody happened to give him a kind word. Then he would take out his wallet and pass around pictures of his uncle and the head of the 4-H Club. In the evening he would sit on his bunk and write them letters—six or eight pages at a time. Well, this particular evening something I said must have started a chain of memories, it seemed that because Loessing looked up from the letter he was writing and listened, and then it seemed that he, too, had a story to tell.

He had been stationed at Santa Ana and on his first week-end pass he went into L.A. He started out on a sight-seeing bus and halfway through the trip he got separated from the rest of the party. You or I couldn't have done it, but things like that came easy to Loessing. He started walking—so many furrows to a block, so many blocks to a quarter section. Whether he was headed for the base or back to Indiana he didn't say. He hadn't covered but a few miles when the convertible pulled up beside him and the girl asked him if he wanted a lift. He noticed she had straw-colored hair that just matched the car, and then he must have blacked out, because the next thing he remembered she had turned into a long driveway up in the hills and parked the car. It was quite an impressive place with an indoor pool and movie-projection room and other such luxuries. In fact he thought at first it was some kind of country club and was half expecting a crowd of people to show up and maybe throw him out. But he didn't see anybody else the entire week end, and the way Loessing told it they had themselves a real genuine picnic.

The bar was stocked with kirsch among other things, and stout, Pernod, Chianti—he'd never heard the names before, but he tried them all. I guess he figured he might never get a chance to live so high up on the hog again. Then there was a library with all kinds of remarkable books in it, and oil paintings every place you looked—some comical and others more on the artistic side. As a matter of fact there was nothing he'd ever thought of that wasn't there for the asking and more besides—pork chops for breakfast with cream gravy and two kinds of pie—anything you might care to name.

Well, first off they went down to the pool, and I presume Loessing must have appeared bashful and uneasy because the girl got some kind of a leopard suit and made him put it on and they played Tarzan and Jane for a couple of hours. By that time he was about as waterlogged as a cypress stump, so they went to another place and the girl put on a sergeant's outfit—not Wac, but a regular Army uniform with long pants—and she taught him a game called spin the N.C.O. It is just such little touches that make all the difference to the boy away from home—something the U.S.O. and the others have never seemed to understand. Anyhow, on Sunday night she drove him back to camp and that was the last time he saw her. He would have written, but he hadn't thought to get her name.

That's all there was to the story. Loessing went on to finish his letter and the rest of us didn't say anything then or later. Evenings we would lie on our bunks staring at the ceiling, and after a while one of the fellows would give a sigh. But not Loessing—he never seemed to notice any change. I think it gave some of us kind of an uneasy feeling to be dreaming about his girl while he was writing to some farmer in Indiana, but there wasn't anything we could do about it. I did stop by his bunk a couple of times to admire his uncle's picture—I think he appreciated that.

It was about that time or shortly afterwards that I got shuffled into a new outfit and the scene shifted to a town somewhere in France. It was a good-sized town, more like a city actually, and by this time most of the Germans had left, so we were able to carry on the war without too many complications. Every once in a while we would organize a trip up to the front, or anyhow close enough to hear the shooting and buy souvenirs to send home. Prices were high, of course, but we had our overseas pay and flying pay and some of the men set up small businesses on the side and we managed to get by. They issued us ribbons to wear and combat boots, and Paris was just over the horizon.

Then there was an evening that found eight or ten of us sitting around our quarters. We had been playing a game with some dice that weren't all they might have been, and our morale was low.

Somebody had liberated a couple of bottles of cognac and we drank that and told a few lies, but there wasn't any feeling in it, at least not until Cliff Turpin began to tell his story. He was a bandy-legged chap with a sloping forehead and a slight speech impediment, but he never borrowed money or molested anybody and he made a good officer.

I wasn't paying much attention to what he said, something about Irish highballs and eating chicken and waffles for breakfast, and then he mentioned a girl who wore a major's suit and suddenly the battlefield faded from my mind and I was in California again. I never even thought of Loessing at the time—it was more like I was reliving some dream. The same honey-colored car was there, the same house, the same girl, and I was somewhere in the background, partly looking on, partly remembering. When he had finished there was no comment. I glanced around the circle of cynical hard-bitten faces and I could tell that Turpin's words had touched them more than any one of them cared to admit. As the poet has so rightly said—"Tho' the boys be far away, they dream of home."

That was the last I ever heard of her. It's strange too, because you'd think of her as the type that would become a legend. I've talked to a lot of veterans who were stationed on the West Coast—mostly the high-octane boys with the fifty-mission caps and the gaucho boots. Some of them, from what I could gather, had been shot at by half the husbands in Beverly Hills, but none of them had known her—only Loessing and Turpin, only those two humpty dumpties. And yet I feel sure that there must have been others—and maybe there are more today.

I don't want to appear sentimental, but out of what we call the American way of life, to me she symbolizes what is noblest and best. I like to think of her as a sort of beacon, standing on the bluffs near Santa Monica, perhaps, waiting there in the fog with arms outstretched—not for heroes, not for the ones surrounded by glamour, not for the well-loved, but for the stumbling ones, the misplaced and bewildered, the ones with nothing to recommend them but a shy smile and their awkward need.

Her car would not be so golden any more; it would be tarnished and battered by the years. She, too, would be getting on—in her middle thirties if I judge correctly. Still some things, they tell us, can never change—her comic understanding, her steadfast immorality, her all-embracing tenderness. Sometimes I get to thinking, if I were a young man again, but then . . .

No, I shall never see her, never even know her name. I have enjoyed remembering her and I am proud, and that is enough. She will always be dear to me, she and her shabby little band of loved ones. Wherever they may be I wish them well. ##

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That Smile, That Face, That Man...Junior

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perhaps even talks it over with the girl members of his personal secretarial staff, whose opinions he respects. As for their feeling for his opinions, it borders on worship. There are four girls, three in Washington and one in New York, who are in shrill agreement that working for Roosevelt has spoiled them for any other job ever.

A job as a junior member of the House of Representatives can often be the banana-skin path to oblivion. Many representatives—even senior ones—are characterized not by the little they do but by the fact that they do nothing. There is reason enough for this. A man, especially a young man who went around Capitol Hill tweaking the venerable noses of his elders by demanding action could be very annoying to the elders who could then—by refusing him places on committees or by declining pointedly to hear, far less heed his boyish counselings—saw him off at the pockets politically. Many House members therefore prefer an attitude of "Look on me fellows I'm not rocking the boat."

Roosevelt has, however, rocked the boat. It didn't sink nor even take on any water (he wouldn't, being a good Democrat, want it to) but it took a few dips. It was Roosevelt for example, who braved the Jovian wrath of Senator Joe McCarthy this spring when he questioned the suitability of Representative Harold H. Velde to head a House investigating committee. It is true that Velde had left himself wide open by unaccountably advocating a search for Communist doctrines among the American clergy. But it was Roosevelt who introduced the resolution to oust Velde as committee chairman. Velde gave off the familiar signs of the boy caught with jam on his face, and Roosevelt had made his point. It was not a spectacularly brave gesture—but no one else made it. Similarly, Roosevelt has attacked the problem of national housing with something approaching realism, a rare state of mind in Congress.

"After the war, I faced the problem of housing as an individual," Roosevelt often tells his audiences. "I needed a house for me and my family. A little later I faced the problem of housing as a spokesman for veterans. I needed to find the housing they needed. Now I face it on a national basis. Wherever any of you live"—an arm is flung out at this point in the speech—"is my business. It is not an easy thing to learn, this business of thinking of housing all over the country for people whose needs and rights may be as different as the size and kind of homes they must have. It is a kind of growing up as a citizen."

Roosevelt is convinced that most voters are badly informed as to what their congressmen are doing, so recently he began sending a monthly newsletter to his constituents—or to anyone else, for that matter. "The Roosevelt Report" is a half-formal half-chatty description of Roosevelt's current activities both in Congress and out, plus analyses of housing or farm problems (even though farm problems do not directly affect his urban constituency) or anything else that strikes him as important. The "Report" was an instantaneous success which pleased Roosevelt, but since he has to pick up the printing bills himself he sometimes looks with alarm at the growing pile of requests. "That thing could bankrupt me right out of business," he says. "But I'm almost bankrupt anyway."

Roosevelt estimates that it costs him about $20 000 a year to hold his job. Because he gets so much mail he is obliged to pay for extra help; his allowance for assistants is only $12 500 a year and he must make up the deficit himself. He is not a wealthy man. He has a small income left by his grandmother and of course he will share in his father's estate, but this will not make any great difference since his father, though well off, was certainly not wealthy.

Roosevelt and his wife and child live in a modest rented house just outside Washington. They go out, or entertain, only one night a week. The other nights Roosevelt usually staggers through the columns of statistics which are his principal literary food, but sometimes he and Sue share a mystery. This they do by a simple device: she reads it to him. Roosevelt finds it restful, almost sybaritic, to solve the murder of the luscious blonde while lying on his back.

However, lying on his back is not a characteristic of Franklin Delano Roosevelt, Jr.—or of any Roosevelt for that matter. He was born August 17, 1914, and he was the second Franklin Delano Roosevelt Jr. A previous boy, so christened, had died in infancy and the name passed on to the next son. The place of his birth was Campobello, which is in Canadian territory, and people have said that this nativity makes Roosevelt ineligible for the presidency, which according to the Constitution may be held only by "natural-born" citizens. However the Supreme Court has ruled that children born to American parents abroad, one of whom has resided in the United States, are citizens from birth.

When Young Roosevelt was twelve he was sent to Groton, his father's school, and while he was at this crusty establishment his father was elected President. He did extremely well at Groton and in his last year was president of his class.

After leaving Groton, he went to Europe and it was then, by frequent tiffs with reporters and photographers he thought over-

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That Smile, That Face, That Man...Junior

Continued from page 148

zealous he began making page one of the country's newspapers. When he went on to Harvard he was a minor celebrity, and his escapades there, though they would have passed unnoticed to anyone but the President's son, further intrigued the nation's editors. He got a reputation as a playboy, and it plagues him to this day.

In 1937 he graduated and married Ethel Du Pont, daughter of one of the world's richest families, and then went on to study law at the University of Virginia. He graduated in 1940, the only one of the Roosevelt boys to take a professional degree. That year he entered politics, helping his father in the presidential campaign, and learned that "politics is about as intricate an art as there is, and there are very few artists at it."

Nine months before Pearl Harbor he joined the Navy and was assigned to command a gun crew on the destroyer *Mayrant*, which correspondents soon dubbed "the Mighty May." May survived North Africa but in Palermo harbor during the Sicilian campaign she suffered a direct hit. A seaman standing beside Roosevelt had a leg ripped off by the explosion. Roosevelt, with a good part of hell breaking loose, somehow got a tourniquet around the boy and carried him down four shipside ladders to safety.

After that he was given the tricky job of maneuvering the almost-shattered Mighty May back home for repairs. On his way through the Mediterranean he got wireless orders from General Eisenhower to put in at Oran. His father was there, on his way to Teheran. "I need you with me," the President said. "But my ship," the boy protested. "Come on, son," said the President, "and that's an order."

He argued with the President almost the entire plane trip to Tunis and finally broke his father down. "Such stubbornness should be rewarded," the elder Roosevelt sighed, asked for his son's orders and scrawled across them "Cancelled, by order of the Commander in Chief." Roosevelt got the Mighty May back home.

He was given command of a destroyer in the Pacific and on this ship's wireless he heard the news of his father's death. He came home a Commander, with the Purple Heart, Silver Star and the Legion of Merit.

He found a job in a New York law office, then decided to run for Congress. The day he announced his candidacy his wife arrived in Reno, and a little more than three months after they were divorced he married his present wife, daughter of a New York socialite.

Roosevelt's district comprises the west side of Manhattan from 20th to 110th Street, as polyglot an area as any in the country. He campaigned every inch of it, and won in a landslide.

The name helped, but Roosevelt had run on his own merits. Obviously, he can't help looking like his father, and he can't very well paint a different smile on his face. But he avoids the mannerisms. He knows that however useful the Roosevelt name may have been at the start it can't carry him through the stretch. Voters re-elect sons of famous fathers for their deeds. The La Follette and Taft sagas prove that.

Roosevelt, however, shows signs of natural political acumen, as the current mayoralty battle in New York City proves. At this writing some Democrats want Roosevelt to run for mayor of New York because they think he can win. Roosevelt, too, thinks he could win the election, but winning the election would be winning a case of double pneumonia. Harassed by Republican Governor Tom Dewey, scorned by Eisenhower, tied down by the cat's cradle of local Tammany politics and patronage, no Democrat could be a successful mayor of New York. For Roosevelt to try it would be political suicide; he would have to step on so many fingers, or even necks, that when his term was up he would be politically embalmed. So he wants to duck the admittedly high-prestige job—even though he could get it—and stick to his comparatively humble present task. It may be that he will be forced to run for the sake of the party, but he is wise enough to know that in this situation even if he wins he loses.

These days, when Congress is not in session, or on the week ends when he can tear himself away, Roosevelt, with Sue and their twenty-month-old daughter Nancy, takes off for his farm, 25 miles from the famous Roosevelt home at Hyde Park. Roosevelt is anything but a dilettante farmer. He does a lot of the manual work himself and lopes across his land with long strides planning where to plant what and when.

He is trying to raise a group of special sheep—"super sheep," he calls them—and often, on hearing of a sale of a desirable specimen, he will bundle Sue into the car and drive miles to see it. She contributes by keeping the books on the farm.

Roosevelt finds the farm the best place to think. "I like to see plants and animals grow," he explained not long ago. "I like to sit behind the tractor and watch the even, solid rows of earth come up under the plow. The work isn't so hard that a man can't think while he's doing it, the tractor is doing the work. But I'm happy there, thinking and thinking and making steady furrows at the same time."

Roosevelt does not reveal specifically what he is thinking about, but history is full of young men who sat on clouds and thought of lofty goals—goals as lofty as the White House. ###

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Kremlin Car Lot

Continued from page 116

ordinates to open in the cities of Stalino, Makeevka, Gorlovka and Zhdanov "service stations for privately owned cars, to wash and oil those cars, to have minor details repaired, and to look after their electrical equipment." Aye, aye, comrade boss, said local subordinates, and did nothing.

In the Spring of 1951 the Party itself intervened. The regional Communist Party committee ordered the regional Soviet of Industrial Co-operatives to "organize a shop of repairs for light cars." Again the result was zero.

And so on and on, well into 1953.

Why? thunders the Kremlin through its press.

The subordinates' answers are always the same: "Our chiefs give us orders to build and establish and open, but they don't give us any money or materials or tools. And they don't tell us what to charge for this job or that. How can we start such work, then?"

Another misery of the Soviet car owner is the poor quality of Russian gasoline. Their best gasoline equals our grade C, and it quickly wears out light cars. So a Soviet car needs a complete overhaul after only 10,000 miles.

Still another horrible headache is the state of Russian roads. The *Ogonyok* writer goes into ecstasies over the comforts and beauties of the great Moscow-Simferopol highway leading from the Red capital through the heart of the Ukraine to the administrative seat of the Crimea, but the excellence of this road underlines the wretchedness of the others. The USSR has a total of 480,000 miles of highways (as against this country's 3,300,000) and only eight per cent are paved. Local and even some major roads are kept up by the peasants of the area, who are forced to give this job a certain number of working days each year.

The result is that many of the Soviet roads are paths of earth on which the traveler ventures at his own very considerable risk. "Nobody takes care of our road, and it is almost impossible to use it, especially in bad weather," a minor official of the Tambov region in central European Russia complained in the May 27, 1952 issue of *Pravda*. In the Kirov region in northeastern European Russia, *Pravda* continues, cars are laid up for long and costly repairs after each trip on a certain important road. "In the Kuibyshev region (on the Volga)," writes *Izvestia* on June 10, 1952, "there is the widely known resort of the Sergievsky Mineral Spa. But it is very difficult to reach it from the railroad station—the three-kilometer road abounds in pits and holes."

So who would want to own a car in Russia? ###

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Surprise Party

Continued from page 83

have stayed where we were," Archer said glumly. "This whole expedition spells nothing but disaster." He was quiet briefly, then said, "Say, we can duck past my place for a minute . . . No, on second thought, I guess we'd better not."

"What did you want to get?" McCann asked.

"I thought I might pick up a jar of jelly for George," Archer said. "The hell with it, though. My wife's there."

"A jar of *jelly?*" McCann said incredulously.

"Sure," said Archer. "I make jelly. Last fall, I put up one hundred and seventeen glasses of jelly. Apple, grape, quince, peach, plum . . ."

"What's the matter with buying it?" Stewart asked. "Why go to all that trouble?"

"My wife doesn't like jelly," Archer said. "She won't buy it." Stewart and McCann began to laugh, and Archer said, "Go ahead and laugh, you bastards. It's not funny." He lit a cigarette, flicked the match at the window, which was closed, and then settled back in his seat. "Let me know when we get through the tunnel," he said. "I can't watch."

They stopped once at a roadside tavern for drinks, leaving Murdock asleep in the car, and when they came out Archer was feeling more cheerful. Stewart had bought cigars all around, and Archer gnawed happily on his cigar and scanned the road ahead of them. "We're getting there," he said. "It's just a few more miles now."

"Just tell me when," said McCann. "You're the co-pilot."

"This is the best goddam idea anybody's had in years," Stewart said, and he laughed. "I can't wait to see old George's face when we come in with all these presents."

"I just hope he's there," McCann said. "I hope he hasn't gone out someplace."

"We could wait till he got back," said Stewart. "Make it all the more of a surprise if we were just sitting there when he walked in." He laughed again and shook his head at the thought.

They neared a sign that indicated a left turn for Rahway, and McCann slowed down. "Is this where we turn?" he asked.

"Nope," said Archer. "Keep going. I'll tell you."

"You know, George was about the closest friend I had in the old days," Stewart said. "He was the first guy I met when I came to New York. I'll never forget all the things he did for me."

"A lovely guy," McCann said, peering at the road ahead. "A really lovely guy. I'll never forget one night he and I—" They passed a sign that pointed to Rahway behind them, and McCann looked back at Archer. "You sure this is the right way?" he asked.

"Just keep going," Archer replied. "I'll tell you in plenty of time when to turn."

McCann shrugged and increased his speed. They drove on for several miles laughing and reminiscing about old George, until they began to see signs for Plainfield. "Listen, I think we ought to ask someone," McCann said. "This doesn't look right."

"That's not a bad idea," said Archer. "Let's stop at the next tavern we see."

"I thought you said you knew the way," McCann said quietly.

"I said I'd been *past* Rahway," Archer replied. "I didn't say I'd ever *been* there . . . Here—here's a bar. Let's ask here."

McCann slammed on the brakes, and the car slowed to a stop next to the tavern. Murdock woke up with a start; his eyes popped wide open and he lurched forward and fumbled with panicky fingers for the door handle. "Jeezerize, let's get outa here, there's an owl in the room!" he shouted, and leaped from the car and ran a few steps, then stopped and looked dazedly about. "What the hell goes on here, anyway?" he said.

It was about four o'clock when they finally found George Hopwood's house. The house was small and was set back from the road in a grove of trees and the front of it faced away from the driveway. Murdock had gone back to sleep, and after trying once to awaken him they decided to leave him where he was. They gathered the presents in their arms and walked in line abreast around to the front of the house singing *Onward, Christian Soldiers* in voices that were high and clear and in three distinctly different keys.

A party was already in progress on the front lawn. Eight people, including Hopwood and his wife, were gathered around a buffet table on which Hopwood had just cut a large, candle-studded birthday cake. Also on the table were a silver tea service, a decanter of sherry, two plates of sandwiches and several recently unwrapped gifts, including three books, a necktie, a pair of bedroom slippers and a box of handkerchiefs. The people were dressed more or less formally, with all the women except Mrs. Hopwood wearing hats and the men wearing either business suits or white flannel trousers and blue jackets. The appearance of the three songsters froze them in positions of suspended animation. Hopwood, who looked small and birdlike and whose collar seemed a trifle too large for him, stared at the

Continued on page 184

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Surprise Party

Continued from page 153

three men for a moment in disbelief, then his face wrinkled into a broad smile and he put down the cake knife and came toward them

"Oh, my!" he exclaimed "Oh, my! Lenny — Joke — Harold — it's good to see you! Come in — come on in!"

He shook hands with them and put his arms around them, and then led them to the table and introduced them to his wife and the guests. Mrs Hopwood was polite but not effusive, and she greeted each man as though he had an open mousetrap in his hand Then they gave Hopwood his presents, and there was a certain amount of hilarity when he unwrapped them, and when he got to the champagne he set it on the table and said, "We're going to drink this right now — warm or not we're going to drink this champagne now Let's get some glasses"

Mrs Hopwood and the other guests declined the champagne, but it didn't take the four men long to finish the bottle, and then Hopwood insisted that they open the bourbon It was at this point that a woman who had been introduced as Mrs Dockstader said she thought that she and her husband ought to be going, but Mrs Hopwood pleaded with them to stay and Mr Dockstader said it wouldn't be a real party if he didn't have a glass of bourbon with Hopwood, just for friendship's sake Mrs Dockstader's lips tightened, and Mrs Hopwood said, 'Oh yes, do.' Then she offered pieces of the birthday cake around but only three or four people accepted it She folded her hands in front of her and smiled a narrow, mirthless smile

Slowly but inevitably the party gained a lopsided kind of momentum Stewart cornered Mrs. Hopwood and told her in long and almost tearful detail, how much he loved her husband, while McCann and Hopwood stood with their arms around each other and sang *If He Can Fight Like He Can Love* and *Don't Bite the Hand That's Feeding You* and *Every Day Is Mother's Day at the Boston Lying-In*, with Dockstader, who didn't know the words, singing the bass accompaniment. Archer had backed Mrs Dockstader against a tree and was telling her his recipe for crabapple jelly, and Mrs Dockstader had the futile helpless look of a newly caught mackerel The four other guests, Mr. and Mrs Lessinger and Mr and Mrs Pruitt, huddled together near the table like people in an open lifeboat Mr Pruitt tried once to get near the bourbon but was immobilized by a sharp command from his wife

Then Archer released Mrs Dockstader and wheeled toward the Pruitts and the Lessingers, and Mrs Pruitt said it was time for them to be leaving Archer bowed so low to her that he almost lost his balance then took Lessinger aside and asked him where the washroom was Lessinger told him and Archer said, "Forewarned is forearmed," and circled back to Mrs Lessinger and asked her what she knew about quince jelly She said she didn't know a great deal about it, and Archer said she was so beautiful that it didn't matter Mrs. Pruitt took Mr Pruitt firmly by the arm and steered him toward Mrs. Hopwood and after making their excuses they left, taking Mrs Dockstader with them Mrs Dockstader had tried in vain to pry her husband loose from the singing contingent and was white with rage at something he had muttered to her in reply Mrs Hopwood made perfunctory noises of disappointment at the Pruitts' and Mrs Dockstader's departure, but her hands were fluttering and her eyes had a frantic look, and it was obvious that she wished everybody would go home Stewart, who had left her for a while, then came back to tell her more about her husband sensed that he had lost his audience and drifted instead over to where Archer was describing the intricacies of stud farming to Mrs. Lessinger

Quietly, and unobserved by the rest of the party Murdock appeared around the corner of the house His hair was disheveled and his suit was wrinkled and he stared for a moment at the people and then walked unsteadily toward the table He picked up a used glass and shook the remnants of a drink out of it hesitated briefly between the decanter and the nearly empty bourbon bottle, then picked up the decanter and poured a long slug of sherry into the glass He opened his mouth wide and swallowed the drink, and exploded into a loud whooping fit of coughing Everybody turned and looked at him, and Mrs Hopwood gave a small chirping scream

"Good gudalmighty I've been poisoned!" Murdock shouted in a strangled voice and Hopwood ran over and pounded him on the back When he could breathe freely again Murdock straightened up, wiped the tears from his eyes, and said "What do they mean you to do with that goddam stuff—spray the trees with it?"

Lessinger went to his wife "Estelle, I think we'd better be leaving" he said

"Oh don't go," Archer said to Mrs Lessinger "Please don't go"

"I'm afraid we must," Mrs. Lessinger said

"Have I offended you?" Archer asked "Did I say something wrong?"

Before Mrs Lessinger could answer, her husband took her arm and called to Dockstader 'Are you coming with us, Norman?' he asked

"Sure, sure, sure," said Dockstader "Any time you say"

Archer turned morosely to Stewart. "I knew we shouldn't have come" he said "I knew it would end in disaster"

Stewart looked at Murdock, who was shaking the last drops of the bourbon into a glass "I think we'd better get Murdock out of here" he said and Archer nodded

"The whole thing was a ghastly *faux pas* 'Archer said He thought a moment "I wonder what I said that offended Mrs Westminster," he said "Did you see me do anything bad?"

Stewart shook his head and went over to Murdock "Come on, sport," he said "We're off"

"Why jeezerino we just *got* here" Murdock protested "What's the hurry?"

"Time to go" Stewart said, and led him away from the table

They looked for Mrs Hopwood, but she had disappeared so they all straggled down to the car, with Hopwood following them and protesting that they didn't have to go yet They shook hands with Hopwood and embraced him and then one by one they clambered into the car Archer was the last to say good-by

"George" he said, with his arm around Hopwood's neck, "I'm sorry I'm sorry I insulted that lovely Mrs Axminster, and I'm sorry we loused up your day for you and I'm—I'm just sorry Would you please accept my apologies?"

"That's right," Stewart said "I hope we didn't get you into trouble"

"And please ask your lovely wife to forgive us" Archer said "Would you do that?"

Gently Hopwood took Archer's arm from around his neck, helped Archer into the car and closed the door behind him then he rested his hands on the window rim and looked at the men inside

"I just want to say one thing," he said "I'm just going to say one thing, and I mean it That's the nicest birthday party I ever had in my life Now, shut up and get out of here" ##

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"So I told the wife...no drink without Angostura is strictly for the birds."

Continued from page 82

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The Bermudas or Somers Islands

Continued from page 98

is contributing dollars to the British Empire dollar pool.

Bermudians have had to be smart; all they've had to work with in their islands are the natural beauty and the climate, and there have been plenty of misunderstandings about the climate. In the first place, Bermuda is not a tropical island somewhere in the Caribbean. Located in the Atlantic, 666 nautical miles from New York and 568 miles due east of Cape Hatteras, North Carolina, it's about a thousand miles north of the Caribbean and the islands of the West Indies, with which it's often confused. The climate is subtropical because the Gulf Stream washes the shores and reefs with its warm waters and keeps off the cold northern winds.

One of Bermuda's great charms is the variety of its landscape and flora, the result of its peculiar location and climate. Cycling through the islands, you puff your way up to the top of a hill and find yourself in a cedar smelling scene of evergreens and fields that might just as well be Canada. The road dips and you coast on down past palm trees and through banana plantations like those in the jungles of central Brazil. Pedaling to the water, which is never more than half a mile or so away from any part of the island, you look over cliffs at the sea, which pounds away at the rocks just as it does on the coast of Brittany. Then the cliffs level off to broad, pink-sandy beaches as lovely as you'll find anywhere on earth. That pink sand is caused by the coral which, piled on top of an undersea and long-extinct volcano, forms the basic soil of the island. Bermuda is, incidentally, the most northerly coral-island group in the world.

The Bermudian climate is one of the pleasantest and most equable in this part of the globe. The average annual temperature is a perfect 70.7 degrees and the thermometer rarely drops more than ten degrees between midday and midnight. During one February visit to Bermuda I spent five days out of seven happily on the beach, though I must admit I was lucky, and I've cycled bareheaded all day in mid-July without getting my brains scrambled.

The real point of Bermuda's weather story is that during the coldest month of the year, when you're shivering through mid-February snows in New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Toronto or Montreal, the temperature in Bermuda hits a daytime average of 67 degrees, and the nights rarely get any colder than 56. You might not want to go swimming on days when the sun isn't strong—though the sea temperature stays between 61 and 62—but it's great most days for golf, tennis, riding, cycling, sailing, fishing, walking and sight-seeing.

And in midsummer, when you're frying anyplace on the eastern seaboard and the sidewalks of Washington hang onto your feet, Bermuda rarely gets any warmer than the mid-eighties, and the nights cool off to the low seventies. An offshore breeze helps to keep you happy and comfortable, day and night. There's no rainy season, the rainfall being distributed more or less evenly throughout the year.

Anytime's the time for a trip to Bermuda. Easter is the traditional peak season, but in the last few years things have been busy throughout the spring and summer. More visitors are now coming down during the winter, too, so that fall is the nearest thing to an off season Bermuda knows. And with the excitement accompanying the royal visit this November, it looks as though this will be Bermuda's first truly all-season vacation year.

In Bermuda you can do just about everything except the more razzmatazz activities that go on at some other resorts. There's no gambling, for example, and no really whoop-de-doo night life. There is horse racing, but it's strictly low-octane. You take a box lunch to the races at Shelly Bay, if you get what I mean. The Hamilton Parish track has pari-mutuel betting on the trotting and running races on Thursdays and holidays, and the big meeting of the year is held on Boxing Day, the day after Christmas.

Night life is centered in the hotels. Most of the big ones have dancing every night except Sunday, with good dance music by local or English orchestras. Entertainment is usually furnished by excellent Bermuda singers featuring their own brand of Calypso music. The Talbot Brothers, whose records are famous far beyond Bermuda, go from hotel to hotel, playing at the Princess, Belmont Manor, Inverurie, Reefs and Elbow Beach on different nights of the week. If you're looking for a more jivey atmosphere you might find it at the Clay House Inn, a Negro night club on the North Shore Road in Devonshire, where the music is usually good and warm and there is an occasional jam session by Bermudian musicians coming in late from their jobs at the hotel grill rooms. It's a good place to go in a party, not so much a spot where you drop in alone.

The entertainment and cultural life of the islands have been brightened in the past few years by the new Bermudiana Theatre Series in the Bermudiana Hotel in Hamilton. Directed by Michael Sadlier, an Irish actor and director, and Bruce Yorke, an Australian, the group has been providing the island with first-rate theatre including two pre-Broadway tryouts and several plays running currently in New York this season. Such star actors as Burgess Meredith, Franchot Tone, Kay Francis, Edward Everett Horton, Constance Cummings, June Havoc, Ruth Chatterton, Fay Bainter and Zachary Scott have been drawn by the chance to combine a Bermuda vacation with profitable industry.

For the most part, though, visitors and Bermudians spend their evenings quietly, taking it easy, recovering from a day's sports or sight-seeing, and getting set for the following day's activities. Although much of the island's charm lies in its low-pressure feeling, you can really knock yourself out during the day if you've a mind to it.

Sight-seeing is more fun than usual in Bermuda because of the ways you can get around. A cab doesn't seem like a cab when it's a late Hillman Minx convertible and you ride around with the top down. The meters start at 28 cents for the first two fifths of a mile and tick off at 3½ cents each additional fifth of a mile. Or you can hire cabs at a flat rate of $14.65 a day or $70.25 a week.

Cycling and carriage riding have always been the traditional ways of getting around in Bermuda, but since the introduction of automobiles after World War II the horse and buggy age has been falling away. Horses cost more than cars to maintain, so it's more expensive to hire a carriage than to hop a cab. Carriage rates are 56 cents for the first half mile in a single carriage (84 cents in a double carriage), then 28 cents the second half mile and 28 cents each succeeding mile. If you hire on a time basis you pay $2.82 an hour for a single carriage or $4.23 for a double. There are special tariffs for various sight-seeing excursions.

Cycling, however, has become more popular than ever, due mainly to the introduction of the greatest boon to cyclists since leg muscles—the one-half-horsepower motor-assisted bicycle, which should not be confused with a motorcycle or a motorbike. A motorbike is much smaller, lighter and lower powered than a motorcycle and a motor-assisted bicycle is still less of a motorcycle and more of a bike. It is in fact an ordinary bike with a tiny one-cylinder putt-putt down around the neighborhood of the chain and sprocket.

You need a driver's license to operate a motorcycle or motorbike in Bermuda—and you can't get one until you've been there thirty days. But you can hire a motor-assisted bike and take right off. Operating it is simple enough, if you can ride a bike. You just climb on and start pedaling. After you've given the pedals a few frenzied pumps the motor turns and takes over, and you're off. Your throttle is on the right handle bar, your brakes are on both handle bars and your motor quits when you've slowed almost to a halt. And that's all there is to it.

You take the toughest hills by pedaling to help out the motor, but most of the time you just breeze along, feeling like Barney Oldfield, Ralph De Palma, Paavo Nurmi or one of those old guys. You can lazy along as slowly as you please, which is the way to see Bermuda, or you can get the thing up to about thirty-five miles an hour, if you've got rocks in your head. Bermudian automobilists are used to crazy tourists on bikes, though, so you'll stay out of trouble if you're reasonably careful and treat your motor-assisted bike as a bike, not a motorcycle. They're for hire at $4.50 a day, compared to $1.50 per day or fifty cents an hour for ordinary bikes.

If you're any sort of sportsman, you'll really come into your own on a Bermuda vacation. The islands are wonderful places for golfing, with magnificent landscapes and sea views popping into sight from tee to tee. The Mid-Ocean Club has been ranked as one of the four finest courses in the Western Hemisphere. It's a private club, but there are open days and you can arrange for guest privileges through your hotel or guesthouse. Green fees are $4 per day, plus $2 for the caddy. There are excellent eighteen-hole courses at the Belmont Manor Hotel and at Riddell's Bay, and sporty nine-hole courses at the St. George and at the Castle Harbour hotels.

Sailing is a top sport here, and if you're a real yachtsman you won't bother about much else. Should you be a more casual sailor, you'll be able to hire a sailboat or launch. Races are held on Thursdays and Sundays throughout the year, and if you're a keen enough yachtsman you might be able to wangle yourself a berth through one of the yacht clubs.

Although Bermuda's fishing facilities have been developed only in the past few years, the islands make up one of the world's greatest year-round game-fishing areas. It's most famous for bonefish, which come in record sizes, but there are all sorts of other fish right up to the giant marlin, rockfish and tuna. And more wahoo are at home in Bermuda than at any other place on earth. The fishing fleet is made up of modern, fully equipped boats from twenty-five to fifty feet long, captained by experienced guides. You can charter one for fifty dollars a day, including tackle, bait and the services of captain and one-boy crew, and six passengers can climb aboard.

Unless you want skiing or mountain climbing you'll probably be able to enjoy your sport in Bermuda. There's tennis, water skiing, aerial sight-seeing, skeet shooting and horseback riding. And you can even go deep-sea diving by taking your swim suit along with you to the Aquarium and hiring a diver's helmet for two dollars. Which is all very attractive, but my bet is that you'll spend most of your time cycling out to a quiet beach and loafing under the sun. That's what one does best in Bermuda.

(For details you'll need in planning your Bermuda vacation—where to stay, where to eat and drink, how to get there and what it will cost—read Vacation Now on page 30.) ##

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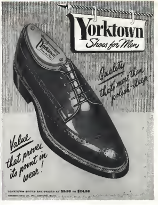
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Keeping the Boss Alive

Continued from page 109

common problem, and one of the most dangerous. Life-insurance companies charge extra premiums for overweight adults. Not long ago Life Extension Examiners studied 2400 electrocardiograph tracings of men whose average age was 47.8 years. More than half of them showed some borderline changes and one out of ten had a really serious heart condition. Fully half of those in the serious group were overweight, while only a quarter of the normal group carried extra poundage.

At two of these clinics for executives, the Vincent Astor Diagnostic Service at New York Hospital and the Benjamin Franklin Clinic in Philadelphia, the patient's history is carefully studied as a key to his health. Both clinics use questionnaires based on 160 yes-no queries, and doctors in both believe that the answers to these questionnaires, plus what patients say to the interviewers that precede physical examinations, give many important clues.

One man, for example, came to the Vincent Astor people because his wife complained about his wheezing in bed. "But," he added, "I don't wheeze when I stand up." With that one sentence, the patient told the doctor more than he could have learned in a week of tests. In fact, the chest X-rays were completely negative—but the doctors knew that a unilateral wheeze was strong indication of an obstruction in the area of the wheeze and investigation showed that this man had a bronchial cancer. They suggested an operation to the man's physician (Vincent Astor does not operate). The man's left lung was removed three years ago and he has been living a full and happy life ever since.

One Ben Franklin examination showed that a 42-year-old captain of industry, who felt just fine, was giving houseroom to a lot of small bugs with the big name of endamoeba-histolytica. These germs were infecting the man's intestinal tract and would soon have caused ulcers, bleeding, diarrhea and serious weight loss. And he would almost certainly have passed them on to his wife and two children. Detecting the disease saved the whole family a load of grief, and the man was easily cured with one of the new antibiotics.

Sometimes the discovery of a disease can even help a man in his work. One top General Motors executive, for example, owes his promotion and a $5000 raise to his examination. He had been run-down, his work had suffered and his morale had gone into a nose dive when he was passed over for promotion. Luckily, his checkup came soon after and told him what was wrong: a peptic ulcer.

In less than a year he had licked the ulcer and his work had improved to such an extent that he was leapfrogged into one of the top jobs in his division.

What has made executive examinations so successful is the willingness of the executive to take the steps necessary to get himself cured. General Motors doctors say that 59 per cent of G-M executives examined in the clinics have made some important change in their living habits.

G-M knows the results of these examinations because the executives talk about them. The examinations are completely voluntary and their results are given by the clinics only to the executive and/or his personal physician. Even though G-M and General Electric and the other companies pay the bills, they do not see the results. The clinic sometimes reports to the company's medical department, but even here the information is confidential. A man who wishes to keep his condition secret from his boss (and most men do) has no trouble on this score.

The confidential and voluntary nature of executive exams is maintained even by the companies who have their own examination units, such as Standard Oil (New Jersey) and Consolidated Edison of New York. In both, the records of individual examinations are seen only by the medical department and the executive himself.

Dr. Anthony Lanza, head of the New York University-Bellevue Institute of Industrial Medicine, says that it makes no difference whether the examination is given inside or outside the company, or in the office of an executive's family doctor. "The important things are," says Dr. Lanza, "how good is the doctor and how thorough is the examination." Dr. Lanza noted, however, that some executives are reluctant to visit a company doctor, even though they are assured that the results will be kept confidential.

Both Jersey Standard and Consolidated Edison had this trouble when they started their programs, but it is gradually disappearing.

The men who run in-company exams think they have an edge in detecting trouble and curing it because they know their patients on a day-in day-out basis and see the job situations which create dangerous tensions. "A good half of the problems we see here," Dr. Robert Collier Page, Standard Oil (N.J.) Medical Director, says, "are not diseases in the old sense, but symptoms of diseases that are starting, caused by maladjustment, insecurity, overwork or a bad home life. And our experience is typical."

Dr. Page finds that the worst problem is the man who brings home a brief case crammed with papers and burns the midnight oil over them. Eventually his 24-hour day gets him down. He suffers "intermittent attacks of constipation or diarrhea, he burps and regurgitates, his piles begin to trouble him, his homework lacks perfection in performance, he begins to eat too much and is apt to imbibe too freely . . . . If he's lucky enough not to succumb to an acute coronary attack, malignancy or an unforeseen accident chances are he'll become eligible for retirement on medical grounds at the age of fifty-eight or sixty." In other words, if he doesn't die young he will be an old man several years before his time.

No business is any better than its management, and the cost of medical examinations is trifling in the total cost of running even a small company. "Everybody knows the price of a machine," says Arch Patton, McKinsey & Company's executive compensation expert, "but nobody knows how much an executive is worth in a lump sum. If executives were traded like ballplayers, there'd be some way of finding out. Follow it further—because everybody knows how much a ballplayer is worth, nobody ever questions how much a club spends not only on diagnosing but on actually curing their players. One thing we do know: a good executive becomes more and more valuable as he gets older. It's just common sense for a company to spend a few hundred dollars each year to see that a top man stays healthy."

General Electric was spurred into an examination program by the sudden death of two key men at the ages of forty-six and fifty.

Len Newman, the man in charge of G-E's executive examinations, says he has no figures to prove the value of the program. But after his own checkup at the Vincent Astor, he was so convinced of its worth that he persuaded his wife to go through the same service and paid for it personally.

General Motors has the broadest plan, offering exams to 3600 executives every year, and one of the most expensive. Ninety-six per cent of G-M executives participate in it, and 98 per cent of these say the exams have helped their health and morale. Forty per cent found that the exams picked up ailments they had never known they had. Up to 1944, when the exams were started, G-M was losing executives at the rate of thirty-eight a year, while in 1949, the number of executive deaths (from among twice as many executives as in '49) was down to twenty-nine.

Other companies are more specific as to the value of executive examinations. The head of an instrument company says that four of his executives are alive today only because they had thorough examinations and followed through on doctors' recommendations; the president of a steel company said he was sure the clinics had saved the lives of several of his assistants.

Moreover, the life-and-death cases are only part of the story. Dozens of companies are now receiving more efficient work from sounder top-management groups and the executives themselves are healthier and happier. Even those who came through the examinations with an unmarked record feel that they gained by the experience. "After all," one of them says, "everybody's got a little worry in him. It's always nice to know you're healthy." #

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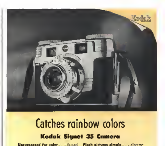

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☐ HAYDN Symphony No. 96 in D Major "Miracle." Winterthur Symph. Orch. Walter Goehr, cond. HAYDN [illegible] Zurich Tonhalle Orch. Otto Ackermann, cond.
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☐ SCHUBERT Symphony No. 2 in B Flat Major. Winterthur Symph. Orch. [illegible], cond.
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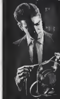

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The Sound and the Fury

Continued from page 24

my mother and dad never did approve of me shooting someone who is insane even a "Gook"

A/2c Robert B Caraniss
67th Maint Squadron
APO No 970
c/o P M San Francisco

* * *

While reading the moronic comments of so-called loyal Texans I came across that of Sam Akin from Ellington Texas who has, I fear read too many 'Westerns"

He said I quote "I would be only too pleased to take Mr Dorrity on with fists, feet bowie knives six-shooters bull whips or words He can name the time, weapon and place"

Now I realize that Mr Dorrity must be swamped with such idiotic offers so in his behalf I would gladly accept the challenge

Rifles and six-shooters would be the appropriate weapons but not on my part with the intent to kill I believe that Mr Akin could be convinced that he was just blowing hot air as most Texans do by just shooting at any targets he would so desire

I prefer it this way because it would be disturbing to hear his fellow coyotes howling out of the deserts of Texas while he was lying in state.

C J "Pz" Jr.
Richfield Springs, N Y

FYI

The following paragraph from *Africa's Champagne Safaris* in your June issue has been brought to my notice

"In today's big-game hunting the quarry is not patiently stalked but chased in motorcars often at forty miles an hour, until it is exhausted Then the hunter gets out of his car and shoots it under the watchful eye of a professional white hunter whose job it is to protect his client"

I quote below from section 34 of the Fauna Conservation Ordinance (1951) of Tanganyika Territory As you will see, the Game Laws of the Territory forbid the use of motorcars to hunt game animals

"(1) No person shall hunt any game animal from a mechanically propelled vehicle or within two hundred yards of such vehicle

"(2) No person shall use for the purpose of hunting any animal a mechanically propelled vehicle for the purpose of driving or stampeding game except for the purpose of driving game from an aerodrome or from private land

"(3) No person shall except by and in accordance with the written permission of the Game Warden previously sought and obtained use for the purpose of hunting any animal any poisoned bait poisoned weapon pitfall, stakes net gun, trap, set gun, missile containing explosives snare hide, fence or enclosure, except in any circumstances to which section 27 applies"

J A G Glenn
AG Deputy Game Warden
Tanganyika Territory

Editor's Note *Thanks to Game Warden Glenn for keeping the record straight Esky reports, does not condone, illegal methods*

Continued from page 12

A STAR WITH THE STARS!
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EDWARDIAN ELEGANCE

Stores featuring Edwardian Elegance fashions (pages 76 77) are listed below

California	
Pomona	John P Evans
Redlands	Gunn's
San Bernardino	The Harris Company
Connecticut	
Essex	R W Camp Co.
Hartford	G Fox & Co.
Middletown	R. W Camp Co.
Illinois	
Chicago	Baskin
Chicago	Broadstreet's
Chicago	Karoll's Mens Wear Inc.
Decatur	Newell's Inc.
Elgin	Georges Clothes Shop
Rockford	F & W Clothing House
Springfield	Roberts Bros.
Indiana	
Lafayette	Geisler's
Marion	Murrell & Neal—Men's Shop
South Bend	Gilbert's
South Bend	Sam'l Spiro & Co.
Iowa	
Mt. Vernon	Bauman & Co.
Kansas	
Great Bend	Gunn's Clothing
Kansas City	Grossman's Men's & Boys' Wear
Kentucky	
Harlan	Forester & Spillman
Louisiana	
Lafayette	Abdalla's Inc.
New Orleans	Godchaux's
New Orleans	Porter's Inc
Maryland	
Baltimore	K. Katz & Sons
Massachusetts	
Fall River	Paul Wolfman
Michigan	
Ann Arbor	Wagner's
Grand Rapids	A May & Sons
Minnesota	
Mankato	Fisher Clothing Company
Mississippi	
Jackson	Lewis Wilson
Laurel	Alec Loeb Inc.
Meridian	Alec Loeb Inc
Missouri	
Kansas City	Michael's Clothing Co.
St. Louis	Wolff Clothiers
Nebraska	
Omaha	Alperson's
Fremont	Gerald Sampter
New Hampshire	
Keene	Bob DeLaney's
New Jersey	
Atlantic City	Charles of Atlantic City
East Orange	Mink's
Passaic	Max Goldstein
Trenton	Swern & Co.
New York	
Binghamton	Cummins Dunn Inc.
Brooklyn	Abraham & Straus
Hempstead	Harry Wolf
Jamaica	B & B Clothes Shop
New York	Broadstreet's—8 stores
Rochester	McFarlin Clo. Co.
Utica	Welsh's Clothing
White Plains	Gerd's Mens Shop
White Plains	Wallace-Corning
North Carolina	
Charlotte	Tate-Brown
Durham	Van Straaten's
Raleigh	Lanier & Womble
Winston-Salem	Norman Stockton
North Dakota	
Fargo	The Straus Company
Ohio	
Akron	Lion Tailors
Oberlin	Powers & Dawley
Springfield	Vogue Shop Inc.
Toledo	The B. R. Baker Company
Oklahoma	
Oklahoma City	Rothschild's
Oregon	
Portland	Nudelman Bros., Inc.
Portland	Rosenblatts
Pennsylvania	
Allentown	Hess Brothers
Allentown	Koch Bros.
Allentown	Kuhns & Shankweiler
Carlisle	S. Kronenberg's Sons Inc.
Easton	Chief Levin's Campus Shop
Harrisburg	Alan Stuart
Harrisburg	Doutrich
Harrisburg	Bechtel & Swartz
Harrisburg	212 Men's Shop
Philadelphia	The Boyd Store for Men
Philadelphia	Jess Bute
Philadelphia	Lit Brothers
Philadelphia	Scott & Hunsicker Inc. Shop
Pittsburgh	Joseph Horne & Co.
Pittsburgh	Hughes & Hatcher
Reading	Croll & Keck
Reading	London Shop
Reading	Weiner's
South Carolina	
Charleston	Jack Krawcheck
Greenville	Hayward Mahon Co.
Tennessee	
Chattanooga	Koblentz Inc.
Knoxville	"Squiz" Green
Memphis	Beasley Bros.-Jones-England, Inc.
Memphis	Bry's
Texas	
Borger	The Hub Clothiers
Brownsville	The Fashion-Peel Bros.
Waco	Stag Shop
Utah	
Ogden	C C Alpleman's
Virginia	
Lynchburg	G. H. Franklin Inc
Norfolk	The Hub
Richmond	Greentree's
Richmond	Thalhimers
West Virginia	
Clarksburg	Will H. Melet Co.
Wellsburg	Watson's
Wheeling	Stone & Thomas

COMPOUND COLORS

Look on pages 74 and 75 for the Compound Colors that will be a part of masculine ensembles this fall; and look below for the stores in your vicinity which feature the Compound Color merchandise

Alabama	
Demopolis	Spight's
Arkansas	
Fayetteville	Leslie Hall's
California	
Berkeley	Hardy—in Berkeley
Inglewood	Scotty's Men's Shop
Oakland	Bogart
San Diego	Don's Store
San Diego	Walker Scott Co.
Colorado	
Denver	Cottrell Clothing Co.
Denver	Daniels & Fisher
Denver	Denver Dry Goods
Connecticut	
Bridgeport	Meigs & Co.
Middletown	R. W Camp Co.
District of Columbia	
Washington	Hecht Co.
Washington	Bruce Hunt, Inc.
Washington	University Shop
Washington	Young Men's Shop
Illinois	
Chicago	Baskin
Chicago	Broadstreet's
Chicago	Lytton's
Chicago	Maurice L. Rothschild & Co.
Elgin	Dunner's Clothing Store
Elgin	Georges Clothes Shop
Evanston	Baskin
Joliet	Al Baskin
Springfield	Roberts Bros.
Indiana	
Bloomington	Sullivan's Inc.
Indianapolis	William H. Block Co.
Lafayette	Geisler's
Marion	Murrell & Neal—The Men's Shop
Iowa	
Mt. Vernon	Bauman & Co.
Louisiana	
Lafayette	Abdalla's Inc.
Lake Charles	[illegible] Men's Shop
New Orleans	Porter's Inc.
Maryland	
Baltimore	K. Katz & Sons
Baltimore	The Hecht Co.
Baltimore	The May Co.
Massachusetts	
Boston	Filene's
Boston	Leopold Morse, Inc.
Cambridge	Leopold Morse, Inc.
Michigan	
Detroit	Crowley's
Detroit	J. L. Hudson Co.
Detroit	Schwinck's
Flint	Crawford & Zimmerman
Pontiac	Osmun's
Minnesota	
Minneapolis	Juster Bros.
Missouri	
Kansas City	Michael's Clothing Co.
St. Louis	Boyd's
St. Louis	Scruggs-Vandervoort-Barney
St. Louis	Wolff Clothiers
New Jersey	
Newark	Browning-King
Perth Amboy	L. Krieg & Sons, Inc.
Trenton	Goldberg's Department Store
New York	
Albany	McManus & Riley
Albany	Reed's
Albany	Sayre & Colburn
Albany	Stanfel's
Binghamton	Cummins-Dunn Inc.
Binghamton	Grabe & Smith
Binghamton	Sall-Stone
Brooklyn	Abraham & Straus
Buffalo	Adam, Meldrum & Anderson Co.
Buffalo	J. N. Adams
Buffalo	Wm. Hengerer Co.
Buffalo	Jacobi Bros.
Buffalo	The Kleinhans Co.
Cortland	A. Louis
Elmira	Bott's
Elmira	Frank's Men's Shop
Elmira	H. Strauss
Freeport	[illegible]
Gloversville	Abdalla's
Jamaica	B & B Clothes
Kingston	Flanagan's
Kingston	A. W Molloy
Mt. Vernon	Langdon Shops
New York	Broadstreet's—5 stores in Greater New York
New York	Browning-King—5 stores in Greater New York
New York	John David—7 stores in Greater New York
New York	Kolmer Marcus
New York	Bollach's—15 stores in Greater New York
New York	S. Goltzner Inc.
Niagara Falls	Amberg's
Niagara Falls	Baden's
Poughkeepsie	Holmert's
Poughkeepsie	M. Shwartz & Co.
Rochester	Regal Inc.
Rochester	McFarlin Clo. Co.
Rochester	National Clo. Co.
Schenectady	Geo. A. [illegible] Inc.
Schenectady	Vinick's Men's Shop
Syracuse	Gay Bros.
Troy	W. & M. Gross
Troy	Wolfe & Coverly
North Carolina	
Charlotte	J. B. Jones
Charlotte	Tate-Brown
Durham	Pritchard-Bright & Co.
Durham	Van Straaten's
Greensboro	[illegible]
Raleigh	Lanier & Womble
Raleigh	McLeod & Watson
Winston-Salem	Frank A. Stith Co.
Winston-Salem	Norman Stockton
Ohio	
Ashtabula	Globe Clothiers
Cincinnati	Dunlap Clothes Shop
Cincinnati	The McAlpin Co.
Cincinnati	Squire's
Cleveland	Sterling Lindner Davis
Oklahoma	
Enid	Newman's
Stillwater	Dube Bros.
Tulsa	Clarke's Good Clothes
Pennsylvania	
Allentown	Hess Brothers
Allentown	Koch Bros.
Allentown	Kuhns & Shankweiler
Altoona	The Cohen's Young Men's Shop
Carlisle	S. Kronenberg's Sons Inc.
Easton	Chief Levin's Campus Shop
Harrisburg	Doutrich
Harrisburg	Bechtel & Swartz
Harrisburg	Alan Stuart
Harrisburg	212 Men's Shop
Lancaster	[illegible]
Meadville	Goldberg's Department Store
Philadelphia	Boyd Store
Philadelphia	Lit Brothers
Philadelphia	Morville Clothes
Philadelphia	John Wanamaker
Pittsburgh	Gimbels
Pittsburgh	Joseph Horne & Co.
Pittsburgh	Hughes & Hatcher
Reading	Croll & Keck
Reading	London Shop
Reading	Weiner's
Scranton	The Globe Store
South Carolina	
Charleston	Karl Barsh
Charleston	Lesser-Tanenbaum
Tennessee	
Chattanooga	Hardie & Caudle
Chattanooga	Miller Bros. Co.
Jackson	Tuchfeld's
Knoxville	"Squiz" Green
Texas	
Abilene	Minter's
Virginia	
Lynchburg	G. H. Franklin Inc.
Norfolk	The Hub
Norfolk	Shulman's
Portsmouth	The Hub
Richmond	Berry Burke
Richmond	Greentree's
West Virginia	
Huntington	Cordill's
Wheeling	Stone & Thomas
Wisconsin	
Milwaukee	Brill's
Green Bay	Stiefel's
Canada	
Ottawa	Shaffer's Ltd
Toronto	Percy's Mens Wear
Welland	Dave Price

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Some say it's
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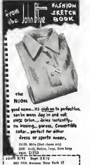

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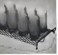

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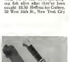

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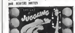

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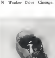

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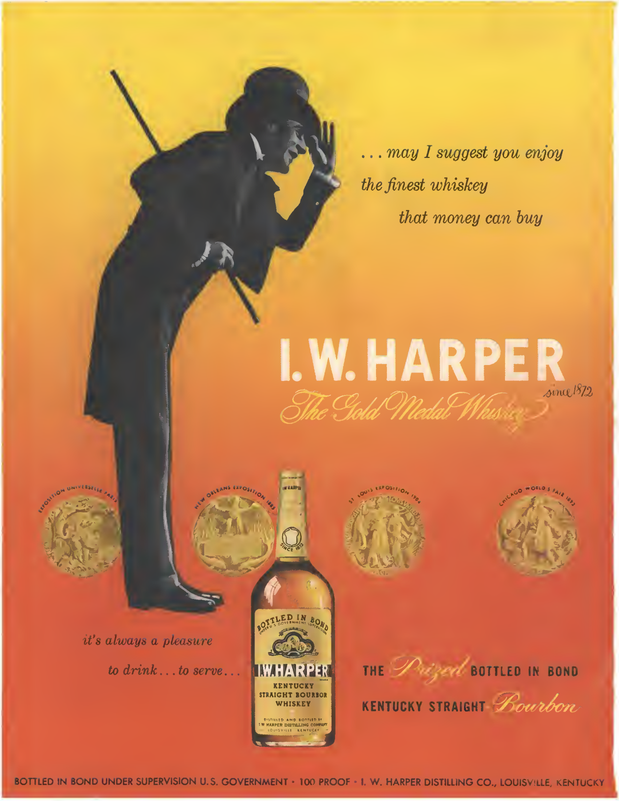

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